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THE EDITORIAL

The problem of student indiscipline, as manifested at many of the Indian Universities and colleges during recent years, has naturally been a cause of great concern and worry to all right-thinking citizens, in general, and to all those intimately connected with educational activities, in particular. Both official bodies and eminent individuals have from time to time expressed their views on the subject with force and candour. It is really a matter of great distress that, after over a decade of political independence, important educational centres should still pass through recurring phases of strikes, demonstrations, and riotous behaviour by students; that incidents of walk-outs from examination centres, assaults on teachers, improper behaviour towards women, and the like, should continue to be matters of almost routine occurrence. The seriousness of the situation may be brought home to us with considerable force when we take into consideration the fact that in most of the advanced countries of the world such phenomena are unheard of and that exhibitions of student misbehaviour are absolutely out of tune with the best traditions of our culture, religion, and civilization. The problem needs urgent and earnest attention on the part of all concerned—governmental authorities, parents, and members of the teaching profession.

It is not possible for us now to analyse all the causes of student unrest and to suggest possible suitable remedies. It will not do merely to blame the students, or the teachers, or both; nor does it help anyone to attribute these troubles to some phases of the struggle for political freedom. The malaise has much deeper roots, and remedies will be in sight only as a result of sincere heart-searchings on the part of politicians, parents, and teachers alike. Not until we are able to build up among the students a sense of faith and purpose in the task of acquiring education and to create a feeling of confidence and pride in their profession among the teachers may we turn the corner in our endeavours to staighten the present unhappy state of affairs. We feel, nevertheless, that we shall have done our duty in this behalf, in however small a measure, by drawing the attention of our readers to this most painful malady of our existing educational system.

IBN KHALDUN AND HIS THEORY OF LITERARY COMPOSITION

ASAF A. A. FYZEE

Ibn Khaldun wrote a voluminous history of the Berbers of North Africa and it is forgotten. But he affixed to it an introduction (*muqaddima*) which is rightly considered one of the gems of world literature. There was no English rendering of the *Muqaddima* so far, but as Professor F. Rosenthal has recently given us a readable and accurate translation (Routledge, 3 vols., 1958), an opportunity is afforded to make a few observations on Ibn Khaldun's theory of literary composition.

Ibn Khaldun was born in Tunis in May, 1932/ Ramadan, 732. He was descended from a Yemenite tribe of Hadramawt some of whom went to Spain and became prominent as a learned family in Seville. Later the clan was threatened by Christians and all of them left for Tunis. His grandfather, Muhammad, was a great scholar, well-versed in theology and was inclined towards mysticism. Ibn Khaldun's early childhood was spent in Tunis and he studied under some of the greatest masters of his time. He was especially proficient in the Koranic sciences and Maliki law. In accordance with the fashion of the times he was also widely read in science, logic and philosophy; and he made a special study of the practical affairs of government.

In looking at the studies and accomplishments of Ibn Khaldun, we find that his religious and legal studies were combined with a scientific background and a rational approach to the affairs of practical life. He had studied the works of the philosophers Razi, Farabi,

Avicenna and Averroes. His most distinguished teacher was Abilyy with whom he read philosophy, mathematics and logic. The character of Ibn Khaldun's studies led him to face the basic problem of Islamic thought, the tension and opposition between the approach of orthodoxy and that of the philosophers to the problems of life. It was his task to reconcile science and orthodoxy, revelation and reason; and it is to his credit that he always maintained the importance of rational inquiry.

His first appointment was with Abu Inan. The Tunisian monarch appointed him Secretary in 753/1352, but he was suspected of plotting against his master with the Hafsid prince, Abu Abdallah, and was imprisoned. On his being set free after twenty-two months, Ibn Khaldun was again suspected of ploting against the son of his former patron and supporting his exiled brother Abu Salim who later made him a judge. A little later the Ziyanid ruler, Abu Hammu, gained power and Ibn Khaldun joined him in Tlemcen. On account of further troubles he left for Granada in 764.

It will be observed that this is the first period of Ibn Khaldun's life. During the first 32 years he obtained a sound education, dabbled in politics, failed miserably and migrated to Spain. In Spain he found that Granada was an extremely cultured and prosperous city. There Ibn Khaldun tried to educate the ruler who was a tyrant, but could not succeed. He was sent on a brief mission to Seville, on the successful accomplishment of which he returned. Again there were intrigues, and Ibn Khaldun was suspected of acquiring influence over the ruler and was thus advised to retire to a fortress known as Ibn Salama. Here in exile began his famous *History*, and especially the *Introduction* in which he began to formulate his science of civilization. After a four-year stay in this fortress, in seclusion and devotion to studies, he returned back to Tunis in 780.

Back in his own land he was neither prosperous

nor successful and in 784 he sailed on a pilgrimage to Mecca but got down at Alexandria, and thus there commenced the most fruitful part of his life. His fame had preceded him and he was asked to teach at the Azhar, and the Mameluke Sultan Barquq became his patron and steadfast friend. In Egypt Ibn Khaldun lived for the next twenty-five years and became the Malikite Cadi of Egypt not less than four times. It is said that he was a puritanical, just and learned judge. Later he also travelled to Syria and met Tamerlane. The account of his meetings and conversation with Tamerlane has been translated by Fischel but it is almost certain that it is apocryphal. During the last seven years of his life he wrote his well-known *Autobiography* and died in 808/1406.

Ibn Khaldun's life may be divided into four periods. The first thirty-two years were spent in North Africa, acquiring knowledge and dabbling in politics without success. The second period was between 764 and 765 when he went on a brief visit to Spain and returned. From 766 to 784 and particularly the last four years he spent in study and began the composition of his history at the fort of Ibn Salama near Fez. And finally from 784 to 808 he lived very successfully as a judge, scholar and author in Egypt under the kindly patronage of the Mameluke Sultan Barquq.

The career of Ibn Khaldun exemplifies the statement he made in his *Muqaddima* that, generally speaking, learned men are the least proficient in political affairs. He lived in Egypt as a complete stranger, being always considered an uncut diamond from the *Maghrib.* It is said that "despite his aloofness, the mellow and eternity-bound skies of Egypt had penetrated the recesses of his soul. He acquired an inner poise and a spiritual calm. As he reclined in his palace overlooking the Nile, fortune seemed less hostile and the world more friendly. He had reached the stage where he could feel the harmony permeating the universe, and see and enjoy it in

the simple things of life: the wit and wisdom of vernacular poetry, the rhythm and movement of a dancing girl, and the beauty of a smiling face".[1]

Ibn Khaldun was a master mind who had a most original approach to the problems of history. His *Muqaddima* has been extravagantly praised by scholars, and undoubtedly it is one of the first works to deal with the philosophy of history. It was he who for the first time conceived of a science of civilization, and said that true history is the history of the people as exemplified in their civilization, rather than a barren narration of wars and conquests and the tyranny or jealousy of princes.

We shall now consider briefly his views on literary composition and allied matters.[2]

Man is endowed with the faculty of reasoning and perception. He alone of all living creatures is capable of acquiring scientific knowledge; and, having acquired such knowledge, of communicating it. Communication may be said to be the description of a picture in the author's mind. Such a picture exists because of the power of acquiring knowledge.

Now a communication may be of two kinds. It may be addressed to someone who is present; this is speech. Or, it may be addressed to someone who is not present; and this is by writing. If Ibn Khaldun were present in our times he would probably say that a radio talk is the spoken word, but conveyed to those who are *not* present. And the radiotelegram was a written message but communicated in a manner unknown in his day. Ibn Khaldun's classification of speech and writing no longer holds, and we shall have to devise other criteria for the purpose of understanding all such modes of expression.

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[1] M. Mahdi, *Ibn Khaldun's Philosophy of History*, 62.

[2] *Muqaddima*, III, 281 sqq.

And why should man communicate his thoughts?[1] Ibn Khaldun gives seven main reasons for literary composition. The *first* is that a scholar may wish to classify the subject for the purpose of elucidation or exposition. *Secondly*, Interpretation. He may desire to explain clearly and logically what some great author has tried to expound, but failed on account of the difficulty of the subject or the obscurity of the language. *Thirdly*, Refutation. This may mean that he has studied an author; and, after having understood him properly, he disagrees with him and would like to explain now wrong and indefensible the author was. *Fourthly*, Completion; that is, treating a subject exhaustively where the previous author had not done justice to it. *Fifthly*, Re-arrangement. An author composes a book on a subject, but fails to arrange the problems in their logical order, and thus the subject is not as clear as it should be. A later author re-arranges the material with obvious advantage to students and research workers. *Sixthlv*, Collection of scattered matetial. It often happens that problems of one science are dealt with in treatises dealing with other sciences, and this scattered material causes a great difficulty to students and readers. Ibn Khaldun gives illustrations from the science of *bayan*, and shows how, while earlier authorities laid down the principles correctly, their usefulness was not discovered until such material was collected, arranged and classified. *Seventhly*, Abbreviation. A prolix treatment of a subject constitutes a stumbling block to the student, and an author may well attempt an abbreviation which would facilitate the study of the subject by making it easy and more palatable.

After dealing with Ibn Khaldun's purposes of communication of thoughts, it will be convenient to deal with his theory of words and ideas.[2] His main postulate is that prose and poetry are concerned with words and not with ideas. Thus a great craftsman must learn to

memorize poetry, the words and expressions; for the ideas are secondary, while the words are of basic importance. He thus makes a complete distinction between words and ideas, and does not accept the modern view that style depends upon a combination of ideas and words. For us, it is difficult to conceive of an idea which is unrelated to a word, and a word is after all directly concerned with a meaning which tries to express the idea. Its nuances and shades are determined by the use of great literary craftsmen. According to our author, Science and Jurisprudence are outside the field of eloquence, for they deal with ideas and not words, and he records a conversation with Abdallah al-Khatib. Ibn Khaldun says that, despite his great knowledge of the Quran, the traditions and the other sciences, he does not find it easy to compose poetry. The reason was that he had committed very little to memory and had filled his mind with jurisprudence and other scientific studies. Incidentally, his notion of poetry has nothing to do with ours, for he mentions nowhere that emotion and imagination are the warp and woof of poetry as we understand it. The conversation with Abdallah al-Khatib is characteristic of Ibn Khaldun, a thinker and historian who never cared for empty figures of speech, but expressed himself in a style full of strength and brevity, sometimes even crabbed, without caring for rhyme or metaphor or any of the formal beauties of prose as understood in his day.

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[1] Ibid., iii, 285 sqq.
[2] Ibid., iii, 391 sqq.

In the opinion of Ibn Khaldun, Muslim authors were superior to those of pre-Islamic times, for they had the Quran as a model. The word of God was inimitable in its eloquence and beauty, and authors who had not shaped their style on this exquisite model could never hope to compete with those who had the opportunity. Thus, in the estimation of our author, the Muslims generally produce better specimens of style than their non-Muslim forbears.

Ibn Khaldun despises the cultivation of rhetorical

figures and says that the truly great authors wrote simply, without the forced and studied use of such devices,[1] a remark which may well apply to his own style as found in the *Muqaddima.* It is well known to students of Arabic that this great thinker and historian wrote in a style which subordinates form to content drastically. His writing is brief, full of thought, and he shows a manly disregard for anything except the accurate expression of his thought. It is therefore natural for him to conclude that where poetry was cultivated for mercenary purposes and for professional reasons, it was despised and considered a fault.[2]

We first considered Ibn Khaldun's theory of literary composition, and next his curious distinction between word and thought, or, expression and ideas. We shall now consider his main arguments about instruction and learning. He begins by warning us that a plethora of books and an excess of material is bound to lead to confusion. The student is expected to know all the books; and if he memorizes a large part of the material, his understanding suffers and his critical judgements are liable to be warped. And he illustrates this by taking us to the classical works on Maliki law and to certain fundamental text books in classical Arabian philology.[3]

Next he warns us about the excessive use of brief manuals. It is as if an experienced professor were to hold up his hands in horror at the numerous pot-boilers and examination cram-books which are to be found in every subject. He explains that where a subject is unduly abridged and presented in tabloid form, the difficulty of the student increases, as he is unable to understand the intervening steps by which the author comes to a certain conclusion. An inadequate abbreviation leads to disastrous results as the subject is not grasped by the student in a logical and coherent manner.

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[1] Ibid., iii, 406.
[2] Ibid., iii, 411-12.
[3] Ibid., iii, 288-90.

The right attitude in instruction is the threefold method propounded by Ibn Khaldun. On the first occasion, the teacher should deal briefly with the principal problems in each particular science. This will enable him to gauge the potential ability of the candidate, and give the student a connected but elementary view of the whole subject. After this preliminary treatment, the teacher goes into the subject for the second time more thoroughly and with full details. He now explains each topic, gives the student a proper idea of the differences of opinion, and analysing the arguments, he offers his own conclusions. But this is not all. The teacher later, for the third and last time, goes over the whole ground so that the steps, the arguments, and the conclusions are fixed in the mind of the student. This leads to the perfect mastery of the subject and the completion of the student's labour.

Ibn Khaldun's treatment of the subject reminds one of Mortimer Adler's way of reading a book. Adler says that a great book must be read three times. First, with a view to understanding the *structure* of the subject. The second time it should be read for *comprehension*, to understand what is written. And finally, the third reading should lead to certain *judgements*, namely, how far the views advanced are correct, doubtful or erroneous.

The three-fold teaching of the subject, in this fasion, is a very thorough method of instruction and can be relied upon if the syllabus is a manageable one in terms of quantity. Where, however, the syllabus is excessive, as in our times, then obviously other methods of instruction and study will have to be adopted.

Ibn Khaldun asks the student to follow his method carefully and says, "You, student, should realize that I am here giving you useful (hints) for your study. If you accept them and follow them assiduously, you will find a great and noble treasure. As an introduction that will help you to understand these (hints), I shall tell you

the following[1]: The student should always observe the rules of logic, for without logic there will be no order and no coherence. Writing stands for spoken words; spoken words denote ideas; and ideas must be put in proper moulds, the mould of logic, otherwise they will not be helpful. He is anxious that all the veils of false logic and words should be torn down. "Discard", he says, "the veils of words and the obstacles of doubt! Leave all the technical procedures and take refuge in the realm of the natural ability to think given to you by nature! Let your speculation roam in it and let your mind freely delve in it, according to whatever you desire (to obtain) from it! Set foot in the places where the greatest thinkers before you did! Entrust yourself to God's aid, as in his mercy He aided them and taught them what they did not know! If you do that, God's helpful light will shine upon you and show you your objective. Inspiration will indicate (to you) the middle term which God made a natural requirement of the (process of) thinking, as we have stated. At that particular moment, return with (the middle term) to the moulds and forms (to be used) for the arguments, dip it into them, and give it its due of the technical norm (of logic)! Then, clothe it with the forms of words and bring it forth into the world of spoken utterances, firmly girt and soundly constructed"![2]

For further reading: *The Muqaddima* is translated by F. Rosenthal (3 vols., 1958, Routledge). A good account of his life and philosophy will be found in Muhsin Mahdi, *Ibn Khaldun's Philosophy of History* (Unwin, London, 1957).

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[1] Ibid., iii, 295.
[2] Ibid., iii, 297.

SOME ASPECTS OF SHAVIAN COSMOLOGY

DR. APURAB SOMNATH

The dominant currents of thought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Rationalism and Empiricism, were deterministic in character. They reduced the subjective will of man to a passive factor vis-a-vis the immutable necessity of natural laws. But the rapid transformation of society in the nineteenth century, a process in which man performed an active role, and the vast advances in various branches of knowledge could not be explained by a deterministic philosophy. Hence the crisis in ideology towards the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. Bernard Shaw attempts to resolve the crisis in terms of vitalism. He is critical of both Empiricism and Rationalism. In the present article we are concerned with his criticism of Rationalism. In *Maxims for Revolutionaries*, appended to *Man and Superman*, Tanner, the hero of the play, declares:

> The man who listens to Reason is lost:
> Reason enslaves all whose minds are not
> Strong enough to master her.

The dramatist regards Reason as the villain in the comedy of the sipiritual evolution of man. He rejects the hypothesis of the rationalists: "I think, therefore, I am" (cogito ergo sum) and refers to its author, Descartes, as a "foolish philosopher".

On the basis of the advance of science in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Descartes postulated that the nature of the physical world is material, that motion is a property of matter, and that matter and motion are governed by the laws of physics and mechanics, in the last analysis, by mathematical laws.

The universe is like a machine which has been set in motion by the First Cause, and which continues to function in obedience to those laws. The laws of mathematics are universally valid; they are applicable to macrocosmic and microcosmic phenomena as well as to living organisms, "for it is not less natural for a clock, made of the requisite number of wheels, to mark the hours, than for a tree, which has sprung from this or that seed, to produce the food peculiar to it". In *Discourse on Method* Descartes gives a detailed description of the physical organs of man and concludes that the human body is also like a machine. However, he thinks, there is a fundamental factor which distinguishes man from the other living species. Man is endowed with Reason, the animals are devoid of Reason; what makes a "real man" is "the Reasonable Soul". The Rational Soul is a mathematician. God Himself, the creator of the Rational Soul and the physical universe, is a rational being, a mathematician, "in whom are contained all the treasures of science and wisdom".[1]

In the Cartesian system, total existence is subject to mechanical laws and is fore-ordained by God. Says the philosopher: "We would sin in thinking ourselves capable of ever doing anything which He had not ordained beforehand; we would soon be embarrassed in great difficulties if we undertook to harmonize the preordination of God with freedom of our will, and endeavoured to comprehend both truths at once".[2] This belief is shared with Descartes by Spinoza and Leibniz, by Hobbes, Locke and Newton. The eighteenth century rationalists, however, while accepting the principle of absolute determinism, rejected the hypothesis of God as the First Cause, and denied that man has an active inner element, the soul.

The Rationalist philosophy was based on lopsided development of science in the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries. Of its many branches the most developed was the mechanics of solid bodies. Chemistry and biology were still in an elementary stage. The history of the formation of the systems of stars and planets and the story of the evolution of life were unknown. The science of atomic structure and the nature of energy was yet undeveloped. In the nineteenth century rapid advances were made in the various branches of natural sciences, and discoveries of great importance were made in many fields. One of the greatest of the discoveries was the living cell. It laid the foundations of Darwinism which established that organic species have evolved from unicellular bodies and are subject to variations. Scientific discoveries, including those in the fields of social sciences, which revealed that social institutions, religion, morals etc., have changed and evolved from primitive times onward, revealed a changing universe and dealt a crushing blow to rationalist determinism. The Cartesian and the Newtonian systems, and the philosophical hypotheses based on them, did not view nature as a process of perpetual becoming in which new forms of life come into being.

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[1] *Meditations*—Descartes.
[2] *The Principles of Philosophy*—Descartes.

The Cartesian and Newtonian universe is "nothing but a clock that an almighty clock-maker has set up and set going for all eternity"[1] in which there is a necessary causal relation between events, and in which, according to Laplace, a divine calculator could exactly predict the future events from the knowledge of a cross-section of it. Newton assumed that the properties of matter—length, mass, space etc.,— were absolute. Einstein has established that they are relative. The dimensions of each particle are influenced by its relations with innumerable other particles; therefore, no occurrence in the life of a particle can be completely predetermined because to do so it is necessary to consider all the precedent events. Also, the individual calculator has to take into consideration his own self, which is an impossibility. The argument is further strengthened by Quantum theory according

to which interactions among atoms take the form of release or addition of packets of energy. On the basis this hypothesis, Heisenberg argues that a particle under observation must absorb or release energy. Thus observation involves interference which makes it impossible *exactly* to determine the position and at the same time velocity, or vice versa, of an electronic particle.

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[1] *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*—Shaw.

These developments lead Jeans to the conclusion that there is no determinism in events in which atoms and electrons are involved singly, and that the apparent determinism in large-scale events is only of a statistical nature". This precisely is the view expressed by Shaw in *Too True to be Good*:

> The Elder: Yes, Sir: the universe of Isaac Newton has crumbled like the walls of Jericho before the criticism of Einstein. Newton's universe was the stronghold of rational determinism: the stars in their orbits obeyed immutably fixed laws: and when we turned from surveying their vastness to study the infinite littleness of the atoms, there too we found the same universal laws. Every moment of time dictated and determined the following moment and was itself dictated and determined by the moment that came before it. Everything was calculable: everything happened because it must: the commandments were erased from the tablets of the law; in their place came cosmic algebra: the equations of the mathematicians: here I found my dogma of infallibility.........And now—now—what is left of it? The orbit of the electron obeys no law: it chooses one path and rejects another: it is as capricious as the planet Mercury, who wanders from his road to warm his hands at the sun. All is caprice: the calculable design has become incalculable".

Universe cannot be explained in terms of rationalism, in terms of predestination.

Shaws believes that, in the ultimate analysis, the force or forces, operating in the universe which is in perpetual flux, cannot be discovered in the physical laws

governing the interconnection of processes in organic and inorganic nature; for example, he denies that the Law of Natural Selection determines the origin and evolution of species. Therefore he totally rejects the method of science; he thinks it can only explain physical processes but cannot discover the vital cosmic factors impelling them. He abjures science as such; he does not choose between the old science and the new, though, undoubtedly, his denunciation of science is in a great measure due to the clash of the old and the new and the consequent crisis. Max Planck has clearly summed up the crisis of science and the attitude of scepticism generated by it towards science itself.

> "We are living in a singular moment of crisis, in the literal sense of of that word. In every branch of our spiritual and material civilizasion we seem to have arrived at a critical turning point ..... . Formerly it was only religion, especially in its doctrinal and moral systems, that was the object of sceptical attack. Then the iconoclast began to shatter the ideals and principles that had hitherto been accepted in the province of art. Now he has invaded the temple of science. There is scarcely a scientific axiom that is not nowadays denied by somebody. And at the same time almost any nonsensical theory that may be put forward in the name of science would almost be sure to find believers and disciples somewhere or the other."

It is understandble that Shaw rejects the pontifical claim of science to infallibility, and states, in *Epistle Dedicatory to Man and Superman*:

> "All the assertions get disproved sooner or latet".

There are other reasons also for his denunciation of science. He devotes the best part of his Preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma* to prove that science has been corrupted by commercialism. But the root of his condemnation of science is his disagreement with the materialist assumptions of science. He characterizes science as "witchcraft" and equates the modern faith in science

with religious obscurantism. He says, in *The Revolutionst's Handbook*, that

> "the mirales of priestcraft are none the less fraudulent and mischievous because they are now called scientific experiments and conducted by professors; witchcraft, in the modern form of patent medicines and prophylactic inoculations, is rampant ......"

What, then, are the positive features of Shavian outlook? He postulates that the motive force responsible for change in the phenomenal world is the Universal Will, the Life Force. The Life Force is non-material and, therefore, beyond the scope of science. Though non-material it yet embodies itself in material forms, that is, in ever more highly developed species of animals in the process of evolution. Its purpose is to achieve greater and greater measure of self-consciousness through progressively developed species. So far the most highly evolved is man because in him the Life Force has created the brain. Through the brain it has attained a measure of self-consciousness of which it was not capable in the lower species. But the process of evolution has not ended with man :

> Don Juan... .. ..
> Are we agreed that Life is a force which has made innumerable experiments in organizing itself: that the mammoth and the man, the mouse and the magatherium, the flies and the fleas and the Fathers of the Church, are all more or less successful attempts to build up that raw force into higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being omnipotent, omniscient, infallible, and withal completely, undiluredly self-conscious: in short, a God ?[1]

Shaw adopts the formal aspects of Darwinism and gives it a vitalist content. In Darwinism the objective reality is primary and the subjective secondary. Shaw, with Samuel Butler, thinks that Darwin banished mind from the universe. Shaw seeks to establish the primacy of mind

over matter by interpreting evolution as a purposeful process, *willed* by Life and not, as suggested by Darwin, *determined* by objective environment wielding their inexorable sway over Life. The purpose of the Life Force, which is to achieve an increasing degree of self-realization through increasing mastery over matter, is not a preconceived goal. In the quotation above it is asserted that the Life Force experiments with the various species. In other words, it has no predetermined certainty about the success of its experiments and is not aware of their possible outcome.

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

> Don Juan ....
> Think of how it wastes and scatters itself, how it raises obstacles to itself and destroys itself in its ignorance and blindness.........What a piece of work is man; says the poet, yes; but what a blunderer![1]......

And, Don Juan goes on to say, that man, "the highest miracle of organization yet attained by life", is only a partially successful experiment of the Life Force. The implication of the argument is that the Universal Will, the Life Force, itself is in a process of evolution and is not subject to determinism and teleology.

The view summed up above constitutes the cenral axis round which Shavian cosmology revolves and furnishes an alternative to the world as conceived by mechanical determinists.

In Shavian cosmology man, as the most highly evolved form of the Life Force, occupies the central place. But the question is: How is it that man, "the most intensely alive thing that exists" and the highest embodiment of the Life Force, is a wretched, sordid and stupid creature? Shaw's answer is that social institutions tend to shackle the Life Force, the Will in man. For the liberation of the Will, for unleashing the spiritual vitality of man, it is necssary to change social forms. But the active factor in the process of change is the

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

Will itself. Therefore, how is it possible for the Will to overpower social environoments and to transform them when it in itself is held in bondage by them? Shaw solves the dilemma by postulating that it is not the common men who are capable of remoulding the material environments because "hunger and cold and thirst, age and decay and disease, death above all, makes them slaves of reality".[1] It is the exceptional individuals, the supermen, who can rise above environments. Their spiritual vision is not blinded by the material conditions of existence; they are aware of the cosmic purposes of the Universal Will and are conscious of the urgent necessity to achieve them. Shaw, believing, perhaps, that he belongs to the race of supermen, is convinced that the Life Force wills the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of the Millenium through the agency of the supermen. He believes that the Life Force has come to realize that its experiment with the race of man has proved a failure; it is poised for its next forward leap in evolution, the coversion of man to superman. The capitalist civilization and its institutions are condemned in *Man and Superman* and other plays because they obstruct the creation of the new race of supermen. But captalism and private property can be abolished only through the strivings of individuals with exceptionally quickened will, and not through the implementation of political programmes and political utopias. An exclusive mystical vision might be referred to in testimony of the validity of this hypothesis but recent history has proved that capitalism is the most flourishing ground for the self-proclaimed supermen and supermen-lets of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco brood whose role in history was retrogressive. However, it is a tremendous credit to the intellectual clarity of Shaw that he caricatured these characters ruthlessly in *Geneva.* It is not this type of superman he had dreamt of.

Shaw's view of the place of man and superman in his cosmology has concrete roots in the political de-

velopments of his times and in the history of the development of socialist thought.

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

His view of man was determined, among others, by two important factors: firstly, his hatred of the capitalist class; and, secondly, by his disillusionment with the proletariat. The London of his youth was seething with a resurgent labour movement and socialist ideas. This atmosphere was absolutely congenial to his heretical genius. Influenced by Marx and Henry George, he took up the role of a staunch propagandist against the capitalist class and all that it stood for. He became a socialist and joined the Fabians. In his early career as a socialist, in the eighteen-eighties, he had hoped for a hurricane victory of socialism through mass action. But this hope was belied when he discoverred that the workers were not prepared to face repression, as demonstrated to him by the panicky dispersal of a mass rally by the police in Trafalgar Square in November 1887, and that the militancy of the labour movement could be blunted by economic concessions granted by the employers. He shifted his expectations over to a faith in peaceful, evolutionary transformation to socialism through propaganda and preaching. But the desired goal still evaded him; instead, what happened was a reconsolidation of capitalism ofter the eighties. His despair about the future of *homo sapiens* was complete and bitter as he confesses in the preface to *Major Barbara*:

> I, who have preached and pamphleteered like any Encyclopaedist, have to confess that my methods are no use, and would be no use if I were Voltaire, Rousseau, Bentham, Marx, Mill, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Butler and Morris all rolled into one, with Euripedes, More, Montaigne, Moliere, Beaumarchais, Swift, Goethe, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Jesus and the prophets all thrown in ..... The problem being to make heroes out of cowards, we paper apostles and art-magicians have succeeded only in giving cowards all the sensations of heroes while they tolerate every abomination, accept every plunder, and submit to every oppression.

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The working classes, concludes Shaw, are responsible for their own slavery because they are inherently slavish and cowardly, they are stupid ; they are as selfish, greedy and morally and spiritully corrupt as the capitalists. The whole mankind is evil. The only hope for the future is the superman, the exceptional individual.

The origins of this view regarding the revolutionary role of the exceptional individual can be traced back to the initial stages in the development of the theory of socialism in the nineteenth century. The early socialists, like Saint-Simon, Fourier, Owen, elaborated the theory of socialism on the basis of the theoretical approach of their Rationalist predecessors, in particular. the French Encyclopaedists. The Encyclopaedists vigorously criticized scholasticism and the religious conception of nature. They criticized the traditional forms of society and the feudal monarchist regime in France. They sought to replace the *ancien regime* characterized by superstitution, injustice, privilege and inequality, by the kingdom of Reason, of truth, justice and equality. But the French Revolution and its aftermath proved that the kingdom of Reason was far from having been established What replaced the old regime was a form of capitalist democracy in which class exploitation continued in a new but more brutal and naked form.

The early socialists were as vigorously critical of the capitalist exploitation in the new dispensation as the French Enlighteners had been of feudalism. Their criticism was in line with the political theory of the Rationalists in so far as they also wished to set up the kingdom of Reason and absolute justice. But they differed from the Encyclopaedists regarding the constitution of such a kingdom. They considered the capitalist world, which came into being on the principles of the Encycloaedists, as in itself irrational. They believed that a rational system of society would be socialist, although the philosophical position they adopted was that of the Rationalists themselves, as enunciated by Leibniz and

summed up by Hegel: "All that is real is rational and all that is rational is real." They argued that capitalism is irrational; therefore it is unnureal; it must go. Socialism is real because it is rational; therefore it must be established. Socialism was not established so far because what was lacking was an exceptional man of genius with a sufficient recognition of this truth.

Shaw tries to expose capitalism as an irrational system and, like his rationalist socialist predecessors, awaits the rise of a man of exceptional genius to build socialism. However, there is an important difference between the outlook of Shaw and of the socialists. The latter believed, in agreement with Descartes, that the spiritual essence of human personality is the Rational Soul; in the exceptional individual the rational soul is emancipated from prejudice and circumstance which, in the case of the mass of common humanity, blur the light of Reason. Socialism could be achieved by restoring the light of Reason or Good Sense among them through preachings of the hero. But, according to Shaw, the spiritual essence of the enlightened individual is not the Rational Soul but his will that asserts itself against hostile environment of which the inert masses constitute a part. The common men and women are inert and passive not because the light of Reason has been snuffed out in them, but precisely because they are rational beings:

> "The reasonable man adopts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adopt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man".[1]

Reason is regarded by the dramatist as an affliction which paralyses the will and debases man:

> "......all Man's reason has done for him is to make him beastlier than any beast ......"[2]

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[1] *Maxims for Revolutionists.*

[2] *Man and Superman.*

This is the vision of Swift. Swift's misanthrophy is derived from his having regarded the corruption prevalent in Queen Anne's era as the inherent feature of the human race. Similarly, Bernard Shaw, on the basis of the political backwardness of the British labour movement in a certain historical epoch and the utter moral and sipiritual bankruptcy of the capitalist class, concludes that man as a species is a stunted dwarf incapable of shaping his own destiny. And yet Shaw is an implacable enemy of capitalism. Therefore he wishes that the Life Force embody itself as superman and destroy capitalism; in other words, he invokes superhuman, supernatural, intervention to establish socialism.

Bernard Shaw lived long enough to realize that the Life Force was not in a great hurry to answer his prayers, at least in so far as England was concerned where even today, after a series of Labour Governments, socialism is a matter of theoretical debate. In his later plays his enthusiasm about the superman seems to have cooled off. In *Back to Methuselah* he states that the superman is not the final goal of life. He is only a stage in the struggle of the Life Force for its ultimate emancipation from matter, as Lilith, the personification of the Life Force, says towards the end of *Back to Methuselah*:

> Lilith.................................. ... ...
> I am Lilith: I brought life into the whirpool of force, and compelled my enemy, Matter, to be a living soul. But in enslaving Life's enemy I made him Life's master; for that is the end of all slavery; and now I shall see the slave set free and the enemy reconciled, the whirpool become all life and no matter... .....

Life, which existed as the whirpool in force, strives to exist as a vortex freed from matter, as the whirlpool in pure intelligence. In its ultimate synthesis, Shavianism veers round to the traditional belief of the mystics and ascetics that the conflict between spirit and matter is primeval and eternal and that the highest purpose of being is to conquer matter and to liberate the soul.

DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN HINDI VERSE—I

P. N. PUSHP

The great upsurge of 1857 was not an utter failure from the socio-cultural point of view; for, it was followed sharp by awakening throughout the country. Reformist movements like the Arya Samaj and the Brahmo Samaj lent indirect support to the Indian National Congress in arousing the national aspirations of the people, mostly of the middle-class. No wonder that Hindi verse also felt a new wave creeping over it; for, did it not hail[1] the advent of a more favourable period in the country's history of dependence, when the Queen took over the reins of government from the Company's callous hands? The warm felicitations[2] voiced on the august occasion of the Queen's Jubilee were as spontaneous as the deep sorrow[3] at her sad demise. The Hindi poet had felt that—

> "By taking over the rule from the Company's hands
> She has made the guileless masses of Bharata
> feel they are orphans no more!"[4]—

and naturally, therefore, her death came to him as a grave shock:

> "Alas, Compassion-incarnate,
> Alas, Mother Victoria!
> Ah, she was a sure refuge
> To the orphaned India in distress!"[5]

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[1] Cf. Bharatendu's विजयवल्लरी and विजयिनी-विजय-वैजयन्ती; Premaghana's भारतबधाई; हार्दिक हर्षादर्श and स्वागत.

[2] Cf. जुबिली by Radha Krishna Das.

[3] Cf. विजयिनीविलाप by Radha Krishna Das.

[4] From हार्दिक हर्षादर्श.

[5] Cf. राधाकृष्णदास ग्रंथावली, p 6.

Apparently this trend indicated just a change-over from the crumbling courts of the native chiefs to the very-much-coveted patronage of the Queen Empress, but essentially it registered a bold departure from the two-century old conventions of Hindi verse, saturated with a facile use of hackneyed metaphors. wornout similes, intriguing puns and empty alliterations. The range of extremely trivial subject-matter already narrowed down to an exaggerated description of the **nakha-shikh**, (the physical contours of feminine loveliness, from the toe-nails right up to the top of her head), was further vulgarized by the craze for curious contrasts and far-fetched conceit. The lusty depiction of trysts and separations, of amorous escapades and sportive quarrels and similar other pastimes of love could hardly relieve the tedium of its fussy verbiage. The poets would zestfully vie with one another in catering to the voluptuous whims and wanton caprices of their aristocratic patrons. Little creative work could, therefore, be expected from the jugglery of words above which these poets could seldom rise.

This dismal state of affairs prevailed in Hindi poetry till 1868 when **Bharatendu Harishchandra** appeared on the literary horizon.[6] In the infancy of his poetic career he poured out a number of songs in a variety of 'rags' and 'reginis'. He harped on the old Vaisnava strings various tunes[7] of human love with its hopes and fears, smiles and sighs. Thereby he anticipated the new lyrical tendency which afterwards sought its fulfilment in Chhaayaavaad[8] : the poetry of Romantic Mysticism. But it was by dint of his social and patriotic strains that he revolutionized Hindi verse. Decades before the Indian National Congress began to voice the national consciousness of India, he made vigorous appeals calculated to arouse Indians from 'the deep slumber of self-forgetfulness'.

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[6] Cf. कविवचनसुधा (first issue).

[7] Cf. भारतेन्दु-ग्रन्थावली (earlier poems).

[8] For instance, the works of Prasada, Pant, Nirala and Mahadevi Varma.

The most vehemently passionate of these appeals is heard in his allegorical play, *Bharata-Durdasha*, where the editor, the poet, the teacher and such other vocal members of society, Bengalis as well as Maharashtrians, are invited to form a united front against the depredations of illitracy, superstition, disease, discord, distrust, apathy, jealousy and maladministration which, paradoxically enough, were both the effect and the cause of our political subjection.

This very poem of **Bharatendu** reveals to us the poet's passion for reviving the glory of India's cultural past. It was with this in view that he wrote in favour of social reform and national solidarity, as well as against parochialism and indifference, and advocated the cause of widow-remarriage and female education. He admired the British rule for these very social items of their programme; otherwise, he felt wronged and mortified when he saw the economic resources of our country being mercilessly drained out. We can hear his heart beat in these lines of his :

"अंगरेज राज सुखसाज सजे सब भारी।
पै धन विदेश चलि जात इहै अति ख्वारी॥"[9]

And here we find the first trend in modern Hindi verse: the trend of nationalism in its patriotic aspect, of course, with a strong bias of 'Aryan culture'; for *Bharatendu* primarily appealed[10] to the Hindus (reminding them of their noble ancestry) to come out of the slough of despondence, and consolidate themselves against the foreign aggressors. It was thus that he widened the range of Hindi verse and inspired a number of young poets[11] to touch on ever-new national themes in response to the changing economic atmosphere of the country; and it must be said to their credit that inspite of the

journalistic tone of their verse the content they (almost all journalists) present is pulsating with a patriotic fervour for self-emancipation. Thus some of them would plead against taxation,[12] others against colour-discrimination,[13] and yet others against the imperial distrust[14] of the Indians betrayed in the overprecautionary measures like the Arms Act and the Press Act.

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[9] Cf. भारतदुर्दशा.

[10] Cf. नीलदेवी (particularly the march songs).

[11] Such as: Premaghana, Pratap Narayan Misra, Rai Devi Prasad Purna, Radha Krishna Das and Shridhara Pathak.

This ring of modernity, however, could not find full scope because of the orthodox dichotomy of the luiguistic media: *Khari Boli* for prose but *Braj Bhasha* for verse; and this dichotomy was dealt a severe blow by **Shridhara Pathak**, essentially a nature poet. He was the first to express the new urge[15] in the *Khari Boli*. The cause of this new medium of expression had already been advocated by **Bharatendu** in all his plays and in some of his poems too, but it was in 1887 that **Babu Ayodhya Prasad Khatri** led a compaign[16] against this dichotomy and the long-drawn-out controversy between **Radhacharan Goswami** and **Shridhara Pathak** was gradually hushed up by the vast ovation with which Pathak's *Ekaantavaasee Yogee*[17] (the Khari Boli version of Goldsmith's *HERMIT*) was received. The popularity of this translation inspired a number of younger poets to try their poetic faculty on similar themes[18] of romantic possibilities and prepared the ground for the poetry of Romantic Mysticism. But it was **Pandit Mahaviraprasada Dvivedi** who (since 1900 when he took over as the editor of the monthly *SARASWATI*) incessantly strove for and finally succeeded in giving the Khari Boli a literary polish[19] which shines

forth in **Babu Maithilisaran Gupta's** *Bharatabharati.*

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[12] Cf. 'होली है' by Pratap Narayan Misra.

[13] Cf. 'कारे' in 'स्वागत' by Premaghana.

[14] Cf. विजयवल्लरी by Bharatendu.

[15] Cf. his भारतगीत.

[16] Cf. Hindustan, Nov. 11, 1887.

[17] Published 1886.

[18] Such as: Prasad's प्रेमपथिक; Shukla Ji's शिशिरपथिक; Tripathi's मिलन and Pant's ग्राम्या.

The *Bhaaratabhaaratee* appeared in 1912; and as the poet himself gratefully acknowledges[20], it was inspired and influenced by the widely-read *Musaddas* of **Maulana Hali,** and also by the *Musaddas* of **Kaifi**. Obviously the work was welcomed for the protestant tone in which it reminded the Indians of their glorious past, placed before them their gloomy present and urged them on to a bright future. Though melodramatic and oversentimental at places and didactic throughout, it created a stir in Hindi verse and also indicated the poet's bright promise later on fulfilled by him in his *Rashtra-Sangita* as well as in his major works like the *Saaket* and *Yasodharaa*. He sincerely felt that India alone had a message for the future of humanity, and it pained him to see such a nation in chains. But who would listen to a slave's voice? And did not serpents cling to the sweet-scented sandalwood only because of its cool nature? Shouldn't, therefore "a heating current of self-recollection" pass through the benumbed consciousness of India's millions?[21] All the longer poems of *Gupta Ji* are thus an artist's effort to recreate the cultural glory of ancient India.

A more urgent note was sounded by another group of younger poets whose forum was the *PRATAP*[22] of Kanpur, and in their verse the present featured more directly and, therefore, rather boisterously. **Gaya Prasad Sukla Sanehi (Trishul)**, one of the most prominent of these, had a firmer grip over his medium when he depicted the sad and sickening trials and tribulations of the Indian peasantry.[23] The difference between the tones of the *Saraswati* and the *Pratap* was naturally reflected

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[19] Cf. द्विवेदी काव्य माला, Pp 291, 295, 368, 393 and 434.

[20] Cf भारतभारती, प्रस्तावना, P 3.

[21] Cf. his उठ ओ बृहद् विराट विशाल ! in भारतसंगीत.

[22] Cf. राष्ट्रीयवीणा (Parts I and II) (1914—17).

[23] Cf. his कृषकक्रंदन (1916) and त्रिशूलतरंग (1918).

in the creation inspired by these mouthpieces; but it did not take long to get harmonized into a new style suited to the genuine needs of Hindi verse. Such, for instance, is the evidence of **Subhadra Kumari Chauhan's** *Jhansi Ki Rani* as well as **Makhan Lal Chaturvedi's** *Qaidi aur Kokila.*

Gandhi Ji had by this time introduced religion (and mysticism ?) into Indian politics and had injected the creed of Ahimsa into the mentality of Indian nationalism. The poetic exposition of this creed has been offered by **Sanehi** in his poem, *SATYA*[24] which prescribes the path of passive resistence and active truth, calling upon the non-violent fighters for freedom to suffer like Socrates, Christ and Mansur. Thus, much of the poetry of the nineteen-twenties was inspired by the ideal of self-sacrifice which finds a very highly emotional expression in **Makhan Lal Chaturvedi's** poems.[25] In one[26] of these a flower expresses the desire it cherishes: 'not to adorn the lovely tresses of a nymph or the bewitching breasts of a damsel, nor to be showered upon the coffin of a mighty emperor or offered to a god in ardent worship; but to be strewn on the path hallowed by the marching heroes of the country's struggle for freedom'.

The same ideal was eulogized by **Ram Naresh Tripathi** in three[27] narrative poems which depict the conflict between love and service, and by **Siyaram Saran Gupta** in shorter poems, one of which immortalizes the martyrdom of **Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi**, the celebrated editor of the *PRATAP* (Kanpur). The trend can be traced even in larger poems[28] of **Maithilisaran Gupta** and **Hari Oudh**, whose heroes and heroines stand out as lively embodiments of selfless suffering inspired by the

noble ideals of a new humanism.

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[24] Cf. त्रिशूलतरंग.

[25] Cf. his हिमतरंगिणी.

[26] Cf. his पुष्प की अभिलाषा in हिमतरंगिणी.

[27] स्वप्न, मिलन and पथिक.

[28] साकेत, यशोधरा and प्रियप्रवास.

The very apostle of this creed of non-violence has been admired, eulogized and even worshipped in a number of poems. The most devotional study of the Mahatma, however, is the poem: *BAPU* by **Siyaramsaran Gupta** whose **Unmukta** is an excellent poem on non-violence itself. But the failure of the Satyagraha and the civil disobedience movements disillusioned the Indian youth and exposed the inefficiency of non-violent nationalism in fighting the imperialistic policy of exploitation. The skeleton of the Congress was shaken to its very foundation; belief in reforms and passive resistance got a terrible setback. There is remorse and anguish in **Balkrishna Sharma Navin's** confession of this defeat of the Satyagraha movement:

> "आज खड्ग की धार कुंठिता है खाली तूणीर हुआ
> विजयपताका झुकी हुई है लक्ष्यभ्रष्ट यह तीर हुआ !"

> [Today the sword has lost the edge,
> the quiver is empty;
> The banner of victory is depressed,
> the shaft has missed the aim !]

His heart must have bled when he composed this 'dirge of defeat'.[29] The intense passion for political independence had already burst forth into a revolt in his *Viplava-gaayan*[30] which is full of fire and storm and expresses seething discontent with the existing order of things; and now the anarchist tendency became more and more emphatic in Hindi verse. It shrieked out in the clarion call[31] of **Dinakara** who saw in the Himalayan range the dormant self-consciousness of India and bade it wake up at 'the clarion-call of the New Age'.

This very trend later on assumed the role of

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[29] पराजयगान in कुंकुम, P 63.

[30] कुंकुम, P 9.

[31] 'मेरे नगपति मेरे विशाल' in रेणुका P 1.

Pragativaada, the Progressive School of Hindi verse; but that happened to develop only as an imaginatively realistic reaction to the over-sentimentality and extreme passionateness of the poetry of *Chhaayaavaada* (Romanticism) and its offshoot, the *Niraashaavaada* (Pessimism) much in the same way as the *Chhaayaavaada* itself was a protest against the prosaic and matter-of-fact versification of the Dvivedi School.

*SHAKESPEARE'S COMIC SPIRIT

PROF. P. K. GUHA

Of the many things Dr. Johnson has said about Shakespeare, perhaps the happiest is his statement—"His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct: in tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature". Johnson noticed some melancholy in Milton's mirth and found no mirth in his melancholy, while scanning his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. And reverse is his discovery in Shakespeare's dramas: in his tragedies he finds some mirth mixed up with melancholy and in his comedies he meets with mirth unmixed with any melancholy. The implication of this comparative view of Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies is that whereas in his tragedies Shakespeare is an artist who performs, more or less objectively, the task he undertakes of dramatizing a sorrowful theme, his comedies are not merely art but are also a spontaneous outburst of the joy welling out of his heart.

In this statement of Johnson we may find a clue to the distinctive feature of Shakespearian comedy: comedy in the hands of other dramatists is a mode, with Shakespeare it is a mood. Others create in their comedies, by conscious and deliberate artistry, a special world of comic situations and characters, while Shakespeare in his comedies is essentially the akin spirit that Milton's *L'Allegro* finds in him:

> Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbling his native woodnotes wild.

In his comedies Shakespeare is less an artist and more the

happy man taking a radiant view of the whole of life and casting upon the entire world an amused and genial look. The laughter, which is the ultimate objective of comic art, is raised artificially by other dramatists, while in Shakespeare it impresses us as gurgling out of the fountain of a joyous heart. Between Shakespeare and the other comedians the difference is thus not one of degree but of kind. Others are writers of comic plays, Shakespeare is pre-eminently the poet of the comic spirit. While other comic dramatists laugh at their characters, Shaksepeare laughs with his comic creations.

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*Delivered as an extension lecture for the University.—Editor.

Comedy may roughly be divided into two types: Comedy of Rejection and Comedy of Acceptance—Comedy of Satire and Comedy of Joy, Mocking Comedy and Laughing Comedy. Shakespearian Comedy is Laughing Comedy - comedy of pure joy, comedy of acceptance. It is a world of delight without the slightest alloy of annoyance or bitterness. It is entirely free from malicious banter or heartless ridicule. In the words of Hazlitt, "Shakespeare's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its powers of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons than in leaving a sting behind it".

It is comic poets of the class of Shakespeare that Matthew Green thinks of when he says:

> By happy alchemy of mind
> They turn to pleasure all they find.

There is no dearth of oddities and quaintnesses in Shakespeare's comedies, but like an alchemist that turns base metal into gold, Shakespeare has transmuted the annoying absurdities of life into things of pure joy. But this alchemy is no mere artistic device; it is alchemy of mind and spirit evolving automatically an alchemy of art.

The spirit that dominates Shakespear's comedies, the distinctive Shakespearian comic spirit, is a spirit of

the loving acceptance of the whole of life, a mood of universal tolerance. In his comedies he seems to stand at the centre of life with a friendly gaze at one and all, well at ease with himself and well at ease with the world, wishing no one or nothing away. Nobody is hissed off the Shakespearian comic stage, which is co-extensive with life, and every one is given in it the birth-right to live with his faults and follies entire. From the depths of his heart Shakespeare says "Yes" to everything in life, bucks up with a cheering "Why not ?" the trivial lapses from the accepted code of social manners and personal conduct, tolerates in one and the same comedy, with the same charity and grace, a precisian like Malvolio and a reveller like Sir Toby Belch. He understands sympathetically and presents, without scorn, Malvolio's legitimate rebuke, as the steward of the house, of the excesses of the merrymakers; and, at the same time, we find all the vigour at Shakespeare's command put into the chastised Sir Toby's angry retort and rebellious cry hurled in the face of Malvolio:

> Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there
> shall be no more cakes and ale ?

In this cry of Sir Toby we catch, unmistakably, the voice of the poet himself putting forward a passionate plea for a rightful co-existence of vice side by side with virtue.

A Shakespearian comedy is not so much a comic play as it is a cheerful world. It is not a narrow artificial world improvised for the play but a fascimile of the entire human world; in it we have not merely an amusing spectacle of the triumph of the comic characters over the intriguing circumstances by which they are beset, but the miracle of the poet's conquest of the whole of life. All humanity have full and free access to Shakespeare's comic stage. All have a complete right to hold their heads high. Shakespeare not merely endures but also enjoys the aberrations of his comic characters and stimulates us to accept such incongruities

and abnormalities as a refreshing variation of the dead conformity of normal human conduct. We are impressed by Shakespeare's deep sense that each one of his extremely fantastic characters like Bottom, Dogberry, Falstaff is welcome to us, for each contributes something invaluable to the total fun of life.

In Shakespeare's comic presentation of life everything changes under his magic touch. All ugliness is blotted out. What vexes us in life turns into a source of pleasure. There is "an artistic delivery from the nausea of the absurd," as Nietzsche describes his conception of the function of comedy. This transmutation is the result of Shakespeare's inner vision of the world of man as a realm of joy, and his cordial sympathy for one and all of his erring fellow-men.

This is why Shakespearian comedy has been called "laughing comedy", as distinguished from "mocking comedy", the usual type of comic drama which seeks to mock the faults and follies of man with a view to their elimination from life. Ben Jonson's comedy belongs to this latter category and its main purpose is satire, correction of manners by exposing them to ridicule and scorn, the laughter raised in the process being a means to the curative end and not an end in itself, as in Shakespearian comedy. Shakespearian comedy is a dramatization of the joy of life while satirical comedy is a dramatic railing at the ills of society and oddities in human manners. Shakespearian comedy just responds to the joy of life that pulsates the heart of all mankind rather than to the spirit of the ridicule of inferiority that prevails in the minds of the few. That profound gaiety of disposition from which laughter in Shakespearian comedy arises is absolutely incompatible with anything harsh or grating and is by its nature totally free from any mood of contempt or indignation. Carlyle's definition of true humour is wholly applicable to the humour of Shakespearian comedy:

> True humour springs not more from the head than from the heart, it is not contempt; its essence is love.

The essence of Shakespearian comedy is love and its prompting impulse is a total love of life. It does not quarrel with anything in life but converts this very life and world of ours into a realm of joy. It is a vision of no art-made world of ideal perfection with all the disturbing and vexatious elements of real life weeded out. It is a large-hearted humanist's vision of the world of reality. Its prevaling mood is one of an irrepressible optimism, a deep realization in the heart of the Wordsworthian faith that joy is "Nature's holy plan" and that "all that we behold is full of blessings".

Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* sets forth Shakespeare's comic spirit:

> And those things do best please me
> That befall preposterously.

There is not the slightest tinge of scorn or satiric bitterness in either Puck's laughter or the tone of the whole play. Puck's laughter is an exuberant expression of his own spirit of mirth and he laughs with no spirit of corrective exaltation.

Meredith in his famous essay, *The Idea of Comedy*, upholds the view that satire is the proper aim of comedy, its function being critical and its use being to teach the world what ails it. He says that comedy is 'by nature merciless' and cites for his model the comedy of Moliere who "strips folly to the skin" and upon vice "wields a shrieking scourge". Towards the end of the essay Meredith seems to modify this corrective theory of comedy. He designates Shakespeare and Cervantes as the unparallelled monarchs of the world of comedy. He says that their laughter is richer than that of Aristophanes and Moliere, being "the laughter of heart and mind in one".

Bergson in his essay on *Laughter* says, in agreement with Meredith's basic idea of comedy, that the

purpose of the comic laughter is corrective and it can, therefore, be never kind. Comedy asserts instructively the vexed surprise of society that any one should so isolate himself from the accepted norm of conduct and manners, the customary ways of life of the community to which he belongs. Shakespeare did not tread this corrective path and chalked out for himself a track of disinterested laughter.

The mocking comedy with a satirical purpose is a comedy of types while the Shakespearian laughing comedy is a comedy of individuals. The former is a social gesture while the latter is a human document. We judge adversely, in an impersonal and indifferent spirit, characters that are of the nature of abstract symbols of faults and follies, but we fall in love with faulty characters we meet with in drama or fiction, who impress us as our flesh and blood fellow-men and we love them, totally blind to their human frailties which, we feel, are in ourselves too in some form or measure.

That Shakespeare's conception of the comic is free from any spirit of raillery or ridicule and that Shakespearian comedy is definitely laughing comedy and not mocking comedy become patent when we think of his handling of comic situations and characters.

In his *Twelfth Night*, he has obviously no leaning towards either Malvolio or Sir Toby Belch. If his intention had been to satirize drunken revelry he would not have put into the mouth of Sir Toby his challenge to the Puritanic Malvolio, mentioned before, his spirited plea for vice to have a place in the sun. If, on the other hand, his purpose had been to expose Puritanism to ridicule he would have painted Malvolio as a detestable clown. But as Charles Lamb has said: "Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible". Lamb did not approve of

the stage presentation of Sir Toby as a ludicrous sot by the elder Palmer. Lamb observes, "There is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which Palmer did not quite fill out". Lamb has said the last word about Shakespeare's conception of Malvolio and Sir Toby. There is really nothing in the play to suggest that Shakespeare intended to satirize the folly of either the one or the other. His only purpose in the play was to provide for us "a rare meal of laughter".

In *As You Like It* the character and role of Jaques have an intimate bearing on our present topic of Shakespearian comedy being laughing comedy and not mocking comedy, comedy as conceived by Meredith or Bergson. Jaques is mockery incarnate. He finds bitterness and hollow sham in everything in life. He finds no charm in any stage of life. He divides man's life into seven ages and notices something ridiculous in every stage. The world seems to him to be full of faults, the worst of which is to be in love. He calls Orlando mockingly "Seignior Love" and Orlando returns the compliment by calling Jaques "Monsieur Melancholy". Rosalind taunts Jaques for his constant sadness. She tells him, "They say you are a melancholy fellow". Jaques is in love with melancholy. He asks Amiens to sing a sad song again, not so much for the music as for the note of sadness in the song. Amiens does not wish to sing again for it would make Jaques more melancholy. Jaques replies:

> I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck
> melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.
> More, I prithee, more.

If there is any character in *As You Like It* whom Shakespeare palpably mocks it is Jaques. In mocking the mocker he reveals to us his own comic spirit that is entirely free from the spirit of mockery. As a sort of antithesis to Jaques we have in the play, the fool Touchstone. Touchstone is ever seeking to suck fun from everything while Jaques is constantly engaged in sucking melancholy out of all things. The jokes of Touchstone

are slight and trivial but those of Jaques are cutting and deep. Touchstone finds no fault with anyone, but Jaques always commits "the mischievous sin of chiding sin", as the Duke puts it. The Duke reminds Jaques that it did not behove him to be a chider of sin, as he himself had been a sinner in the past. While Touchstone entertains us with innocent fun by his enumeration of the seven kinds of lie, Jaques annoys us with his travesty of the seven ages of man. Toucnstone laughs *with* all but Jaques laughs *at* everyone.

The monumental evidence of the Shakespearian comic spirit, being the expression of pure mirth totally free from any satiric design, is his Comic masterpiece, Sir John Falstaff. Falstaff is like his bulk a mountain of faults and follies, monstrous and inconceivable. And yet he is the most lovable of Shakespeare's creations. George Brandes characterizes him as " beyond comparison the gayest, most concrete, and most entertaining figure in European comedy." He is both witty and the cause of wit in others. And at the same time he is a braggart above all braggarts, a liar, above all liars. If Falstaff is one of the most glorious of Shakespeare's comic creations, it is because of the fact that he is of the Shakespearian comic spirit all compact. His portraiture is prompted and governed by that exuberance of mirth, that willing suspension of all moral judgments for the moment, that happy mood of total irresponsibility which constitute the essence of Shakespearian comic spirit. Falstaff is Shakespear's diploma character in whom he demonstrates that the charm of personality outweighs the heaviest odds of faults and iniquities. We love Falstaff in spite of his faults or, rather, on account of his faults ; for his faults, representing a sum total of all the frailties that are scattered in fragments among men, make him so human, so akin to all erring humanity. Such is the magnetic attraction of his personal charm that Falstaff behaves like a coward and yet does not repel us like a coward and yet does not impress us as a liar. The Prince lovingly says, " These lies are like their father that begets

them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable." Falstaff's faults and follies do not vex or annoy us. They do not lead us to hate him. They rather make us love him all the more. In the Part I of *Henry IV* we fall so deeply in love with Falstaff that when in Part II we meet with the rejection of Falstaff by his beloved Prince Hal immediately he ascends the thr ne, we feel angry with Shakespeare for his abrupt withdrawal from us of a beloved companion and playmate. The misdeeds of Falstaff never annoyed us half as much as this misconduct of Shakespeare in killing a character who belonged to us as much as to him. Of course, Shakespeare had his reasons to handle Falstaff in the way he has done: he made Falstaff interesting and attractive in Part I to redeem the Prince's tavern life and in Part II he had to make him hateful to find a plea for taking him out of the Prince's life, when he became King. This withdrawal of the great symbol of the Prince's tavern life was needed for investing the Prince with an unclouded royal dignity on his accession to the throne. But the non-moral treatment of Falstaff in Part I is more in keeping with the non-satiric, laughing spirit of Shakespearian comedy than the moral attitude the Shakespeare takes up towards Falstaff in Part II. There is in this an abrupt change from Comedy of Mirth to Comedy of Mockery. Here we have the solitary instance of purpose interfering with Art in Shakespearian drama.

Our paradoxical love for Falstaff reaches its climax when, after his cowardly flight at the Gadshill robbery, he calls others cowards and tells one lie after another to hide the truth. Morgaun expresses, without the slightest exaggeration, the feeling of us all when he observes:

> We are at once in possession of the whole man and are ready to hug him, guts, lies and all, an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry and humour.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* we find a sort of formulation of Shakespeare's comic spirit as a mood of total acceptance and universal tolerance which automa-

tically kept out satire and ridicule from his comedies. The play implies that incongruity is ingrained in human nature and should be cheerfully accepted by us as a postulate of life. We should trace the abnormalities in man's social manners to this basic trait of human nature and should not cast upon them the intolerant eye of the satirist. Theseus is, as it were, the exponent of the tolerance which is the watchword of Shakespearian comedy. The travesty of a play prepared by Bottom and his fellow-workmen "which never labour'd in their minds till now" is welcomed by Theseus in honour of whose marriage the show had been arranged. An attendant of Theseus asks him not to allow the performance, saying that "it is nothing, nothing in the world". Theseus would still see it. He said, "Our sport shall be to take what they mistake." In this one line we find a summing up of the attitude of Shakespearian comedy to human errors and aberrations, its sporting spirit of taking, or accepting without demur, the so-called mistakes of man in life. In that famous utterance of Theseus about love and madness we have a powerful plea for the tolerance of the whims and vagaries of man. Who is free from the domination of imagination and fancy? The lover, the lunatic and the poet are bracketed together. When we are under the sway of love we see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt and, in the case of everyone of us, "how easy is a bush supposed a bear." We have all "such seething brains, such shaping fantasies that apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends." By the expression 'cool reason' Shakespeare implies that sanity which comprehends and tolerates things as they are instead of crying for the moon, a spirit of wise acceptance of the whole of reality and not of a rejection of a part of it. Bottom, with all his fantastic absurdities, attracts our deepest attachment; and our great regret in the play is that we have not more of his stimulating company.

Such is also our attraction to another crowning creation of Shakespearian comedy, Dogberry of *Much*

Ado About Nothing. With his comrade, Verges, he forms a wonderful pair of watchmen, every ounce of whose fussy idiocy was needed for the purpose of the play. The conspiracy to denounce the innocent maiden Hero in the church, where she would be brought for her wedding, is detected by these sentinels on duty, but they were so grotesquely stupid that they failed to make their report clear to Leonato whom they met when he was going to church for his daughter's marriage. What they say is arrant nonsense and Leonato cannot understand what they had come to say. Dogberry makes a desperate but futile effort to make himself intelligible: "One word, Sir, our watch, Sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship."

Leonate leaves, saying to Dogberry, "Take their examination yourself and bring it to me."

This gives the illiterate Dogberry the chance of a lifetime and he shines in all his glory when he conducts the examination with the aid of the sexton, "the learned writer," whose help Dogberry badly needs to have the evidence recorded. Dogberry starts the trial with due judicial dignity. He asks: "Is our whole dissembly appeared?" Conrade, one of the accused, when questioned, called Dogberry "an ass." Just at that time the sexton happened to be away, and Dogberry exclaimed:—

> Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an ass! But masters! remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.. ....O that I had been writ down an ass!"

Dogberry is not a satirical character but purely a creation of Shakespearian comic spirit. Shakespeare does not intend to ridicule through him the Elizabethan constabulary as some critics have suggested. The rollicking fun that Dogberry provides is entirely needed for dis-

solving the tragic impression, incongruous in a comedy, that the church scene had produced; and the detection of the conspiracy prior to that scene had set the minds of the audience at rest and they went through the painful scene with a sense of assurance that all would be well at the end. This is how Shakespeare maintains the sway of the comic spirit over the minds of the audience even when they traverse this tragic region of the play. If Dogberry and Verges had not been the fools that they were, with the plenitude of their bungling stupidity, they would have been able to couch their report to Leonato in sensible words. But this would have rung down the curtain bringing the play to an abrupt close. Therefore, it is difficult to accept Coleridge's view, "Dogberry and his comrades have been forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchman and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action".

Much Ado About Nothing is a remarkable comedy of Shakespeare for his creation in it of this exquisite Dogberry. It has another striking feature which makes the play a signal proof of the alchemy of Shakespeare's comic spirit—its capacity to convert a thing of sorrow into a source of pleasure. It is a triumph of Shakespeare's indomitable gaiety to have completely subdued the tragic impression of the Hero-Claudio story, borrowed by him from an Italian source, perhaps inadvertently, for the purpose of writing this comedy. "This is no stuff for a comedy", as one critic has rightly observed. But nothing daunted, Shakespeare, fullly confident of his inexhaustible and irrepressible comic spirit, created an adequate antidote to the tragic effects of his borrowed tale in the shape of the oblique love-making of Benedick and Beatrice with their merry quarrel, thinly hiding their real attachment to each other. The fun provided by the comic bickerings of Benedick and Beatrice is enriched by the comic contribution of the Dogberry and Verges episode, also an original conception of Shakespeare. Stopford Brooke aptly observes, " What is sad in the play

is from Italy, what is gay is from Shakespeare."

Beatrice, the heroine of the play, is a perfect embodiment of the Shakespearian comic spirit. She says of herself : "I was born to speak all mirth and no matter".

Don Pedro, who describes her as "a pleasant-spirited lady" tells her, "You were born in a merry hour".

To this Beatrice replies, "No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born."

We can very well feel that Shakespeare's Comic spirit too was born under a star that danced.

Beatrice is a unique combination of gaiety and seriousness. When she found her cousin Hero belied she rose to the height of the occasion by dropping her fun and frolic and applied herself to a vindication of Hero's innocence. But in her normal character she gives a living shape to Shakespeare's comic spirit that thrills in joy in every circumtance and fully realizes what Browning says in his *Saul*:—

> How good is man's life, the mere
> living ! how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and
> the senses in joy !

The presentation in a single character of gaiety, an essential element of Shakespearian comic spirit, is to be found in Beatrice. The embodiment of that spirit in an entire play is furnished by *As You Like It*. In this play in particular the large-hearted and all-embracing comic spirit of Shakespeare finds its fullest expression. The central theme of the play, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," is represented by the contented Duke with his happy attendants in banishment, living a life of supreme bliss in the Forest of Arden, a symbol of that happy world 'free from envy and malice,' that makes up the Shakespearian comic world. The play dramatizes

in the most telling way the essence of Shakespeare's comic spirit. It is a spirit of tolerance and cheerful acceptance of the serverest odds of life. The Senior Duke, the hero of *As You Like It*, is a perfect embodiment of the phase of infinite tolerance and patience which is an important aspect of the Shakespearian comic spirit. The Senior Duke is, as it were, the exponent, both in words and in pracctice, of Shakespear's comic spirit that cannot be repressed by any circumstance.

Gordon observes: "To speak of a master-key of any kind to Shakespeare is probably presumptuous; but if a key must be found at any rate to Shakespear's daily life, I find it preferably in his comedies."

Bradley asks which of Shakespeare's plays contains not necessarily the fullest picture of his mind—but the truest expression of his nature, of his habitual daily temper? He answers: "*As You Like It*."

We have discussed so far the group of Shakespeare's 'sunny comedies', as they have been called—*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Twelfth Night, As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing*. We may now pass on to the other batch of Shakespear's comedies, usually designated Dark Comedies—*Measure for Measure, All's Well that ends Well, Troilus and Cressida*. In the sunny comedies we witnessed Shakespear's successful quest of the comic in the light and frivolous follies of man. The same comic spirit that brightens up, as with the rays of the sun, the dark spots of the picture in these sunny comedies, prevails in these 'dark comedies' also. Here too we find a remarkable evidence of the alchemy of Shakespeare's comic genius springing out of a basic generosity and indomitable optimism ingrained in Shakespeare's mind and reflected in his art. We find in this a justification of the observation of A. W. Pollard,: "One of the impressions about Shakespeare which has been strongly forced on me, is that he was all of one piece. He developed, but in his development he cast nothing away. His attitude

towards life deepened, but his outlook remained the same". In the 'Dark Comedies' we do not find an abandonment of the Shakespearian comic spirit but rather a bolder adventure of that spirit to emerge unscathed out of the graver faults of human conduct and character than those in the sunny comedies. The Dark Comedies are also called problem plays. Shakespeare's own problem in these plays is a search for the comic in a most unpromising field the seamy side of human nature. The search for the comic in the world of the sunny comedies with its trivial faults and follies was easy and simple in comparison with the strenuous effort in the Dark Comedies to suck pleasure from a gloomy world with its vicious and loathsome exhibitions of the baser impulses of man. It is an endeavour to pluck grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. The only change in Shakespeare's comic spirit that we notice in these 'dark comedies' from its counterpart in the 'sunny comedies' is that Shakespeare's mood is now grave and serious. As Tillyard puts it, "Shakespeare here is in a mood of uncommon abstraction and speculation". The mood of these plays is thoughtful by the very nature of their theme. But the plays strike the same note as the sunny comedies—the note of tolerance and optimism.

The prime source of the Shakespearian comic spirit is a sympathetic attitude towards the mistakes and errors of men. It proceeds from an adoption of the Biblical injunction, "Judge not lest ye be judged." The idea is thus put into the mouth of Hamlet :—

> Use every man after his desert, and who would escape whipping?

In the central play of this group of Dark Comedies, *Measure for Measure*, which has been described by Walter Pater as the repository of Shakespeare's moral judgments, we find this basic principle of the Shakespearian comic spirit thus set forth by Isabella when she seeks a pardon from Angelo for her brother's crime :

> How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment should
> But judge you as you are ? O, think over that,
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made.

Isabella also utters the other cardinal principle of the Shakespearian comic spirit—the need for charity and kindness in man's dealings with man:—

> O! it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant.

Man's abuse of power and authority in his treatment of his fellow-men has found a classic expression also on Isabella's lips:

> But man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantanstic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep.

The thought that we are all frail and have, therefore, no moral right to condemn the faults of others, which we all share, is thus put by Isabella. She tells Angelo who has sentenced her brother to death for sensuality:

> Go to your bosom;
> Knock there, and ask your heart what
> it doth know
> That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
> A natural guiltiness such as his,
> Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
> Against my brother's life.

Angelo did knock at his own heart and discovered in it in a much viler form the very same passion for which he had sentenced Isabella's brother to death. He exclaims:

> Thieves for their robbery have authority
> When judges steal themselves.

He realizes by his own experience the truth that "to err is human" and states categorically:—

> We are all frail.

This is, in brief, the watchword of Shakespearian comedy.

In *All's Well that ends Well* we hear that same note of charity, kindness and love. The ending of the play exposes the evil-doers but justice is seasoned with mercy. Parollas, 'a very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness,' claims:

> There's a place and means for every man alive.

This is the motto of Shakespearian comedy that is sounded in *Twelfth Night* in Sir Toby's challenge on behalf of cakes and ale.

Lafen, an old Lord whose instincts of tolerance and humanity have been strengthened by the experience of years, assures Parolles:

> Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat.

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have expression of the principle of social amity underlying the Shakespearian comedy, in the mouth of Ulysses, the wise man of the play. He says:

> Value dwells not in particular will;
> ....
> No man is the lord of anything, though in and of him there be much consisting, till he communicate his parts to other.

Troilus and Cressida strikes the note of optimism, the resonant note of Shakespearian comedy. Troilus, the victim of the spell of Cressida's infatuation in the beginning of the play, recovers completely at the end, from his debilitating frenzy and becomes the most heroic fighter for the Trojan cause, "manly as Hector, but more dangerous".

The ultimate note that these so-called dark comedies strike is the comic note of tolerance, love and hope, and not the gloomy note of vexation or despair. The sunny and the dark comedies together embrace the whole of life and over them both shine the cheering rays of joy and love.

Shakespeare's comic spirit achieves a greater triumph in the dark comedies, for here it boldly catches hold of the darkest traits of human nature, gleans out the inherent goodness of man and emphasizes the view that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil." He presents most realistically the web of our life as a mingled yarn, good and ill together. But he impresses upon us the heartening sense that it is a beautiful pattern in which the good outshines the evil.

In Shakespeare's last play, *The Tempest*, we have a glorious consummation of the Shakespearian comic spirit. Prospero's heavenly forgiveness of his treacherous brother and his faithless enemy is urged by a profoundly humane sentiment:

> Though with their wrong I am
> struck to the quick,
> Yet with my nobler reasons 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part: the rare action is
> In virtue than in vengeance.

This strikes us as Shakespeare's final summing up. Prospero has been not inaptly identified with Shakespeare himself. Whether or not Prospero is Shakespeare, Prospero is certainly Shakespeare's ideal man, embodying the essence of the Shakespeare's fundamental outlook on men and things, his philosophy of life.

If Shakespeare's plays have any moral for us, it is the grand moral of the inevitable redemption of man and the supreme need of man's reconciliation with the conditions of his life, irrespective of the circumstances in which he may be placed.

Shakespeare's entire drama is informed by a total love of life. We have seen how in his comedies, of both the bright and the dark category, as well as the romances typified by *The Tempest*, an unconquerable spirit of love and hope and joy, which can all be appropriately subsumed under the label, "the Shakespearian comic spirit," so alter the angle of vision and enlarge the landscape

as to induce in us the faith that life means well and is perfectly worth living.

The basic optimism that pervades the comedies and romances of Shakespearian drama also shapes and colours his tragedies. All the types of Shakespearian drama, comedies, romances and tragedies, are closely inter-related because through them runs the central bond of the Shakespearian comic spirit Tillyard has pointed out to us convincingly that the romances supplement the tragedies. The tragic pattern traced by Tillyard in Shakespeare is a process of resistance to adverse circumstance, suffering and loss and ultimate reconciliation. There is reconstruction after the disintegration. At the end of the play we witness the sublime sight of the tragic hero's redemption, by the side of which his error and crime and suffering that he has passed through pale into insignificance. Macbeth is transformed by his crime and suffering from the gross materialist who would, for the sake of his earthly prosperity, "jump the life to come," into a clear-eyed philosopher who realizes the truth that life is "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Othello emerges out of his fatal error and insane crime of killing his innocent wife with a deeper love for her than he ever had. His love comes out as pure gold as a result of its smelting in the fire of his tragic fate. The deeper springs of high seriousness which were lying inactive in the jovial and optimistic prince are opened up by the shock of a mother's fall and an uncle's crime and we have before us the magnificent Hamlet realizing so early in life the tragic truth that "the time is out of joint," that frailty is the basic trait of human nature. In an idealistic frenzy he discards the object of his youthful love, but when she dies, Hamlet discovers in the light of the catastrophe how deeply he loved her, that "forty thousand brothers' love could not make up his sum." The death of Cordella is only an instrument of the redemption of Lear. It transforms Lear the proud king into Lear the loving father ; or, rather, restores the father by freeing him from the obsession of royal pride. Do-ver Wilson aptly observes : "The Lear that dies is not a Lear defiant, but a Lear redeemed. His education is complete, his regeneration accomplished."

Thus the motto of the Senior Duke, the hero of the most typical of Shakespeare's comedies, *As You Like It,* also applies to the tragedies of Shakespeare. Here too he conveys to us the cheering message that nothing in life, not even the severest blow of adverse fate, is without its use or value, and there is no reason why we should not be perfectly reconciled to life.

Thus the operation of Shakespeare's comic spirit is traceable through the entire Shakespearian drama. This common feature of his diverse plays unifies them all into an artistic expression of a single master-mind and master-spirit.

What T. S. Eliot observes about art generally is particularly appicable to Shakespeare :

> " It is ultimately the function of art, in imposing a credible order upon ordinary realitv, and thereby elicing some perception of an order in reality, to bring us to a condition of serenity, stillness and reconciliation."

I would cite at the end the famous lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox which echo the voice of Shakespeare's comic spirit:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;
Weep, and weep alone;
For the sad world must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

KASHMIRI POETRY

(Some forms and themes)

J. L. KAUL

I

I said yesterday[1] how very grateful I was to the University authorities and, in particular, to Mr. Vice-Chancellor for doing me the honour of asking me to deliver these extension lectures. Today I have a greater reason to be thankful, not only because I am on surer ground this afternoon in regard to what I am to speak as one who is to the manner born; but that, Kashmiri has been given the status of being lectured on, so to say, from a University Chair. I believe that the University also has a reason to feel satisfied, for lectures on Kashmiri language and literature (and I would plead for lectures also on the literature Kashmiris produced during the Classical Sanskrit and Medieval Persian periods of history)—these lectures, particularly on Kashmiri, will justify the University's qualitative individuality.

I miss very sadly here today a friend and college-mate of mine, who later became the first Deputy Registrar of this University, the late Pirzada Ghulam Rasool. In the last thirties, I remember how he, with the authority and familiarity of an old college friend, dealt me a mild rebuke: "Why, what has happened to you, Kaul? We expected better from you than this exhuming of old forgotten songs of our language which we never cared for. And, anyway, what's there to it?" What is there to it? Even apart from considering and evaluating what there is in Kashmiri, we educated

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[1] 15th October: Lecture on "Time in English Literature", published in the last issue.

Kashmiris, let it be said with a sense of shortcoming in us (I am using the mildest word I can find), often ignore that it is our mother tongue. Language, some of us wrongly suppose, is a mere dress or a vehicle of thought. Language is really the flesh-body of thought which cannot be separated from it. If our flesh-body dies, we die too; and if language is weak, thought will inevitably be poor. If the language is not our own, our thought will normally be imitative and second-hand. Most educated Kashmiris of today have to go without the intimate revelations of the poetry native to them, the poetry which alone could (their knowledge of foreign and other Indian languages notwithstanding) vibrate the strings of their heart with the incantation of its verse, its music and meaning; and they have to wean themselves away from the intimate sympathy which it alone could quicken within them and bind them with the life and people around. A poor life this!

Anyway, what is there to it? That is the question I am attempting to answer this afternoon. But, I hope, it will be granted me that I cannot review the whole of our literature or all its literary art-forms. I shall confine myself strictly to the limited scope of the subject I have chosen. I do hope, however, that even this sketchy and not very competent review will show that, if we compare our effort (the effort really of our women and villagers, for it is to them that we entrusted for too long our literature for whatever they could do with it)—if we compare it with what was done in many other literatures at the comparable stage of neglect or, if you will, development, we have little reason to fight shy of it. And more. There are a few things (I will not say many) in our poetry, even as it is, that will compare favourably with what has been done elsewhere in the same genre.

II

For sometime now we have recognized four main

periods of our literature, excepting the period in which we are now. I may here utter a word of caution known to every student of literature. Literary movements do not blaze forth or fade out all on a sudden. They go on not only when revolt against a particular tradition is brewing, but also even after it has succeeded in overthrowing it. Literary movements really dovetail one into another. Therefore I mean nothing more by this date-wise division (and others could be suggested) than a division of convenience for dealing with the subject in historical perspective. These period-wise divisions are:

I. upto 1555, when Sultan Habib Shah, last of the Sultans of Kashmir and of Shah Mir dynasty was dethroned, and Ghazi Chak ascended the throne.

II. 1555 to 1752, that is, from the coming of the Chaks to the time when Ahmad Shah Durrani conquered Kashmir, and ended the Moghal rule which had followed the rule of Chaks.

III. 1752 to 1925—a long period—which can be divided into three sub-periods:

- (a) 1752 to 1846, that is, from the coming of the Afghans to the coming of the Dogras, ending the short Sikh rule which had followed the rule of the Afghans.
- (b) 1846 to 1885, that is, the reign of the first two Dogra Maharajas, Gulab Singh and Ranbir Singh.
- (c) 1885 to 1925, the reign of Pratap Singh till his death.

IV. 1925 to 1947, from the death of Pratap Singh to the coming of Independence.

V. 1947 onwards, that is, the present period.

In the first period we have Shiti Kantha's *Mahaanav Prakaash*, Lal Dyad's and Shekh Noor-ud-Din Wali's *Waakh*, and Bhattaavataar's *Baanaasura Kathaa*. This is

the period of the poetical form which we call *waakh* (from Sanskrit *vaakyaani*, word). A *waakh* is mostly a 4-line stanza, complete and independent in itself, a sententious gnomic verse, mystical or didactic. Shithi Kantha's *Mahaanay Prakaash* has more linguistic and prosodic interest than literary; and its about 94 verses, each a 4-line stanza, deals with the practices of esoteric schools of the time: Here's an example:

इतयश्रोवलीन परस्पर
दीपमाला जन अन्धकार
धमित धाम उद्येत निरन्तर
दिशिशपायवतु अविकार ॥
(IX Udaya, 7th St.)

It has been noted by Sir George Grieson[2] that the language is old, and belongs to the period when Prakrit, in the Apabhramsa stage, had just merged into the language that finally became the Kashmiri of the present day. In the Kashmiri of today it would read:

yitshu'y avaliyan hu'nz paramparaa*
duu'pmaalaa zan andu'kaaras
kaa'sith, 'daam' nyarantar wwadayas yith
awikaar wwapaayich wath d'eshana yiyi

It has been one of the few fortunate events of our history that about the very first of our poets should have been Lal Dyad, (Granny Lal) affectionately so called, because after leaving her house, she wandered about the Valley in a semi-nude state, her abdomen (*lal* in Kashmiri) increasing in size and hanging loose over her pubic region. We know from her verses that she was upbraided by some and respected by others; but neither praise nor blame seemed to affect her. Moving about in a thoroughly unconventional manner, eclectic in her sayings, and even critical of orthodoxy, its dogma and ritual, and, what's more, speaking of the

secret doctrine and her experiences in a language which was neither Sanskrt nor Persian (the one having lost favour, the other not yet firmly established about the middle of the fourteenth century)—speaking in Kashmiri, the despicable native tongue of the lower classes, Lal Dyad's name does not occur in the Sanskrt histories which continued Kalhana's chronicle, those of Shrivara or, after him, of Shuka or of Praja Bhatta. It is, for the first time, in the *Twaarikh-i-Kashmir* by Khwaja Dyadamari (written about 1730 A. D. when her fame had become irresistable) that we find a mention of her:

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[2] *Memoirs*: Asiatic Society of Bengal, Vol. XI, No. 2.

* Key to pronunciation at the end.

عارفه کامله لله مجزوبه ظهورش در زمان سلطان علاوالدین بود.....
در هماں اثنا او را جزبه الهی رو داده

We are here concerned with her *Waakh* or sayings which have had a mighty hold on people's thought and affection, whether Hindu or Muslim, scholar or peasant, all alike. While she continued the tradition of the indigenous Shaiva philosophy of Trika Monism, she gave expression to it not only in a popular form in which people could understand it but, much more significantly, in the real language of the people themselves. Perhaps, for the first time in the history of Kashmir were mystical truths and the disciplines relevant to their realization made available to the people, then mostly unlettered here as elsewhere in the world, in the language they spoke and not in Sanskrt which much fewer people could understand. It is however not the abstruse truths of philosophy nor the discipline of vital airs, of *Kundalini* and *Nada-Binda* Yoga, that made her the poet-saint of the people. It is rather the intensity of conviction and faith, the stamp of genuine mystic experience, the authenticity of her poetic expression, and the energy of idiom and terse homely imagery, unsurpassed till the present day, that give her verse-sayings a lasting eminence both in the people's minds and in the literature of Kashmir. Her sayings have become current coin even in the speech of today and retain freshness of appeal. In her verses we find a

passionate apprehension of mystical truths which is the mark of a God-realized saint. There is little sentimental and didactic moralising which marks the sayings of less surer mystics Moreover, she rebelled against hypocrisy, the outword observances of orthodox ritualism of the time and its exclusiveness. Let me illustrate :

1. diva wat'aa diwur wat'aa
pyat'ha bwana chhuy yeeka waat'h
pooz kas karakh hot'ha bat'aa
kar manas ta pawanas sangaat'th

2. naaba'dy-baaras at'a-gand' d'yol gom
dyan-kaar ho'l gom hyaka kahyoo
gwara-sund wanun raawan tyo'l pyom
pahali-ro'st khyo'l gom hyaka kahyoo

3. aami pana so'dras naavi chyas lamaan
kati bozi day myon me'-ti diyi taar
aamyan t'aakyan pony zan shamaan
zuv chhum bramaan gara gatshahaa'

4. po't zooni wo'thith mo't bolanovum
dag lalanaa'vu'm dayi-su'nza prahey
la'ly la'ly karaan laala vuzanovum
meelith tas man shrotsyom dahey

5. Lal bo' loosu's tshaaraan ta gaaraan
hal me' ko'rmas rasa-nishi ti
vuchhun hyo'tmas taad'y d'eet'hymas baran
me' ti kal ganey-yi zi zogmas ta'ty

6. she' wan tsat'ith shyashi-kal wuzu'm
prakrath ha'nzum pawana suu'tee
lolu'ki naara waa'linj buzu'm
Shankar lo'bum tamiy suu'tee

1. The idol and the temple are but stone,
stone they are and nothing more.
O silly Pandit, whom does thou worship ?
Unite thy mind and breath in Him alone.

2. The candy-load upon my back has gone loose,
my day's work has gone awry, ah me !
My guru's word, like a blister, has pained my heart,
my flock shepherdless, is gone astray, ah me !

3 With a rope of untwisted thread I tow my boat,
would God hear my prayer and bring me safe across!
Like water in cups of unbaked clay I waste away,
ah, how I long to reach my home!

4. "When the moonlight ended with the dawn,
Mind of her self with illusion mad,
Lalla to the love of God had drawn,
Soothing the pain that had made her sad:

Cried to her Beloved: It is I,
Lalla, Lalla, that awakens Thee:
Buried in the crystal lake doth lie
All the defilement that darkened me"[3]

5. Searchidg and seeking Him I Lalla, wearied myself,
and even beyond my strength I strove;
then, looking for Him, I found the doors
closed and latched.

This deepened my longing and stiffened my resolve;
and I would not move from where I was,
with love and longing, looking out for Him.

6. I cut my way through the six Forests,
when light shone forth from the Awakened Moon.
I controlled the vital Airs and Prakriti froze
and shrank.

Then I parched my heart in the fire of love,
and thus came to Shanker, the Supreme Self.

We note, in these and other *waakhs*, the variety of rhyme-schemes, *abab*, *abad*, *abcb*, or no rhyme at all. The metre is qualitative stress accent, four accents to each line generally, and not a strict short and long quantity measure. This is so also with the *waakh* of her younger contemporary, Shekh-ul-aalam, Shekh Noor-ud-lin Wali (popularly known as Nund Ryo'sh) of Tsraar-I-Shareef. It is time somebody did for his *waakh* what Grierson has done for Lal Dyad's so that we could have a definitive edition of his verse sayings. What we know of them, however, is enough to vouch for saying that his *waakh*, more didactic in tone and content than Lal Dyad's, have enriched our language with wise

saws and pithy sayings that have become proverbial as, for instance,

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[3] Translation of verse 4 is by Sir Richard Temple.

Poshinool poshi vaariy gaaraan
mwagul gaaraan huniy vaas
shaa'j shinyaalay gaaraan
khar gaaraan guh lyad ta sass.

The oriole seeks out a flower garden;
The owl seeks out a deserted spot,
The she-jackal searches dreary wastes,
The donkey searches dung and dirt.

but he could also be piercingly intense:

a'shk chhuy kun gobur maaji marun
swa zwala kari ta kihay
a'shk chhuy gunatularyav paan barun
su swakha rozi ta kihay
a'shk chhuy ratajaama tani paa'raavun
su aah kari ta kihay.

Love is death of an only son to a mother—
Can she have any sleep?
Love is venemous stings of a swarm of wasps—
Can the victim have any rest?
Love is wearing a robe dripping with blood—
Can the wearer utter a sigh?

Bhattaavataar's *Baanaasura Kathaa* (discovered in the Bhandarkar Oriental Library, Poona) is, as the author tells us, based on the romance of Usha and Anirudha narrated in the *Harivamsha Puraana*; but we must await a properly edited publication of it before we can assess its linguistic worth and literary merit. It is the first secular poem that can be dated, having been written in the reign of Sultan Zainul-Abidin Badshah (1420-1470 A. D.) Here is a specimen:

जैननि पाने विमले राज्ये षड्विंषे वर्षे कतकिय ।
दिव सरस्वत पूजेत आज्ये हरिवंशस अन्धर वंथिय ॥

The same must be said of Ganaka Prashasta's *sukha-*

dukhacharitam, a Kashmiri didactic poem an the art of happy living, the manuscript of which, also discovered at Poona, is still not available to us.

III

We come now to the second period, 1555 to 1752. During this period Persian is firmly established not only as the official language but also as the language of literature, and talented Kashmiris turn to it for giving expression to their thoughts and feelings. Maulana Shekh Yakoob Sarfi Ganai (1522–1594) produced his encyclopaedic work during this time; and to this time belong also Mirza Akmal-ud-Din Kamil, the author of *Bahar-ul-Irfaan*, a Persian masnavi of 80,000 couplets, and Khawaja Habib Ullah Nawsheri (1555–1617), who wrote treatises on mysticism. While these substantial products of mind find expression in Persian, songs continue to be written in Kashmiri. Many of these songs are mystical in the *waakh* style. This for instance :

ye'my ko'r sara panun paan
mas baanan t'haan mutsaraa'vith gav
chhiv lagyas hosh nashas
mashas pananuy paan
na su zaani he'ndy wwapath
na su musalmaan.

Whosoever realizes his own true self,
uncovers the vessels of wine,
overflows with joy, is intoxicated,
and forgets his lower self.
He will not know a Hindu
or a Musalman.

But in many other songs there appears a pronounced change. They become longer in the length of the line and the number of lines, and a refrain is added to them as, for instance, in this poem ascribed to Khwaja Habib-Ullah Nawshehri.

a'shku'ni maa'daana traavyaam hay
hay tavay t'ot'hyom paanay day

ya'mi da'ryyaawa a'sy paa'daa gay
layi roz tamikuy may aaparay

" vajalnaa minalmaa-i kul shayin hay "
hay tavay t'at'hyom paanay day

keyntsav pyaala chay payaapay
kentsan chawaan sapuduy tay
kenh gav taari ta kentsan chhu say
hay tavay t'ot'hyom paanay day

I surrendered completely to love,
and God is pleased with me.

Be true in love and you will be given
a taste of the wine which fills the River of Life
that brought us hither; from whose waters
God hath made every living thing

Some drink cup after cup unceasingly;
some, in the very act of drinking, attain to the Goal;

some wait and they still have hope;
some wait and wait, unavailingly.

The chief contribution of this period is, however, a new kind of song which tells of secular human love. This is the *lol* lyric, a song set to music, wherein the poet sings of his *lol*, a Kashmiri word signifying an untranslatable complex of love, longing and a tugging at the heart. The *lol* lyric is a short poem, an utterance of a single mood, rarely in more than six or ten lines, including the refrain. It is a thing of music, a very melodious music, with its end-rhymes and medial rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and assonances that come naturally as the very stuff of the language which has a high proportion of vowels and semi-vowels to its consonants, and in which aspirates, gutterals and harsh consonants are rare. There is a looseness and a flexibility of rhythm as in the verse of Lal Dyad, and the metre is not yet made to fit in quite within the precision of Persian quantitative pattern. It is not an intellectual lyric, it states no theme. It is written as

though to relieve the mind in song and to find

" ......a very echo to the seat
where love is throned."

And, as in the *braja* tradition, it is the woman that is the lover and seeks to give utterance to her love. She sings of love in many moods: the spring is come, the flowers are in bloom, and the kokil (turtle-dove) and tiriv (bush-chat) are here but 'where are you?'

ranga ranga saa'ry gul aay
madano kati chaa'ny jaay
raa'naa zeybaa gulaab aay
shab-boy maa'nziposh swanaposh draay
kaaripa'ty ta so'mbulan ka'r graay
madano kati chaa'ny jaay

Flowers have bloomed in all their hues,
Love where are you?
The rose has come, graceful and lovely,
the tuberose, the balsam, and the *sɔnaposh* have come out,
the larkspur and the hyacinth have burst daintily into bloom,
Love, where are you?

OR

la'j phulay andwanan
tse' kanan go'ynaa myon
la'j phulay kolasaran
wwaathoo neeryan khasu'wo
pho'j yosman andwanan
tse' kanan goynaa myon

The distant meadows are in bloom
hast thou not heard my plaint?
Flowers bloom in mountain lakes,
come, let us to mountain meads,
The lilac blooms in distant woods,
hast thou not heard my plaint?

Then the long long waiting till the days drag; but he does

Jammu & [illegible] Library

not come and the yearning deepens:

kukiley puu'ry kawa traa'with kwalaraadan
dukaley wwandi myon gaw
me' kaley chaaney braa'nty gaa'mo naadan
aadanbaaji myaani yaaro wey
tseynto lad'ury posh pho'ly kwalaraadan
az chhum aadan vaatahamay
dihamay darshun sar vanday paadan
aadanbaaji myaani yaaro wey

Like a kokil-dove you moved along the wandering rills,
and distraction filled my heart.
Beguiled by love, I fancied you were calling me,
My Love, Companion of my Youth!
Think of the flower bloom along the rivulet banks,
this is the time I look for you,
this is the time for you to come.
O, were you to come, what would I not do for you?
I would lay down my life for you,
My love, Companion of my Youth!

Then comes the questioning and doubting of Love's fidelity, and wailing and lamenting. It is true that we find little abandon to joy, sensuous or supernal, and little gaiety of tone in these songs. They usually sing of absence and separation and even infidelity; but some of them can be very lovely, as lovely, as such songs and airs can be. This delicate song for instance:

myaani madan hiyo hiyo
chham chaa'ny laadan
haa yiyo yiyo
darshun diyo diyo
chham chaa'ny laadan
aadana tse'y suu'ty karyaam vaaday
vaada kawa d'o'lham piyo piyo
chham chaa'ny laadan

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine,
I long for thee.
Come, O come,
and show thyself;
I long for thee.
I plighted, when young, my troth to thee,
why didst break thy troth, O sweet, O dear?
I long for thee.

OR, this one, more substantial but equally musical:

yaam hoori me' t'oori tsandun mo'loomay
taamath tso'loomay yaar ve'see
dapyaam aagas bo' roshi zaagas
laagas bo' sheyri hee
wwandu'kis baagas poshaah pho'loomay
taamath tso'loomay yaar ve'see

Hardly had I, a budded houri, bathed me in sandal-oil,

when Love deserted me and went away.
Methought I would lie in wait for him,
with jasmine to crown his head;
a rare flower had bloomed in the garden of my heart—

when Love deserted me and went away.

I would quote many more of these songs which I love and which, in a sense, are typically Kashmiri. These songs are now dead. They are no longer written. Most of them are of unknown authorship and have come down to us by word of mouth and oral tradition; while many of them are found recorded, interspersed, among Persian songs and ghazals, in the manuscripts of *mausiqis* or songs set to music, with appropriate directions of *raag* and *taal* and *muqaam*. Two famous writers of these *lol*-lyrics are undoubtedly women. Haba Khatoon, who lived in the sixteenth century and romantically became the spouse of the last Chak King, Yusuf Shah, conquered and exiled by Akbar; and A'rnimaal, the disappointed spouse of the talented author of Persian *bahari taveel*, Munshi Bhawani Das, who lived later, in the Afghan times.

IV

The third period is a prolific period, and I can only briefly dwell upon the new forms that poetry took. We find that Kashmiri literary men, albeit of country-side mostly, begin to own their native tongue and use it for poetical compositions, closely modelling their verse, however, on Persian. Kashmiri verse loses its looseness and flexibility and the metre is now more correct and strait-laced, and the language is, inevitably, full of Persian words and phrases, not always fully assimilated. These poets imitate the Persian *masnavis* and write their narrative poems in couplets employing Persian *bahar*, mostly *bahar-i-hazaj*. This, in itself, would be a gain, not a loss, for, being a sweet language and the language of polite courtly culture, Persian lends itself easily and musically to a welding with Kashmiri. But we find poets borrowing wholesale not only epithets and phrases, often stale enough, but also hackneyed imagery and conceits and hyperbole of decadent Persian poetry. The Kashmiri poet now turns to old Persian themes of legend and story and history, to Shirin and Farhad, Laila and Majnoon, Wamiq and Uzra, Sohrab and Rustum. Of the first sub-period of this long period, from 1752 to 1846, the chief poets are Mahmood Gaami and Prakash Ram of Kurygom. Of the second viz; 1846 to 1885, the chief poets are Paramanand and Maqbool Shah; while during the third sub-period, 1885 to 1925, we have Rasool Mir, Abdul Wahab Parey and Krishna Razdan. There were many more, some of whom will find their name and works mentioned in a history of Kashmiri literature; but I must pass them over, concerned as I am only with the main forms and themes of poetry.

This is the age of metrical romance, when stories or legends of love and adventure are poetized. Many tried their hand on this type of verse composition, and sometimes two or more poets wrote on the same theme and story. Here is a short list: *Sri Ramavtaar Charit* by Prakash Ram; *Sri Krishnavtaarlila* by "Dinanatha"; *Guli Bakaavali* by Hakeem Iblee Shekh; *Wamiq Uzra* by Peer Muhammad Saif-ud-Din; *Heemal* by Waliullah Mottoo; *Gulrez* by Maqbool Shah Kraalawaa'ry; *Kraalakoor* by Peer Ghulam Mohy-ud-Din; *Guli Bakaawali* by Lassa Khan; *Qissa-i-Swandar Paree*, *Jauhari Ishq*, *Mumtaaz-o-Benazeer*. and *Rauzat-ush-Shuhuda* by Azizullah Haqqani; and *Yusuf Zulaikha*, *Laila wa Majnoon*, *Shirin-o-Khusrau*, *Harun-ur-Rashid*, *Shekh San'an* by Mahmood Gaami. And many more, too many to mention here. Mention may be made, however, of (1) Lachman Bhat's *Nala-Damayanti*; (2) of *Akanandun* by various authors (e. g. Saif-ud-Din, Wali-ullah Mottoo, and, in our times, by Samad Meer) and in various styles, treating of a local version of a similar theme as that of Abraham-and-Isaac story which has somehow caught the imagination of the people here; (3) Krishna Razdan's *Siva Parinaya*; and (4) of Abdul Wahab Parey, who was a voluminous writer and who, besides 700 and odd ghazals wrote *Qissa-i chahaar Darwesh*, *Qissa-i-Bahram Gor*, *ahlaab-naama*, *Haft Qissa-i-makar-i-zan*, and, lastly, a translation of *Shahnaama*, to mention only one of the many translations of his from Persian into Kashmiri. In the masnawi couplet form have also been written *Hamd*, *Naatishareef*, and *Mojizaati Hazrat Rasool-i-Akram* (on whom be peace!). Also in this form have been written several elegies on the martyrdom of Hazrat Hussain (of blessed memory!); and some comic-satires like Maqbool Shah's *Greestnaama*, and *Peernaama*, and Khalil Shah's *malanaama*. And often, interspersed among these masnavi narratives, we find ghazals and songs and, what equally distinguishes them from the Persian masnavis, also change in metres as, for instance, in Mahmood Gaami's *Yusuf Zulaikha* and in Maqbul Shah's *Gulrez*.

Gulrez has deservedly become popular; and it is one of the few masnavis that will live; for most other masnavis, if they have any life at all, will live as curiosities of literature and only in fragments as anthology pieces. *Gulrez*, however, has more or less equal merit throughout, and it gives us a passionate portrayal of love, the effect of which is, at places, heightened by the descriptions of the scenes of nature. It is a borrowed theme from Persia about Ajab Malik and Noshlab; but I have failed to find if there is any poem on this story in Persian. It appears that the story came to Kashmir by oral communication. *Gulrez* seems therefore to be an original work and not a translation, nor adopted from or based upon a Persian model. Here are specimens of our masnavi style at its best:

(a) This one is from Prakash Ram's *Sri Ramaavtaar Charit :*

he'chhith boozith wuchhith laagun pozyaa o'n
pha'lis chhuy hyo'l he'lis chhuy saa'mpu'naan go'n
panun dam chhuy ga'neemath boz yih ru'ts kath
chhuh broont'yum bront'h rozaan chhuy pa'tyum path
zu'h do'h sontu'ny gaa neemath chhiy jawaano
wawakh yiy tiy tsu'h lonakh yaari- jaano......
kadu'r ye'my zon paanas nishi yiman dwan
suh yo'dway aasi sha'stu'r saa'mpu'nyas swan.

And (b) this one is from Makbool Shah's *Greest-naama :*

sazowul yo'd yiyakh tas bront'ha neyran
dinas dag mwa'th ta pyat'hakani jaay sheyran
ga'ndith guly rozu'nas phwarmaan bardaar
pathar vas guri, saathaah be'h, ma saa' maar
tse' chhuy naa koor go'bruy son aa'yut
vuchhaan aa'sy raath a'sy Bhat'h vaati maa yo't...
yiyakh ye'li doori peer d'eyshinas yaam
nyabar aa'sith atsan gaanas andar taam
shuryan baa'tsu'n dapan to'hy vaara vuchhtav
be'shoonkuy wuchhzi a'ty chhaa kina syo'duy gav...
go'mut vay tshaand'aney bab dyad ga'mu'ts wan
baban subahan dapyaanas zinyge'd'aah an.

Now, let us compare these with Mahmood Gaami's *Yusuf Zulaikha :*

hamd beyhad naat-i Ahmad har saheefas ibtidaa
roz damaah soz a'shykun boz ay mardey khudaa
paadshaahaah kajkulaahaah os shaharey magribas
aa's kooraah khaasa ta'mysu'y Beeb Zulaikhaa naav tas
say Zulaikhaa aa's zeybaa dilphireybaa zoon zan
seena saaph aa'yeenakhwata os tas roshan badan
naar-i pistaan raahatey jaan aa'sy tas rwapa su'ndy qabah
d'e'yshivu'nvan kreyshivu'nyan aa'sy pheraan dil dubah
tath mulookas tahanz hish soorath be'yey na kaa'nsi aa's
satu'va'ryshee tshyata gaa'mu'ts na ta kamee vaa'nsi aa's
khwaab d'yoot'hun akh jawaanah nundabonaah khoob roy
os ra'naa maah jabeenaah naazneenaah mushk moy.

This last is no language, not because here are too many Persian words but because the diction is listless and stilted, artificial and imitative, not racy of the soil, and foreign words are unassimilated to the genuis of our language. I know some of us boost it up as *rekhta* but I do not regard this as a purely literary judgement. This is, however, not to belittle what we owe to Mahmood Gami. We are indebted to him for the first ghazal in our language, technically so called, also perhaps, for the first masnavi, and, but for Haba Khatoon's

"wwalo myaani poshey madano..."

Or "tsu' kamyoo swani myaani bram dith nyoonakho..."

Or "kaa'nsi maa raa'vin shoorey paan..."

and perhaps a few more such songs attributed by long tradition to her, we owe him also the first love songs which, for want of a better word, I may call *Kaa'shur ghazal* or, perhaps better *kaa'shur geet*. The metres and and rhyme-pattern of these *geets* are various, and each unit is a stanza of three lines followed by the refrain. These *geets* were soon popular as *chhakri* songs, and continue to be so till the present day. I believe Rasool Mir is our best song writer in this form. Now man loves woman, and he is lavish, almost uninhibited in describing her charms. His ghazals have a unity of impression which was not usually to be found in the ghazals written previously. And, he may be said to have succeeded more than most of his predecessors and contemporaries in acclimatising Persian words and phrases into Kashmiri. There is, besides, a note of passion and there is spontaneity in his songs.

Taken as a whole, however, songs, and ghazals and geet, as written by the poets of this long period, are more sophisticated, and even imitative and artificial. The song has lost some of its former melody, directness, and a tender poignancy of feeling ; though it has gained in richness of allusion from Persian love lore and also in sen-

suousness and ornateness.

In this very form poets now wrote their mystical songs also but much of what they wrote is unequal in merit, at its best didactic and homiletic, and at its average, sentimental, platitudinous, morbidly gloomy and even obscure. There are exceptions, however, in a few poems of Na'ma Saa'b, Swachh Kraal, Wahab Khaar, Shams Faqir, Ahmad Bat'awaa'ry and, later, in our times, of Samad Meer.

Then there is the leela-lyric which, at its best, has the rare quality (rare in Kashmiri poetry) of abandon, even ecstasy, as in Paramanand:

ye'li teyley a'ndrimi loluk sre'h
te'li meyley paanas hyuh looka sre'h
kheyli antar-baahar buka buka sre'h
chhuna parvaay geyli aalam ta lo lo.

Once awaked, love cannot be confined within,
but must ooze out and fret to find itself
without, its correspondance in the love of man
and nature, which it shall everywhere find.
Then love within shall flow without,
and gushing and gurgling in a whirligig of joy,
the bubbling founts of love shall dance and play.
Exalted thus and united with the love of all,
what cares thy devotee how the world regards
him or what it says? He is indifferent
to all its praise and blame.

Or (b) Krishna Razdan's:

Nandalal aaw gindaney raas
aara ka'ry-ve aaray...

Nandalal is come to dance,
Make a ring, make a ring.

The wild rose is aflame with love,
It has taken to the woods,
It has wandered by the brooks.
Make a ring, make a ring.

In the mansion of the body,
See, a dance is going on,
with all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring...

We may trace the origin of leela-lyric from the songs in Prakash Ram's *Shri Ramavtaar Charith*. Or, We may go even further back to Khwaja Habib Ullah Nowshehri's poem :

yaara gatshavo divayey
aashkaaraa draavayey
chhus Muhammad naawayey
"kuntu kanzan" aavayey
jalva maaraan draavayey
"nahanu aqrah" baavayey
yaara gatshavo divayey..."

The *leela*-lyric is primarily a devotional poem, saturated with mysticism. The universe exists : it is real and it is good. Indeed all manifestation is an ever-flowing of God's joy, a *lila*, a Nataraja's dance. These poems, rightly so called, do not lay stress on asceticism and aloofness from the world. They stress inwardness of experience rather than outward formalism.

Paramanand wrote three long poems; *Sudaamcharith*, *Radhaaswayamvar*, and *Sivala'gu'n*, in this very form, that is, in stanzas or units of three lines followed by a refrain, the first two lines rhyming together and the third rhyming with the refrain. By any standard, Paramanand would be a significant poet in any language. Each of his three narrative poems has the unity of a great mystical idea, the love of God for man and of man for God. The unobtrusive allegory, most unobtruding in *Sudaamcharith*, controls the various incidents and gives them a structural unity. I have no time here to dwell on this but must give a specimen of his narrative art :

bwadabror dwadatsoor draav khokhajey
goorybaayi tswapaa'ry laarani lajey
me'ti me'ti me'ti kyaah chhu baana phut'aranay...
Yashudaayi do'p yi chhum du'shiraavanay
lookabaayan nishi mandu'chhaavanay
yad'a'ba'd'ysu'y cham na yad'yivanay...
dwad chyath tsalaney lajaav Yashudaayey
laaraan tas pata thaaraan draayey
athi hyath gudom a'thy zi gand'anay...

moorathgar yas na moorath gand'ey
tas mani yas chhana doorath gand'ey
gyaan dyaan gand'anas chhina poshanay...
tas balaveeras pata pata doraan
tshala tshala tsalanay bala aayi soraan
hataba'dy atagath manz aanganay...
maa'j ye'li tha'ch aar aav santaanas
yuth bha'khtyan hund yiwaan Bhagawaanas
rat'anas paa'ny paana dith rood tanay...

He has what Jalal-ud-Din Rumi calls "the inspired speech", the quality of ecstasy of those who "break through to the oneness". It is a stray single word here and there that invests a whole passage with a mystical meaning without interfering with the flow of the narrative. He uses the native colloquial idiom with verve and effect and there is a terse pointedness and proverbial ring about numerous of his verses e. g.,

yas din tas yin toray naadas

Or, chhaav yith chika chaav baanas neyraana

Or, sheeshas ta sooras meyl chhaa
teel neyri kanimanza teyl chhaa

I may here venture to utter a note of warning against the recent tendency (following Sir George Grierson) of labelling Parmanand's and other leela poets' poetry as written in "Hindu Kashmiri" as against "Muslim Kashmiri" of our masnavis, notably of Mahmood Gaami. It is regrettable that Master Zinda Kaul should also have accepted this division of our language in his introduction to *Paramanand* Vol I. It would not be proper here to enter into a discussion of the falsity of this nomenclature, but I should like emphatically to say that to label this poetry as such and therefore to dismiss it as something irrelevant, not belonging as it were, would be doing violence with our literature and impoverishing it.

I may here also say a word about our comic-satiric ballads distinguished for homely but effective metaphor

and picturesque portrayal of the ridiculous situations in which we sometimes found ourselves when facing either the natural calamities like floods and earthquakes or the tyranny of the petty bureaucrat of the day; or when we tried to adjust ourselves to the new conditions like the Revenue settlement of Sir Walter Lawrence. Though this comic-satric verse is only minor poetry yet it is a pity that much of it (which we call *la'd'i shaah*) is lost and only stray stanzas are extant. There were however a few sustained efforts like Mulla Habib-Ullah Hakeem's *sahlaabnaama*, Nazim of Vejibror's parody on Mahmood Gaami's well-known poem beginning *rinda kitha zinda chhuk aabas suu'ty* and, in our times, a few amusing poems by Lakhman Razdan, known by his pen-name of Laala-la'khyman, particularly the one beginning

"Laala La'khyman shakhdaarey draav"

V

We now come to the fourth period, from 1925 to 1947. This is the age of Mahjoor to whom we owe a deep debt for keeping alive Kashmiri poetry at a difficult time when Urdu and English, introduced in the last decades of the 19th eentury, had ousted Persian from offices and schools and when literary creativity was at a very low ebb. He belongs to the school of Rasool Meer and shares with him the popularity of being the best writer of our Kashmiri g*eet* and ghazal. He recovered much of the melody native to our language, retrieved the language itself from the false *rekhta* of our masnavis of the last century, and introduced many new themes such as *My Youth* and *The Country Lass*, and some patriotic songs, notably the famous one beginning

wo'lo haa baagwaano naw bahaaruk shaan paidaa kar
"Come Gardener, let us create the glory of a new spring".

His younger contemporary, Abdul Ahad Azad, gave

us *Shikwa–i Iblees,* which was a new thing. It was, firstly, a *nazm*, that is, a poem longer than the usual ghazal and with a unity of theme; and, secondly, the theme itself was a revolutionary one. It was a complaint of Satan questioning God's wisdom in creating the world. Ghulam Hassan Beg Arif also took up new themes, social and patriotic, and wrote *nazms* and, what is his particular contribution, the rubaiyat, most of which have the surprise of a turn or twist in meaning in the third or the fourth line. For example:

pagaah boozum sazaah dikh soodkhaaras
sitamgar haa'kimas sarmaayidaaras
azyuk do'h gav ga'reebas kyut kayaamath
adu'l pagahuk karyas kyaah swachh bichaaras

Tomorrow, I have heard it said, that Thou
wouldst punish the usurer, the tyrant bureaucrat,
and the capitalist.
What of today, which grinds the poor as if it
were the judgement day?
What good to him Thy justice of another day?

The modern note, in a profounder sense, was, however, sounded by Master Zinda Kaul. Though it is largely mystical, what distinguishes the poetry of Masterji from the long line of Kashmiri mystical poetry is its note of searching doubt and interrogation; and what distinguishes it from the large body of modern verse is the depth of its mystical meaning. Quite a few of the small number of his poems, like *Vadihey Manush*, *Naatayaa'ree*, *Joogy*, will have a secure place in our literature. Even other peoms have the quality of vision like *Lolas Kun* (To Love), *Sumran* (The Token of Love) or *Vanan Manz Laal*, where the lover has a priceless vision of

a mystic afflatus passing from heart to heart,
where fleshly eyes of man intervene not
between true lovers...The love -sick heart hath
heard
of God, but here it sees none other than Man,
in very truth, the Formless Incarnate. Here
it sees the self-same sap coursing through all,

> and the meanest thorn yearning to be free,
> to feel the largeness of the Whole, and to
> become the Garden itself. Here it realized
> how priceless is the heart of man, and lo !
> God is love's luminous flame within
> the heart; for God chose His abode in love
> when man was made, and love his dwelling found
> where grief was great, in the heart of sorrowing
> man.

VI

Then came the Raid, and something remarkable happened. Overnight, as it were, new poets burst upon the scene with themes, understandably relevant to our life-and-death struggle, but with a rare rhetorical eloquence. Inevitably, much of what was written was, so to say, 'occasional' which could be dated ; but some of the stirring songs are unforgettable like Dinanath Nadim's "I will not sing today. I will not sing today of Rose and Nightingale......" or "Beware, O War-monger !" and a fine poem on the death of a comrade[4]

Comrade !
My comrade-in-arms !
Why does not our song sound in your ears ?
Tired ? Why lie you down when the journey's not done ?
Wherefore should you slumber when our work is just begun?
Watered with your blood, won't you see the garden bloom?
Won't you wait for a new time's dawn that'll be soon ?
Is is right for the architect of future to assume
Death, my comrade—
My comrade-in-arms ?

Don't I hear what you would say ?
Don't I know to what you were a prey ?
Chill blasts of poverty made you fade before your noon ;
For medicine means money,— and your sun set soon ;
But even in the claws of death you remembered
the plighted troth ;

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[4] Translated by Shri T. N. Raina of National Defence Academy, Kharakwasla, published in *the Visvabharati Quarterly*.

To the flame of new resolves you played the happy moth ;
You cannot die, for you are the beacon on our path
Forever, my comrade,—
My comrade-in-arms !

You are no more,—but what of that ?
Can fire forever slumber ?
You are no more, but your fiery emanation can never die !
It'll flower into a myriad sparks, and grow, but never die !
Dead coals, infected, will glow, and grow, but never die !
Coals glow into a blazing fire, and grow, but never die !
My lyre has caught this tune, my song this stirring theme
From you, my comrade, -
My comrade-in-arms.

Nadim and, later, Rahman Rahi and some others have been taking up new themes and experimenting with new forms : free verse, different rhyme-schemes and stanza forms ; and at their best, have enriched our poetry with new imagery. Nadim has not only written an excellent opera, *Heemal ta Naa'gyraay*, rich in symbolism, but also very successful octave-and-sestet sonnets. Just how modernist these poets can be is shown by Nadim's sonnet* beginning

"doha aki koha pa'ty zoon kha'ts tso't hish..."

The moon looked like a bun[5] as she rose behind the mountain.
She looked clouded and dull as a Pampore puttoo garment[6]
worn off threadbare and torn at the collar-band, exposing,
one after another, the spots and scars on a silvery breast.
Tired and pale she looked,
pale as a spurious silver rupee coin
palmed off upon a woman coolie
with the small change of her weekly wage.

---

* Note : In the original Kashmiri this is a sonnet with *abba abba, cdecde* rhyme-scheme.

[5] *tso't* in Kashmiri is larger but thinner than a bun.

[6] a vest or a loose garment (called phyaran in Kashmiri) of a dull grey homespun tweed made in Pampore, a village 8 miles south-east of Srinagar.

The moon looked like a bun, and the hills looked hungry.
The clouds put out the fire of the cooking-range[7]
[blazing in the western skies],
when [in the east] it looked as if the wood-nymphs lit
a moving cooking-stove[8]
in whose soft glow white shoots of steamed rice seemed
to spring upon the hills.
Then I too whispered hope to my hungry belly;
then I too looked and looked, with a hungry look, at the
moonlit sky.

Broadly speaking, Kashmiri poetry has stepped into adolescence and there are signs that it will soon come of age.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a sounds as *u* in *cup*; *aa* as *a* in *farm*.
a' sounds somewhat like *oe*, as in *a'chh* (an eye), *la'r* (a house);
aa', the long sound of *a'*, as in *aa's* (a mouth), *laa'r* (a cocumber).
i sounds as *i* in hill; *ee* as in *heel*.
u' sounds somewhat like *ui*, as in *tu'r* (a rag);
uu', the long sound, as in *tuu'r* (cold).
u sounds as *u* in *pull*; *oo* as in *pool*.
e' is a shorter sound of *e* or *ey*, as in *tre'* (three);
e or *ey*, the longer sound, sounds as *a* in *hate* or *ay* in *say*, as in *treysh* or *tresh* (thirst).
o' is a shorter sound of *o*, somewhat like *o* in *hot*, as in *ho'l* (crooked);
o or *oa*, the longer sound, sounds as *o* in *hole*, as in Kashmiri *hol* or *hoal* (despair).
ya sounds as *e* in *tell*, as in Kashmiri *tyal* (giving airs).
wa as in *dwad* (milk).
-y as in *kuly* (trees), *khaa'sy* (cups): *y* at the end of a syllable preceded by a consonant has the sound of a short *i*.
g is always hard as in *gig*; *j* as in *jest*.
ch is always soft as in *church*; chh is its aspirated form.
t' as *t* in *tin*, *t'h* as *th* in *thug*, and *d'* as *d* in *dish* (lingual sounds);
t as in French, *th* as in *thing*, and *d* somewhat as *th* in *this* (dental sound).
ts as in Kashmiri *tsoor* (a thief); *tsh* is its aspirated form, as in *tshat'h* (a draught of air).

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[7] *ga'j* in Kashmiri is a cooking-range in which fuel is burnt. The fuel is placed in the open mouth of it; and the flames blaze forth from the mouth as well as the orifices on which pots are placed.

[8] *wwathadaan* is a portable cooking-stove much smaller than a *ga'j*.

Book Reviews

The Young Lions*

Universally acclaimed as a supreme war novel, *The Young Lions* pictures a sweeping panorama of the war from both sides. Among a galaxy of characters those who really matter are a Nazi sergeant, Christian, and two Amerian soldiers, Michael and Noal. Irwin Shaw follows the destinies of these three young men from before the war upto the final encounter that leaves only one survivor in Michael.

The tenacious grip on life, the strong desire to live is as strong in Noal as in Christian. Noal survives the fateful D-Day, when the Americans, for the first time, landed their forces on the North-west coast of France, and when thousands around him were massacred by the German batteries. He survives the campaign through France, and narrowly misses being captured by the Germans. But at the closing stages of the war when Noal was already in terms of joining his wife and baby son back at home, he is killed by a bullet from Christian's machine-pistol. Christian lives through the earlier victorious German advance on Paris, and also through their inglorious retreat from North Africa, but gets killed from a grenade thrown by Michael, out of sheer desperation, at the very last moment. The remarkable thing about the dramatic exit of the two soldiers, one a Jew and the other a Nazi, is that it takes place when they were least expectiug it. Noal and Michael were out just for a stroll and Christian, most assured in his mind of having a charmed life, was making a desperate bid to fall back from the advancing American lines.

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*By Irwin Shaw (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 1949.)

The strong desire to live is not the only striking thing about Noal. Soon after he enlists as a soldier, he has to face the terrible consequences of being a hateful figure in the eyes of the men of his own company. They hate him for being a Jew, and consider him indirectly responsible for the war. But for the Jews, they think, they would be at their homes enjoying the bliss of peaceful times. This is a situation that weighs down on Noal's self-respecting mind to such a degree that he agrees to fight and actually fights, by turns, ten of the biggest bullies in the company. When that does not seem to mend matters, he decides to desert. But that plan also does not succeed and he is forced to return to his company. It is much later that Noal's comrades come to understand him better, and have a greater regard for him.

The problem of the Jews comes up again and again in the course of this novel. Even before the war, when he was a ski-instuctor in Austria, Christian is troubled by this issue. He holds quite independent views on a matter of world importance. "And about the Jews... " says he, "It is an unlucky accident. Somehow, some one discovered that that was the only way to come to power. I am not saying I like it. Myself, I know it is ridiculous to attack any race...... But if the only way you can get a decent and ordered Europe is by wiping out the Jews, then we must do it. A little injustice for a large justice."

There is also the ordinarv soldier's attitude towards the war. While telling us about the uncalled-for ruthlessness of the German officers, and of the life of their wives in Berlin, about the selfishness and pettiness of officers on both sides, Irwin Shaw also relates how an average soldier from either side hates the war and yearns for times of peace, and how at the time of real danger all men rise above the levels of selfish motives, avarice and greed, how friendly and condescending they become towards each other. It seems

as if at the big moment all of them are joining hands against the common enemy, the war. " The closer they got to the front, Michael noticed, the nicer people got when they began to hear the enduring rumble of the guns, disputing over the antumnal German fields, every one seemed to speak in a low, considerate voice, every one was glad to feed you, put you up for the night, share his liquor with you, show you his wife's picture and politely ask to see the pictures of your own family. It was as though, in moving into the zone of thunder, you had moved out of the selfishness, the nervous mistrust, the twentieth-century bad manners, in which, until that time, you had always lived, believing that the human race had for ever behaved that way."

The unforgetable scenes of savage fury bring out the many-sided horrors of the war, and at the same time emphasize the futility of it all. Yet there shines through the gloom of the novel a guiding star that inspires our confidence in the basic nobility and courage of the human soul and in the eternal power of hope. Noal dies, but with the hope that when the war is over "human beings are going to be running the world."

Irwin Shaw does not turn his soldiers into superhuman or subhuman creatures. They are neither demigods nor utter savages. We see them fighting because it is their duty as soldiers, and we also see them eating, drinking and gossiping like ordinary citizens. As regards the main idea of the novel, the author may have borrowed a great deal from Ernest Flemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, but there is an atmosphere of living realism and hopefulness about *The Young Lions* that marks it off from other war novels. In fact, a critic goes so far as to say that " both in its detail and in its total range it is surely the best American war novel we have had."

—(*M. L. Pandit*)

ABOUT OURSELVES

Extension Lectures:

The following extension lectures were arranged at Jammu and Srinagar:

28 November, 1959— 1 December, 1959.

Dr. I. C. Chopra, Officer-in-charge, Drug Research Labaratory, Jammu	1) Drug Resources of Jammu and Kashmir. 2) Experimental cultivation of medical plants and introduction of exotic species in Jammu and Kashmir. 3) The role of Indian indigenous drugs in modern India.

20—22 June, 1960.

Dr. Hadi Hassan, Emeritus Professor of Persian, Muslim University, Aligarh.	1) Originality of the Indian Mind. 2) Military Strategy of the Mongols. 3) Researches in Persian Ethics.

27-29 June, 1960.

Dr. Din Dayal Verma, Professor of Hindi, Lucknow University, Lucknow.	1) Surdas, Life and Works. 2) Ashtachhapa ki Bhakti. 3) Madhya Yug ka Hindi Neeti Kavya.

Besides, on 1 June, 1960, Prof. P. N. Chaku, Secretary

to the Government, Planning and Finance Departments, gave a talk on "Indian Five Year Plans".

New Appointments:

Shri Darshan Lal Jain, M. A., has been appointed Lecturer in the Post-graduate Department of Mathematics.

Shri Harbans Lal Chowdhari, B. A. has joined the University as Assistant Registrar. He will be in-charge. of the Sub-Regiscry, Jammu.

Buildings:

The construction of the Arts Block at the University Campus has been completed. The Post-graduate departments of English, Mathematics, Hindi, and Urdu will be shifted to the new building towards the end of August.

The building of the Geology department is also ready in Jammu.

Annual Meeting of the Senate:

The annual meeting of the Senate was held at Srinagar on 2nd and 4th of April, 1960. Bakshi Ghulam Mohd., the Pro-Chanceller, presidend over the morning session on the first day and announced an increase of one lakh of rupees in the annual subsidy paid by the State to the University.

Return of Dr. M. S. Want:

Dr. Want of the Post-Graduate Department of English, who had gone to the States for study of American Literature at the University of New York, has come back and re-joined the department. He was given a travel grant by the U. S. Educational Foundation in India.

The Post-Graduate Department of English proposes to introduce a paper in American Literature for M. A. students for the Final Examination of 1961.

Arrival of Dr. Marion Taylor:

We are glad to learn that Dr. Marion A. Taylor of the University of Southern Illinois, U. S. A., arrived in Srinagar on July 30, 1960. She has been assigned as the Fulbright visiting Professor to the Department of English. She will inaugurate the teaching of the course in American literature and stay here for a term. We extend to her a hearty welcome!

THE READERS' FORUM

Humanities in a Sytem of Liberal Education.

While it is the function of scientific studies to sharpen our intellect, Fine Arts cure our ailing hearts. The nature of man is such that belief and suspension of disbelief are simultaneously suited to it. It was not only for a change over that Einstein loved playing on the violin or the ever busy Eulur had time enough to write a treatise on the theory of music. These gifted souls were also aware of the deep-rooted connection between their subject (Mathematics) and music. Granting that Arts are mainly concerned with Value and Man, and that Sciences are more concerned with the laws of Nature and other related things, yet it does not follow that they are mutually exclusive. It is essential for a good student that he takes up at least one Arts subject if he is a student of science and at least one science subject if he is a student of Arts. Many good students of science fail to make anything out of a good poem or a good painting. Personally I know of a student of science who found no marked speciality even in "Mona Lisa". Similiary many students of arts cut a sorry figure and present a picture of helplessness with regard to, may be, a simple scientific phenomenon. Such a state of affairs is disgusting. Achievements of science are as great a heritage of Man as works of pure art. And who can afford to be disinterested in his heritage during his brief sojourn here ?

It is not a matter of surprise if some foreign professors make ironic remarks about the almost total ignorance of our students about their own culture and civilization. The majority of them are science students. As a fellow student I think I must acknowledge

without dispute that a first year university student of some foreign university is much better accomplished in the essence of things than a graduate of ours. The reasons for all this have been analysed. The main hindrance, of course, is our present system of education which is too mechanical to be inspirational.

Admittedly it is foolish to seek to be a jack of all trades and master of none. One has got to specialize at one stage or the other if one is really a serious seeker after knowledge. But specialization is possible only after one has attained that absolute minimum, which must comprise of a fine blend of both arts and science.

—*(Qazi Ghulam Mohd.)*

* * *

Next Topic

The topic for discussion in the next issue will be : "Religious Basis of Indian Life".

Editor

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REVIEW

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THE EDITORIAL

The problem of student indiscipline, as manifested at many of the Indian Universities and colleges during recent years, has naturally been a cause of great concern and worry to all right-thinking citizens, in general, and to all those intimately connected with educational activities, in particular. Both official bodies and eminent individuals have from time to time expressed their views on the subject with force and candour. It is really a matter of great distress that, after over a decade of political independence, important educational centres should still pass through recurring phases of strikes, demonstrations, and riotous behaviour by students; that incidents of walk-outs from examination centres, assaults on teachers, improper behaviour towards women, and the like, should continue to be matters of almost routine occurrence. The seriousness of the situation may be brought home to us with considerable force when we take into consideration the fact that in most of the advanced countries of the world such phenomena are unheard of and that exhibitions of student misbehaviour are absolutely out of tune with the best traditions of our culture, religion, and civilization. The problem needs urgent and earnest attention on the part of all concerned—governmental authorities, parents, and members of the teaching profession.

It is not possible for us now to analyse all the causes of student unrest and to suggest possible suitable remedies. It will not do merely to blame the students, or the teachers, or both; nor does it help anyone to attribute these troubles to some phases of the struggle for political freedom. The malaise has much deeper roots, and remedies will be in sight only as a result of sincere heart-searchings on the part of politicians, parents, and teachers alike. Not until we are able to build up among the students a sense of faith and purpose in the task of acquiring education and to create a feeling of confidence and pride in their profession among the teachers may we turn the corner in our endeavours to staighten the present unhappy state of affairs. We feel, nevertheless, that we shall have done our duty in this behalf, in however small a measure, by drawing the attention of our readers to this most painful malady of our existing educational system.

IBN KHALDUN
AND
HIS THEORY OF LITERARY COMPOSITION

ASAF A. A. FYZEE

Ibn Khaldun wrote a voluminous history of the Berbers of North Africa and it is forgotten. But he affixed to it an introduction (*muqaddima*) which is rightly considered one of the gems of world literature. There was no English rendering of the *Muqaddima* so far, but as Professor F. Rosenthal has recently given us a readable and accurate translation (Routledge, 3 vols., 1958), an opportunity is afforded to make a few observations on Ibn Khaldun's theory of literary composition.

Ibn Khaldun was born in Tunis in May, 1932/ Ramadan, 732. He was descended from a Yemenite tribe of Hadramawt some of whom went to Spain and became prominent as a learned family in Seville. Later the clan was threatened by Christians and all of them left for Tunis. His grandfather, Muhammad, was a great scholar, well-versed in theology and was inclined towards mysticism. Ibn Khaldun's early childhood was spent in Tunis and he studied under some of the greatest masters of his time. He was especially proficient in the Koranic sciences and Maliki law. In accordance with the fashion of the times he was also widely read in science, logic and philosophy; and he made a special study of the practical affairs of government.

In looking at the studies and accomplishments of Ibn Khaldun, we find that his religious and legal studies were combined with a scientific background and a rational approach to the affairs of practical life. He had studied the works of the philosophers Razi, Farabi,

Avicenna and Averroes. His most distinguished teacher was Abilyy with whom he read philosophy, mathematics and logic. The character of Ibn Khaldun's studies led him to face the basic problem of Islamic thought, the tension and opposition between the approach of orthodoxy and that of the philosophers to the problems of life. It was his task to reconcile science and orthodoxy, revelation and reason; and it is to his credit that he always maintained the importance of rational inquiry.

His first appointment was with Abu Inan. The Tunisian monarch appointed him Secretary in 753/1352, but he was suspected of plotting against his master with the Hafsid prince, Abu Abdallah, and was imprisoned. On his being set free after twenty-two months, Ibn Khaldun was again suspected of ploting against the son of his former patron and supporting his exiled brother Abu Salim who later made him a judge. A little later the Ziyanid ruler, Abu Hammu, gained power and Ibn Khaldun joined him in Tlemcen. On account of further troubles he left for Granada in 764.

It will be observed that this is the first period of Ibn Khaldun's life. During the first 32 years he obtained a sound education, dabbled in politics, failed miserably and migrated to Spain. In Spain he found that Granada was an extremely cultured and prosperous city. There Ibn Khaldun tried to educate the ruler who was a tyrant, but could not succeed. He was sent on a brief mission to Seville, on the successful accomplishment of which he returned. Again there were intrigues, and Ibn Khaldun was suspected of acquiring influence over the ruler and was thus advised to retire to a fortress known as Ibn Salama. Here in exile began his famous *History*, and especially the *Introduction* in which he began to formulate his science of civilization. After a four-year stay in this fortress, in seclusion and devotion to studies, he returned back to Tunis in 780.

Back in his own land he was neither prosperous

nor successful and in 784 he sailed on a pilgrimage to Mecca but got down at Alexandria, and thus there commenced the most fruitful part of his life. His fame had preceded him and he was asked to teach at the Azhar, and the Mameluke Sultan Barquq became his patron and steadfast friend. In Egypt Ibn Khaldun lived for the next twenty-five years and became the Malikite Cadi of Egypt not less than four times. It is said that he was a puritanical, just and learned judge. Later he also travelled to Syria and met Tamerlane. The account of his meetings and conversation with Tamerlane has been translated by Fischel but it is almost certain that it is apocryphal. During the last seven years of his life he wrote his well-known *Autobiography* and died in 808/1406.

Ibn Khaldun's life may be divided into four periods. The first thirty-two years were spent in North Africa, acquiring knowledge and dabbling in politics without success. The second period was between 764 and 765 when he went on a brief visit to Spain and returned. From 766 to 784 and particularly the last four years he spent in study and began the composition of his history at the fort of Ibn Salama near Fez. And finally from 784 to 808 he lived very successfully as a judge, scholar and author in Egypt under the kindly patronage of the Mameluke Sultan Barquq.

The career of Ibn Khaldun exemplifies the statement he made in his *Muqaddima* that, generally speaking, learned men are the least proficient in political affairs. He lived in Egypt as a complete stranger, being always considered an uncut diamond from the *Maghrib.* It is said that "despite his aloofness, the mellow and eternity-bound skies of Egypt had penetrated the recesses of his soul. He acquired an inner poise and a spiritual calm. As he reclined in his palace overlooking the Nile, fortune seemed less hostile and the world more friendly. He had reached the stage where he could feel the harmony permeating the universe, and see and enjoy it in

And why should man communicate his thoughts?[1] Ibn Khaldun gives seven main reasons for literary composition. The *first* is that a scholar may wish to classify the subject for the purpose of elucidation or exposition. *Secondly*, Interpretation. He may desire to explain clearly and logically what some great author has tried to expound, but failed on account of the difficulty of the subject or the obscurity of the language. *Thirdly*, Refutation. This may mean that he has studied an author; and, after having understood him properly, he disagrees with him and would like to explain how wrong and indefensible the author was. *Fourthly*, Completion; that is, treating a subject exhaustively where the previous author had not done justice to it. *Fifthly*, Re-arrangement. An author composes a book on a subject, but fails to arrange the problems in their logical order, and thus the subject is not as clear as it should be. A later author re-arranges the material with obvious advantage to students and research workers. *Sixthly*, Collection of scattered matetial. It often happens that problems of one science are dealt with in treatises dealing with other sciences, and this scattered material causes a great difficulty to students and readers. Ibn Khaldun gives illustrations from the science of *bayan*, and shows how, while earlier authorities laid down the principles correctly, their usefulness was not discovered until such material was collected, arranged and classified. *Seventhly*, Abbreviation. A prolix treatment of a subject constitutes a stumbling block to the student, and an author may well attempt an abbreviation which would facilitate the study of the subject by making it easy and more palatable.

After dealing with Ibn Khaldun's purposes of communication of thoughts, it will be convenient to deal with his theory of words and ideas.[2] His main postulate is that prose and poetry are concerned with words and not with ideas. Thus a great craftsman must learn to

the simple things of life: the wit and wisdom of vernacular poetry, the rhythm and movement of a dancing girl, and the beauty of a smiling face".[1]

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[1] Ibid., iii, 285 sqq.
[2] Ibid., iii, 391 sqq.

Ibn Khaldun was a master mind who had a most original approach to the problems of history. His *Muqaddima* has been extravagantly praised by scholars, and undoubtedly it is one of the first works to deal with the philosophy of history. It was he who for the first time conceived of a science of civilization, and said that true history is the history of the people as exemplified in their civilization, rather than a barren narration of wars and conquests and the tyranny or jealousy of princes.

We shall now consider briefly his views on literary composition and allied matters.[2]

Man is endowed with the faculty of reasoning and perception. He alone of all living creatures is capable of acquiring scientific knowledge; and, having acquired such knowledge, of communicating it. Communication may be said to be the description of a picture in the author's mind. Such a picture exists because of the power of acquiring knowledge.

Now a communication may be of two kinds. It may be addressed to someone who is present; this is speech. Or, it may be addressed to someone who is not present; and this is by writing. If Ibn Khaldun were present in our times he would probably say that a radio talk is the spoken word, but conveyed to those who are *not* present. And the radiotelegram was a written message but communicated in a manner unknown in his day. Ibn Khaldun's classification of speech and writing no longer holds, and we shall have to devise other criteria for the purpose of understanding all such modes of expression.

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[1] M. Mahdi, *Ibn Khaldun's Philosophy of History*, 62.

[2] *Muqaddima*, III, 281 sqq.

memorize poetry, the words and expressions; for the ideas are secondary, while the words are of basic importance. He thus makes a complete distinction between words and ideas, and does not accept the modern view that style depends upon a combination of ideas and words. For us, it is difficult to conceive of an idea which is unrelated to a word, and a word is after all directly concerned with a meaning which tries to express the idea. Its nuances and shades are determined by the use of great literary craftsmen. According to our author, Science and Jurisprudence are outside the field of eloquence, for they deal with ideas and not words, and he records a conversation with Abdallah al-Khatib. Ibn Khaldun says that, despite his great knowledge of the Quran, the traditions and the other sciences, he does not find it easy to compose poetry. The reason was that he had committed very little to memory and had filled his mind with jurisprudence and other scientific studies. Incidentally, his notion of poetry has nothing to do with ours, for he mentions nowhere that emotion and imagination are the warp and woof of poetry as we understand it. The conversation with Abdallah al-Khatib is characteristic of Ibn Khaldun, a thinker and historian who never cared for empty figures of speech, but expressed himself in a style full of strength and brevity, sometimes even crabbed, without caring for rhyme or metaphor or any of the formal beauties of prose as understood in his day.

In the opinion of Ibn Khaldun, Muslim authors were superior to those of pre-Islamic times, for they had the Quran as a model. The word of God was inimitable in its eloquence and beauty, and authors who had not shaped their style on this exquisite model could never hope to compete with those who had the opportunity. Thus, in the estimation of our author, the Muslims generally produce better specimens of style than their non-Muslim forbears.

Ibn Khaldun despises the cultivation of rhetorical

figures and says that the truly great authors wrote simply, without the forced and studied use of such devices,[1] a remark which may well apply to his own style as found in the *Muqaddima.* It is well known to students of Arabic that this great thinker and historian wrote in a style which subordinates form to content drastically. His writing is brief, full of thought, and he shows a manly disregard for anything except the accurate expression of his thought. It is therefore natural for him to conclude that where poetry was cultivated for mercenary purposes and for professional reasons, it was despised and considered a fault.[2]

We first considered Ibn Khaldun's theory of literary composition, and next his curious distinction between word and thought, or, expression and ideas. We shall now consider his main arguments about instruction and learning. He begins by warning us that a plethora of books and an excess of material is bound to lead to confusion. The student is expected to know all the books; and if he memorizes a large part of the material, his understanding suffers and his critical judgements are liable to be warped. And he illustrates this by taking us to the classical works on Maliki law and to certain fundamental text books in classical Arabian philology.[3]

Next he warns us about the excessive use of brief manuals. It is as if an experienced professor were to hold up his hands in horror at the numerous pot-boilers and examination cram-books which are to be found in every subject. He explains that where a subject is unduly abridged and presented in tabloid form, the difficulty of the student increases, as he is unable to understand the intervening steps by which the author comes to a certain conclusion. An inadequate abbreviation leads to disastrous results as the subject is not grasped by the student in a logical and coherent manner.

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[1] Ibid., iii, 406.
[2] Ibid., iii, 411-12.
[3] Ibid., iii, 288-90.

The right attitude in instruction is the threefold method propounded by Ibn Khaldun. On the first occasion, the teacher should deal briefly with the principal problems in each particular science. This will enable him to gauge the potential ability of the candidate, and give the student a connected but elementary view of the whole subject. After this preliminary treatment, the teacher goes into the subject for the second time more thoroughly and with full details. He now explains each topic, gives the student a proper idea of the differences of opinion, and analysing the arguments, he offers his own conclusions. But this is not all. The teacher later, for the third and last time, goes over the whole ground so that the steps, the arguments, and the conclusions are fixed in the mind of the student. This leads to the perfect mastery of the subject and the completion of the student's labour.

Ibn Khaldun's treatment of the subject reminds one of Mortimer Adler's way of reading a book. Adler says that a great book must be read three times. First, with a view to understanding the *structure* of the subject. The second time it should be read for *comprehension*, to understand what is written. And finally, the third reading should lead to certain *judgements*, namely, how far the views advanced are correct, doubtful or erroneous.

The three-fold teaching of the subject, in this fasion, is a very thorough method of instruction and can be relied upon if the syllabus is a manageable one in terms of quantity. Where, however, the syllabus is excessive, as in our times, then obviously other methods of instruction and study will have to be adopted.

Ibn Khaldun asks the student to follow his method carefully and says, "You, student, should realize that I am here giving you useful (hints) for your study. If you accept them and follow them assiduously, you will find a great and noble treasure. As an introduction that will help you to understand these (hints), I shall tell you

the following[1]: The student should always observe the rules of logic, for without logic there will be no order and no coherence. Writing stands for spoken words; spoken words denote ideas; and ideas must be put in proper moulds, the mould of logic, otherwise they will not be helpful. He is anxious that all the veils of false logic and words should be torn down. "Discard", he says, "the veils of words and the obstacles of doubt! Leave all the technical procedures and take refuge in the realm of the natural ability to think given to you by nature! Let your speculation roam in it and let your mind freely delve in it, according to whatever you desire (to obtain) from it! Set foot in the places where the greatest thinkers before you did! Entrust yourself to God's aid, as in his mercy He aided them and taught them what they did not know! If you do that, God's helpful light will shine upon you and show you your objective. Inspiration will indicate (to you) the middle term which God made a natural requirement of the (process of) thinking, as we have stated. At that particular moment, return with (the middle term) to the moulds and forms (to be used) for the arguments, dip it into them, and give it its due of the technical norm (of logic)! Then, clothe it with the forms of words and bring it forth into the world of spoken utterances, firmly girt and soundly constructed"![2]

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For further reading: *The Muqaddima* is translated by F. Rosenthal (3 vols., 1958, Routledge). A good account of his life and philosophy will be found in Muhsin Mahdi, *Ibn Khaldun's Philosophy of History* (Unwin, London, 1957).

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[1] Ibid., iii, 295.
[2] Ibid., iii, 297.

SOME ASPECTS OF SHAVIAN COSMOLOGY

DR. APURAB SOMNATH

The dominant currents of thought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Rationalism and Empiricism, were deterministic in character. They reduced the subjective will of man to a passive factor vis-a-vis the immutable necessity of natural laws. But the rapid transformation of society in the nineteenth century, a process in which man performed an active role, and the vast advances in various branches of knowledge could not be explained by a deterministic philosophy. Hence the crisis in ideology towards the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. Bernard Shaw attempts to resolve the crisis in terms of vitalism. He is critical of both Empiricism and Rationalism. In the present article we are concerned with his criticism of Rationalism. In *Maxims for Revolutionaries*, appended to *Man and Superman*, Tanner, the hero of the play, declares:

> The man who listens to Reason is lost:
> Reason enslaves all whose minds are not
> Strong enough to master her.

The dramatist regards Reason as the villain in the comedy of the spiritual evolution of man. He rejects the hypothesis of the rationalists: "I think, therefore, I am" (cogito ergo sum) and refers to its author, Descartes, as a "foolish philosopher".

On the basis of the advance of science in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Descartes postulated that the nature of the physical world is material, that motion is a property of matter, and that matter and motion are governed by the laws of physics and mechanics, in the last analysis, by mathematical laws.

The universe is like a machine which has been set in motion by the First Cause, and which continues to function in obedience to those laws. The laws of mathematics are universally valid; they are applicable to macrocosmic and microcosmic phenomena as well as to living organisms, "for it is not less natural for a clock, made of the requisite number of wheels, to mark the hours, than for a tree, which has sprung from this or that seed, to produce the food peculiar to it". In *Discourse on Method* Descartes gives a detailed description of the physical organs of man and concludes that the human body is also like a machine. However, he thinks, there is a fundamental factor which distinguishes man from the other living species. Man is endowed with Reason, the animals are devoid of Reason; what makes a "real man" is "the Reasonable Soul". The Rational Soul is a mathematician. God Himself, the creator of the Rational Soul and the physical universe, is a rational being, a mathematician, "in whom are contained all the treasures of science and wisdom".[1]

In the Cartesian system, total existence is subject to mechanical laws and is fore-ordained by God. Says the philosopher: "We would sin in thinking ourselves capable of ever doing anything which He had not ordained beforehand; we would soon be embarrassed in great difficulties if we undertook to harmonize the preordination of God with freedom of our will, and endeavoured to comprehend both truths at once".[2] This belief is shared with Descartes by Spinoza and Leibniz, by Hobbes, Locke and Newton. The eighteenth century rationalists, however, while accepting the principle of absolute determinism, rejected the hypothesis of God as the First Cause, and denied that man has an active inner element, the soul.

The Rationalist philosophy was based on lopsided development of science in the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries. Of its many branches the most developed was the mechanics of solid bodies. Chemistry and biology were still in an elementary stage. The history of the formation of the systems of stars and planets and the story of the evolution of life were unknown. The science of atomic structure and the nature of energy was yet undeveloped. In the nineteenth century rapid advances were made in the various branches of natural sciences, and discoveries of great importance were made in many fields. One of the greatest of the discoveries was the living cell. It laid the foundations of Darwinism which established that organic species have evolved from unicellular bodies and are subject to variations. Scientific discoveries, including those in the fields of social sciences, which revealed that social institutions, religion, morals etc., have changed and evolved from primitive times onward, revealed a changing universe and dealt a crushing blow to rationalist determinism. The Cartesian and the Newtonian systems, and the philosophical hypotheses based on them, did not view nature as a process of perpetual becoming in which new forms of life come into being.

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[1] *Meditations*—Descartes.
[2] *The Principles of Philosophy*—Descartes.

The Cartesian and Newtonian universe is "nothing but a clock that an almighty clock-maker has set up and set going for all eternity"[1] in which there is a necessary causal relation between events, and in which, according to Laplace, a divine calculator could exactly predict the future events from the knowledge of a cross-section of it. Newton assumed that the properties of matter—length, mass, space etc.,— were absolute. Einstein has established that they are relative. The dimensions of each particle are influenced by its relations with innumerable other particles; therefore, no occurrence in the life of a particle can be completely predetermined because to do so it is necessary to consider all the precedent events. Also, the individual calculator has to take into consideration his own self, which is an impossibility. The argument is further strengthened by Quantum theory according

to which interactions among atoms take the form of release or addition of packets of energy. On the basis this hypothesis, Heisenberg argues that a particle under observation must absorb or release energy. Thus observation involves interference which makes it impossible *exactly* to determine the position and at the same time velocity, or vice versa, of an electronic particle.

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[1] *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*—Shaw.

These developments lead Jeans to the conclusion that there is no determinism in events in which atoms and electrons are involved singly, and that the apparent determinism in large-scale events is only of a statistical nature". This precisely is the view expressed by Shaw in *Too True to be Good*:

> The Elder: Yes, Sir: the universe of Isaac Newton has crumbled like the walls of Jericho before the criticism of Einstein. Newton's universe was the stronghold of rational determinism: the stars in their orbits obeyed immutably fixed laws: and when we turned from surveying their vastness to study the infinite littleness of the atoms, there too we found the same universal laws. Every moment of time dictated and determined the following moment and was itself dictated and determined by the moment that came before it. Everything was calculable: everything happened because it must: the commandments were erased from the tablets of the law; in their place came cosmic algebra: the equations of the mathematicians: here I found my dogma of infallibility.........And now—now—what is left of it? The orbit of the electron obeys no law: it chooses one path and rejects another: it is as capricious as the planet Mercury, who wanders from his road to warm his hands at the sun. All is caprice: the calculable design has become incalculable".

Universe cannot be explained in terms of rationalism, in terms of predestination.

Shaws believes that, in the ultimate analysis, the force or forces, operating in the universe which is in perpetual flux, cannot be discovered in the physical laws

governing the interconnection of processes in organic and inorganic nature; for example, he denies that the Law of Natural Selection determines the origin and evolution of species. Therefore he totally rejects the method of science; he thinks it can only explain physical processes but cannot discover the vital cosmic factors impelling them. He abjures science as such; he does not choose between the old science and the new, though, undoubtedly, his denunciation of science is in a great measure due to the clash of the old and the new and the consequent crisis. Max Planck has clearly summed up the crisis of science and the attitude of scepticism generated by it towards science itself.

> "We are living in a singular moment of crisis, in the literal sense of of that word. In every branch of our spiritual and material civilizasion we seem to have arrived at a critical turning point ..... . Formerly it was only religion, especially in its doctrinal and moral systems, that was the object of sceptical attack. Then the iconoclast began to shatter the ideals and principles that had hitherto been accepted in the province of art. Now he has invaded the temple of science. There is scarcely a scientific axiom that is not nowadays denied by somebody. And at the same time almost any nonsensical theory that may be put forward in the name of science would almost be sure to find believers and disciples somewhere or the other."

It is understandble that Shaw rejects the pontifical claim of science to infallibility, and states, in *Epistle Dedicatory to Man and Superman* :

> "All the assertions get disproved sooner or latet".

There are other reasons also for his denunciation of science. He devotes the best part of his Preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma* to prove that science has been corrupted by commercialism. But the root of his condemnation of science is his disagreement with the materialist assumptions of science. He characterizes science as "witchcraft" and equates the modern faith in science

with religious obscurantism. He says, in *The Revolutionst's Handbook*, that

> "the mirales of priestcraft are none the less fraudulent and mischievous because they are now called scientific experiments and conducted by professors; witchcraft, in the modern form of patent medicines and prophylactic inoculations, is rampant ......"

What, then, are the positive features of Shavian outlook ? He postulates that the motive force responsible for change in the phenomenal world is the Universal Will, the Life Force. The Life Force is non-material and, therefore, beyond the scope of science. Though non-material it yet embodies itself in material forms, that is, in ever more highly developed species of animals in the process of evolution. Its purpose is to achieve greater and greater measure of self-consciousness through progressively developed species. So far the most highly evolved is man because in him the Life Force has created the brain. Through the brain it has attained a measure of self-consciousness of which it was not capable in the lower species. But the process of evolution has not ended with man :

> Don Juan... .. ..
> Are we agreed that Life is a force which has made innumerable experiments in organizing itself: that the mammoth and the man, the mouse and the magatherium, the flies and the fleas and the Fathers of the Church, are all more or less successful attempts to build up that raw force into higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being omnipotent, omniscient, infallible, and withal completely, undilutedly self-conscious: in short, a God ?[1]

Shaw adopts the formal aspects of Darwinism and gives it a vitalist content. In Darwinism the objective reality is primary and the subjective secondary. Shaw, with Samuel Butler, thinks that Darwin banished mind from the universe. Shaw seeks to establish the primacy of mind

over matter by interpreting evolution as a purposeful process, *willed* by Life and not, as suggested by Darwin, *determined* by objective environment wielding their inexorable sway over Life. ·The purpose of the Life Force, which is to achieve an increasing degree of self-realization through increasing mastery over matter, is not a preconceived goal. In the quotation above it is asserted that the Life Force experiments with the various species. In other words, it has no predetermined certainty about the success of its experiments and is not aware of their possible outcome.

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

> Don Juan ....
> Think of how it wastes and scatters itself, how it raises obstacles to itself and destroys itself in its ignorance and blindness.........What a piece of work is man; says the poet, yes; but what a blunderer![1]......

And, Don Juan goes on to say, that man, "the highest miracle of organization yet attained by life", is only a partially successful experiment of the Life Force. The implication of the argument is that the Universal Will, the Life Force, itself is in a process of evolution and is not subject to determinism and teleology.

The view summed up above constitutes the cenral axis round which Shavian cosmology revolves and furnishes an alternative to the world as conceived by mechanical determinists.

In Shavian cosmology man, as the most highly evolved form of the Life Force, occupies the central place. But the question is: How is it that man, "the most intensely alive thing that exists" and the highest embodiment of the Life Force, is a wretched, sordid and stupid creature? Shaw's answer is that social institutions tend to shackle the Life Force, the Will in man. For the liberation of the Will, for unleashing the spiritual vitality of man, it is necssary to change social forms. But the active factor in the process of change is the

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

Will itself. Therefore, how is it possible for the Will to overpower social environoments and to transform them when it in itself is held in bondage by them? Shaw solves the dilemma by postulating that it is not the common men who are capable of remoulding the material environments because "hunger and cold and thirst, age and decay and disease, death above all, makes them slaves of reality".[1] It is the exceptional individuals, the supermen, who can rise above environments. Their spiritual vision is not blinded by the material conditions of existence; they are aware of the cosmic purposes of the Universal Will and are conscious of the urgent necessity to achieve them. Shaw, believing, perhaps, that he belongs to the race of supermen, is convinced that the Life Force wills the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of the Millenium through the agency of the supermen. He believes that the Life Force has come to realize that its experiment with the race of man has proved a failure; it is poised for its next forward leap in evolution, the coversion of man to superman. The capitalist civilization and its institutions are condemned in *Man and Superman* and other plays because they obstruct the creation of the new race of supermen. But captalism and private property can be abolished only through the strivings of individuals with exceptionally quickened will, and not through the implementation of political programmes and political utopias. An exclusive mystical vision might be referred to in testimony of the validity of this hypothesis but recent history has proved that capitalism is the most flourishing ground for the self-proclaimed supermen and supermen-lets of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco brood whose role in history was retrogressive. However, it is a tremendous credit to the intellectual clarity of Shaw that he caricatured these characters ruthlessly in *Geneva.* It is not this type of superman he had dreamt of.

Shaw's view of the place of man and superman in his cosmology has concrete roots in the political de-

velopments of his times and in the history of the development of socialist thought.

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

His view of man was determined, among others, by two important factors: firstly, his hatred of the capitalist class; and, secondly, by his disillusionment with the proletariat. The London of his youth was seething with a resurgent labour movement and socialist ideas. This atmosphere was absolutely congenial to his heretical genius. Influenced by Marx and Henry George, he took up the role of a staunch propagandist against the capitalist class and all that it stood for. He became a socialist and joined the Fabians. In his early career as a socialist, in the eighteen-eighties, he had hoped for a hurricane victory of socialism through mass action. But this hope was belied when he discoverred that the workers were not prepared to face repression, as demonstrated to him by the panicky dispersal of a mass rally by the police in Trafalgar Square in November 1887, and that the militancy of the labour movement could be blunted by economic concessions granted by the employers. He shifted his expectations over to a faith in peaceful, evolutionary transformation to socialism through propaganda and preaching. But the desired goal still evaded him ; instead, what happened was a reconsolidation of capitalism ofter the eighties. His despair about the future of *homo sapiens* was complete and bitter as he confesses in the preface to *Major Barbara* :

> I, who have preached and pamphleteered like any Encyclopaedist, have to confess that my methods are no use, and would be no use if I were Voltaire, Rousseau, Bentham, Marx, Mill, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Butler and Morris all rolled into one, with Euripedes, More, Montaigne, Moliere, Beaumarchais, Swift, Goethe, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Jesus and the prophets all thrown in ..... The problem being to make heroes out of cowards, we paper apostles and art-magicians have succeeded only in giving cowards all the sensations of heroes while they tolerate every abomination, accept every plunder, and submit to every oppression.

The working classes, concludes Shaw, are responsible for their own slavery because they are inherently slavish and cowardly, they are stupid ; they are as selfish, greedy and morally and spiritully corrupt as the capitalists. The whole mankind is evil. The only hope for the future is the superman, the exceptional individual.

The origins of this view regarding the revolutionary role of the exceptional individual can be traced back to the initial stages in the development of the theory of socialism in the nineteenth century. The early socialists, like Saint-Simon, Fourier, Owen, elaborated the theory of socialism on the basis of the theoretical approach of their Rationalist predecessors, in particular, the French Encyclopaedists. The Encyclopaedists vigorously criticized scholasticism and the religious conception of nature. They criticized the traditional forms of society and the feudal monarchist regime in France. They sought to replace the *ancien regime* characterized by superstitution, injustice, privilege and inequality, by the kingdom of Reason, of truth, justice and equality. But the French Revolution and its aftermath proved that the kingdom of Reason was far from having been established What replaced the old regime was a form of capitalist democracy in which class exploitation continued in a new but more brutal and naked form.

The early socialists were as vigorously critical of the capitalist exploitation in the new dispensation as the French Enlighteners had been of feudalism. Their criticism was in line with the political theory of the Rationalists in so far as they also wished to set up the kingdom of Reason and absolute justice. But they differed from the Encyclopaedists regarding the constitution of such a kingdom. They considered the capitalist world, which came into being on the principles of the Encycloaedists, as in itself irrational. They believed that a rational system of society would be socialist, although the philosophical position they adopted was that of the Rationalists themselves, as enunciated by Leibniz and

summed up by Hegel: "All that is real is rational and all that is rational is real." They argued that capitalism is irrational; therefore it is unnureal; it must go. Socialism is real because it is rational; therefore it must be established. Socialism was not established so far because what was lacking was an exceptional man of genius with a sufficient recognition of this truth.

Shaw tries to expose capitalism as an irrational system and, like his rationalist socialist predecessors, awaits the rise of a man of exceptional genius to build socialism. However, there is an important difference between the outlook of Shaw and of the socialists. The latter believed, in agreement with Descartes, that the spiritual essence of human personality is the Rational Soul; in the exceptional individual the rational soul is emancipated from prejudice and circumstance which, in the case of the mass of common humanity, blur the light of Reason. Socialism could be achieved by restoring the light of Reason or Good Sense among them through preachings of the hero. But, according to Shaw, the spiritual essence of the enlightened individual is not the Rational Soul but his will that asserts itself against hostile environment of which the inert masses constitute a part. The common men and women are inert and passive not because the light of Reason has been snuffed out in them, but precisely because they are rational beings:

> "The reasonable man adopts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adopt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man".[1]

Reason is regarded by the dramatist as an affliction which paralyses the will and debases man:

> "......all Man's reason has done for him is to make him beastlier than any beast ......"[2]

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[1] *Maxims for Revolutionists.*

[2] *Man and Superman.*

This is the vision of Swift. Swift's misanthrophy is derived from his having regarded the corruption prevalent in Queen Anne's era as the inherent feature of the human race. Similarly, Bernard Shaw, on the basis of the political backwardness of the British labour movement in a certain historical epoch and the utter moral and sipiritual bankruptcy of the capitalist class, concludes that man as a species is a stunted dwarf incapable of shaping his own destiny. And yet Shaw is an implacable enemy of capitalism. Therefore he wishes that the Life Force embody itself as superman and destroy capitalism; in other words, he invokes superhuman, supernatural, intervention to establish socialism.

Bernard Shaw lived long enough to realize that the Life Force was not in a great hurry to answer his prayers, at least in so far as England was concerned where even today, after a series of Labour Governments, socialism is a matter of theoretical debate. In his later plays his enthusiasm about the superman seems to have cooled off. In *Back to Methuselah* he states that the superman is not the final goal of life. He is only a stage in the struggle of the Life Force for its ultimate emancipation from matter, as Lilith, the personification of the Life Force, says towards the end of *Back to Methuselah*:

> Lilith.................. ....
> I am Lilith: I brought life into the whirpool of force, and compelled my enemy, Matter, to be a living soul. But in enslaving Life's enemy I made him Life's master; for that is the end of all slavery; and now I shall see the slave set free and the enemy reconciled, the whirpool become all life and no matter... .....

Life, which existed as the whirpool in force, strives to exist as a vortex freed from matter, as the whirlpool in pure intelligence. In its ultimate synthesis, Shavianism veers round to the traditional belief of the mystics and ascetics that the conflict between spirit and matter is primeval and eternal and that the highest purpose of being is to conquer matter and to liberate the soul.

DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN HINDI VERSE—I

P. N. PUSHP

The great upsurge of 1857 was not an utter failure from the socio-cultural point of view; for, it was followed sharp by awakening throughout the country. Reformist movements like the Arya Samaj and the Brahmo Samaj lent indirect support to the Indian National Congress in arousing the national aspirations of the people, mostly of the middle-class. No wonder that Hindi verse also felt a new wave creeping over it; for, did it not hail[1] the advent of a more favourable period in the country's history of dependence, when the Queen took over the reins of government from the Company's callous hands? The warm felicitations[2] voiced on the august occasion of the Queen's Jubilee were as spontaneous as the deep sorrow[3] at her sad demise. The Hindi poet had felt that—

> "By taking over the rule from the Company's hands
> She has made the guileless masses of Bharata
> feel they are orphans no more!"[4]—

and naturally, therefore, her death came to him as a grave shock:

> "Alas, Compassion-incarnate,
> Alas, Mother Victoria!
> Ah, she was a sure refuge
> To the orphaned India in distress!"[5]

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[1] Cf. Bharatendu's विजयवल्लरी and विजयिनी-विजय-वैजयन्ती; Premaghana's भारतबधाई; हार्दिक हर्षादर्श and स्वागत.

[2] Cf. जुबिली by Radha Krishna Das.

[3] Cf. विजयिनीविलाप by Radha Krishna Das.

[4] From हार्दिक हर्षादर्श.

[5] Cf. राधाकृष्णदास ग्रंथावली, p6.

Apparently this trend indicated just a change-over from the crumbling courts of the native chiefs to the very-much-coveted patronage of the Queen Empress, but essentially it registered a bold departure from the two-century old conventions of Hindi verse, saturated with a facile use of hackneyed metaphors, wornout similes, intriguing puns and empty alliterations. The range of extremely trivial subject-matter already narrowed down to an exaggerated description of the **nakha-shikh**, (the physical contours of feminine loveliness, from the toe-nails right up to the top of her head), was further vulgarized by the craze for curious contrasts and far-fetched conceit. The lusty depiction of trysts and separations, of amorous escapades and sportive quarrels and similar other pastimes of love could hardly relieve the tedium of its fussy verbiage. The poets would zestfully vie with one another in catering to the voluptuous whims and wanton caprices of their aristocratic patrons. Little creative work could, therefore, be expected from the jugglery of words above which these poets could seldom rise.

This dismal state of affairs prevailed in Hindi poetry till 1868 when **Bharatendu Harishchandra** appeared on the literary horizon.[6] In the infancy of his poetic career he poured out a number of songs in a variety of 'rags' and 'reginis'. He harped on the old Vaisnava strings various tunes[7] of human love with its hopes and fears, smiles and sighs. Thereby he anticipated the new lyrical tendency which afterwards sought its fulfilment in Chhaayaavaad[8] : the poetry of Romantic Mysticism. But it was by dint of his social and patriotic strains that he revolutionized Hindi verse. Decades before the Indian National Congress began to voice the national consciousness of India, he made vigorous appeals calculated to arouse Indians from 'the deep slumber of self-forgetfulness'.

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[6] Cf. कविवचनसुधा (first issue).

[7] Cf. भारतेन्दु-ग्रन्थावली (earlier poems).

[8] For instance, the works of Prasada, Pant, Nirala and Mahadevi Varma.

The most vehemently passionate of these appeals is heard in his allegorical play, *Bharata-Durdasha*, where the editor, the poet, the teacher and such other vocal members of society, Bengalis as well as Maharashtrians, are invited to form a united front against the depredations of illiteracy, superstition, disease, discord, distrust, apathy, jealousy and maladministration which, paradoxically enough, were both the effect and the cause of our political subjection.

This very poem of **Bharatendu** reveals to us the poet's passion for reviving the glory of India's cultural past. It was with this in view that he wrote in favour of social reform and national solidarity, as well as against parochialism and indifference, and advocated the cause of widow-remarriage and female education. He admired the British rule for these very social items of their programme; otherwise, he felt wronged and mortified when he saw the economic resources of our country being mercilessly drained out. We can hear his heart beat in these lines of his :

“अंगरेज राज सुखसाज सजे सब भारी।
पै धन विदेश चलि जात इहै अति ख्वारी॥”[9]

And here we find the first trend in modern Hindi verse: the trend of nationalism in its patriotic aspect, of course, with a strong bias of 'Aryan culture'; for *Bharatendu* primarily appealed[10] to the Hindus (reminding them of their noble ancestry) to come out of the slough of despondence, and consolidate themselves against the foreign aggressors. It was thus that he widened the range of Hindi verse and inspired a number of young poets[11] to touch on ever-new national themes in response to the changing economic atmosphere of the country; and it must be said to their credit that inspite of the

journalistic tone of their verse the content they (almost all journalists) present is pulsating with a patriotic fervour for self-emancipation. Thus some of them would plead against taxation,[12] others against colour-discrimination,[13] and yet others against the imperial distrust[14] of the Indians betrayed in the overprecautionary measures like the Arms Act and the Press Act.

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[9] Cf. भारतदुर्दशा.

[10] Cf. नीलदेवी (particularly the march songs).

[11] Such as: Premaghana, Pratap Narayan Misra, Rai Devi Prasad Purna, Radha Krishna Das and Shridhara Pathak.

This ring of modernity, however, could not find full scope because of the orthodox dichotomy of the luiguistic media: *Khari Boli* for prose but *Braj Bhasha* for verse; and this dichotomy was dealt a severe blow by **Shridhara Pathak**, essentially a nature poet. He was the first to express the new urge[15] in the *Khari Boli*. The cause of this new medium of expression had already been advocated by **Bharatendu** in all his plays and in some of his poems too, but it was in 1887 that **Babu Ayodhya Prasad Khatri** led a compaign[16] against this dichotomy and the long-drawn-out controversy between **Radhacharan Goswami** and **Shridhara Pathak** was gradually hushed up by the vast ovation with which Pathak's *Ekaantavaasee Yogee*[17] (the Khari Boli version of Goldsmith's *HERMIT*) was received. The popularity of this translation inspired a number of younger poets to try their poetic faculty on similar themes[18] of romantic possibilities and prepared the ground for the poetry of Romantic Mysticism. But it was **Pandit Mahaviraprasada Dvivedi** who (since 1900 when he took over as the editor of the monthly *SARASWATI*) incessantly strove for and finally succeeded in giving the Khari Boli a literary polish[19] which shines

forth in **Babu Maithilisaran Gupta's** *Bharatabharati.*

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[12] Cf. 'होली है' by Pratap Narayan Misra.

[13] Cf. 'कारे' in 'स्वागत' by Premaghana.

[14] Cf. विजयवल्लरी by Bharatendu.

[15] Cf. his भारतगीत.

[16] Cf. Hindustan, Nov. 11, 1887.

[17] Published 1886.

[18] Such as: Prasad's प्रेमपथिक; Shukla Ji's शिशिरपथिक; Tripathi's मिलन and Pant's ग्राम्या.

The *Bhaaratabhaaratee* appeared in 1912; and as the poet himself gratefully acknowledges[20], it was inspired and influenced by the widely-read *Musaddas* of **Maulana Hali,** and also by the *Musaddas* of **Kaifi**. Obviously the work was welcomed for the protestant tone in which it reminded the Indians of their glorious past, placed before them their gloomy present and urged them on to a bright future. Though melodramatic and oversentimental at places and didactic throughout, it created a stir in Hindi verse. and also indicated the poet's bright promise later on fulfilled by him in his *Rashtra-Sangita* as well as in his major works like the *Saaket* and *Yasodharaa.* He sincerely felt that India alone had a message for the future of humanity, and it pained him to see such a nation in chains. But who would listen to a slave's voice? And did not serpents cling to the sweet-scented sandalwood only because of its cool nature? Shouldn't, therefore "a heating current of self-recollection" pass through the benumbed consciousness of India's millions?[21] All the longer poems of *Gupta Ji* are thus an artist's effort to recreate the cultural glory of ancient India.

A more urgent note was sounded by another group of younger poets whose forum was the *PRATAP*[22] of Kanpur, and in their verse the present featured more directly and, therefore, rather boisterously. **Gaya Prasad Sukla Sanehi (Trishul)**, one of the most prominent of these, had a firmer grip over his medium when he depicted the sad and sickening trials and tribulations of the Indian peasantry.[23] The difference between the tones of the *Saraswati* and the *Pratap* was naturally reflected

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[19] Cf. द्विवेदी काव्य माला, Pp 291, 295, 368, 393 and 434.

[20] Cf भारतभारती, प्रस्तावना, P 3.

[21] Cf. his उठ ओ बृहद् विराट विशाल ! in भारतसंगीत.

[22] Cf. राष्ट्रीयवीणा (Parts I and II) (1914—17).

[23] Cf. his कृषकक्रंदन (1916) and त्रिशूलतरंग (1918).

in the creation inspired by these mouthpieces; but it did not take long to get harmonized into a new style suited to the genuine needs of Hindi verse. Such, for instance, is the evidence of **Subhadra Kumari Chauhan's** *Jhansi Ki Rani* as well as **Makhan Lal Chaturvedi's** *Qaidi aur Kokila.*

Gandhi Ji had by this time introduced religion (and mysticism ?) into Indian politics and had injected the creed of Ahimsa into the mentality of Indian nationalism. The poetic exposition of this creed has been offered by **Sanehi** in his poem, *SATYA*[24] which prescribes the path of passive resistence and active truth, calling upon the non-violent fighters for freedom to suffer like Socrates, Christ and Mansur. Thus, much of the poetry of the nineteen-twenties was inspired by the ideal of self-sacrifice which finds a very highly emotional expression in **Makhan Lal Chaturvedi's** poems.[25] In one[26] of these a flower expresses the desire it cherishes: 'not to adorn the lovely tresses of a nymph or the bewitching breasts of a damsel, nor to be showered upon the coffin of a mighty emperor or offered to a god in ardent worship; but to be strewn on the path hallowed by the marching heroes of the country's struggle for freedom'.

The same ideal was eulogized by **Ram Naresh Tripathi** in three[27] narrative poems which depict the conflict between love and service, and by **Siyaram Saran Gupta** in shorter poems, one of which immortalizes the martyrdom of **Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi,** the celebrated editor of the *PRATAP* (Kanpur). The trend can be traced even in larger poems[28] of **Maithilisaran Gupta** and **Hari Oudh,** whose heroes and heroines stand out as lively embodiments of selfless suffering inspired by the

noble ideals of a new humanism.

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[24] Cf. त्रिशूलतरंग.

[25] Cf. his हिमतरंगिणी.

[26] Cf. his पुष्प की अभिलाषा in हिमतरंगिणी.

[27] स्वप्न, मिलन and पथिक.

[28] साकेत, यशोधरा and प्रियप्रवास.

The very apostle of this creed of non-violence has been admired, eulogized and even worshipped in a number of poems. The most devotional study of the Mahatma, however, is the poem: *BAPU* by **Siyaramsaran Gupta** whose **Unmukta** is an excellent poem on non-violence itself. But the failure of the Satyagraha and the civil disobedience movements disillusioned the Indian youth and exposed the inefficiency of non-violent nationalism in fighting the imperialistic policy of exploitation. The skeleton of the Congress was shaken to its very foundation; belief in reforms and passive resistance got a terrible setback. There is remorse and anguish in **Balkrishna Sharma Navin's** confession of this defeat of the Satyagraha movement:

"आज खड्ग की धार कुंठिता है खाली तूणीर हुआ
विजयपताका झुकी हुई है लक्ष्यभ्रष्ट यह तीर हुआ!"

[Today the sword has lost the edge,
the quiver is empty;
The banner of victory is depressed,
the shaft has missed the aim!]

His heart must have bled when he composed this 'dirge of defeat'.[29] The intense passion for political independence had already burst forth into a revolt in his *Viplava-gaayan*[30] which is full of fire and storm and expresses seething discontent with the existing order of things; and now the anarchist tendency became more and more emphatic in Hindi verse. It shrieked out in the clarion call[31] of **Dinakara** who saw in the Himalayan range the dormant self-consciousness of India and bade it wake up at 'the clarion-call of the New Age'.

This very trend later on assumed the role of

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[29] पराजयगान in कुंकुम, P 63.

[30] कुंकुम, P 9.

[31] 'मेरे नगपति मेरे विशाल' in रेणुका P 1.

Pragativaada, the Progressive School of Hindi verse; but that happened to develop only as an imaginatively realistic reaction to the over-sentimentality and extreme passionateness of the poetry of *Chhaayaavaada* (Romanticism) and its offshoot, the *Niraashaavaada* (Pessimism) much in the same way as the *Chhaayaavaada* itself was a protest against the prosaic and matter-of-fact versification of the Dvivedi School.

*SHAKESPEARE'S COMIC SPIRIT

PROF. P. K. GUHA

Of the many things Dr. Johnson has said about Shakespeare, perhaps the happiest is his statement—"His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct: in tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature". Johnson noticed some melancholy in Milton's mirth and found no mirth in his melancholy, while scanning his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. And reverse is his discovery in Shakespeare's dramas: in his tragedies he finds some mirth mixed up with melancholy and in his comedies he meets with mirth unmixed with any melancholy. The implication of this comparative view of Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies is that whereas in his tragedies Shakespeare is an artist who performs, more or less objectively, the task he undertakes of dramatizing a sorrowful theme, his comedies are not merely art but are also a spontaneous outburst of the joy welling out of his heart.

In this statement of Johnson we may find a clue to the distinctive feature of Shakespearian comedy: comedy in the hands of other dramatists is a mode, with Shakespeare it is a mood. Others create in their comedies, by conscious and deliberate artistry, a special world of comic situations and characters, while Shakespeare in his comedies is essentially the akin spirit that Milton's *L'Allegro* finds in him:

> Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbling his native woodnotes wild.

In his comedies Shakespeare is less an artist and more the

happy man taking a radiant view of the whole of life and casting upon the entire world an amused and genial look. The laughter, which is the ultimate objective of comic art, is raised artificially by other dramatists, while in Shakespeare it impresses us as gurgling out of the fountain of a joyous heart. Between Shakespeare and the other comedians the difference is thus not one of degree but of kind. Others are writers of comic plays, Shakespeare is pre-eminently the poet of the comic spirit. While other comic dramatists laugh at their characters, Shaksepeare laughs with his comic creations.

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*Delivered as an extension lecture for the University.—Editor.

Comedy may roughly be divided into two types: Comedy of Rejection and Comedy of Acceptance—Comedy of Satire and Comedy of Joy, Mocking Comedy and Laughing Comedy. Shakespearian Comedy is Laughing Comedy - comedy of pure joy, comedy of acceptance. It is a world of delight without the slightest alloy of annoyance or bitterness. It is entirely free from malicious banter or heartless ridicule. In the words of Hazlitt, "Shakespeare's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its powers of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons than in leaving a sting behind it".

It is comic poets of the class of Shakespeare that Matthew Green thinks of when he says:

By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find.

There is no dearth of oddities and quaintnesses in Shakespeare's comedies, but like an alchemist that turns base metal into gold, Shakespeare has transmuted the annoying absurdities of life into things of pure joy. But this alchemy is no mere artistic device; it is alchemy of mind and spirit evolving automatically an alchemy of art.

The spirit that dominates Shakespear's comedies, the distinctive Shakespearian comic spirit, is a spirit of

the loving acceptance of the whole of life, a mood of universal tolerance. In his comedies he seems to stand at the centre of life with a friendly gaze at one and all, well at ease with himself and well at ease with the world, wishing no one or nothing away. Nobody is hissed off the Shakespearian comic stage, which is co-extensive with life, and every one is given in it the birth-right to live with his faults and follies entire. From the depths of his heart Shakespeare says "Yes" to everything in life, bucks up with a cheering "Why not ?" the trivial lapses from the accepted code of social manners and personal conduct, tolerates in one and the same comedy, with the same charity and grace, a precisian like Malvolio and a reveller like Sir Toby Belch. He understands sympathetically and presents, without scorn, Malvolio's legitimate rebuke, as the steward of the house, of the excesses of the merrymakers; and, at the same time, we find all the vigour at Shakespeare's command put into the chastised Sir Toby's angry retort and rebellious cry hurled in the face of Malvolio:

> Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?

In this cry of Sir Toby we catch, unmistakably, the voice of the poet himself putting forward a passionate plea for a rightful co-existence of vice side by side with virtue.

A Shakespearian comedy is not so much a comic play as it is a cheerful world. It is not a narrow artificial world improvised for the play but a fascimile of the entire human world ; in it we have not merely an amusing spectacle of the triumph of the comic characters over the intriguing circumstances by which they are beset, but the miracle of the poet's conquest of the whole of life. All humanity have full and free access to Shakespeare's comic stage. All have a complete right to hold their heads high. Shakespeare not merely endures but also enjoys the aberrations of his comic characters and stimulates us to accept such incongruities

and abnormalities as a refreshing variation of the dead conformity of normal human conduct. We are impressed by Shakespeare's deep sense that each one of his extremely fantastic characters like Bottom, Dogberry, Falstaff is welcome to us, for each contributes something invaluable to the total fun of life.

In Shakespeare's comic presentation of life everything changes under his magic touch. All ugliness is blotted out. What vexes us in life turns into a source of pleasure. There is "an artistic delivery from the nausea of the absurd," as Nietzsche describes his conception of the function of comedy. This transmutation is the result of Shakespeare's inner vision of the world of man as a realm of joy, and his cordial sympathy for one and all of his erring fellow-men.

This is why Shakespearian comedy has been called "laughing comedy", as distinguished from "mocking comedy", the usual type of comic drama which seeks to mock the faults and follies of man with a view to their elimination from life. Ben Jonson's comedy belongs to this latter category and its main purpose is satire, correction of manners by exposing them to ridicule and scorn, the laughter raised in the process being a means to the curative end and not an end in itself, as in Shakespearian comedy. Shakespearian comedy is a dramatization of the joy of life while satirical comedy is a dramatic railing at the ills of society and oddities in human manners. Shakespearian comedy just responds to the joy of life that pulsates the heart of all mankind rather than to the spirit of the ridicule of inferiority that prevails in the minds of the few. That profound gaiety of disposition from which laughter in Shakespearian comedy arises is absolutely incompatible with anything harsh or grating and is by its nature totally free from any mood of contempt or indignation. Carlyle's definition of true humour is wholly applicable to the humour of Shakespearian comedy:

> True humour springs not more from the head than from the heart, it is not contempt; its essence is love.

The essence of Shakespearian comedy is love and its prompting impulse is a total love of life. It does not quarrel with anything in life but converts this very life and world of ours into a realm of joy. It is a vision of no art-made world of ideal perfection with all the disturbing and vexatious elements of real life weeded out. It is a large-hearted humanist's vision of the world of reality. Its prevaling mood is one of an irrepressible optimism, a deep realization in the heart of the Wordsworthian faith that joy is "Nature's holy plan" and that "all that we behold is full of blessings".

Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* sets forth Shakespeare's comic spirit:

> And those things do best please me
> That befall preposterously.

There is not the slightest tinge of scorn or satiric bitterness in either Puck's laughter or the tone of the whole play. Puck's laughter is an exuberant expression of his own spirit of mirth and he laughs with no spirit of corrective exaltation.

Meredith in his famous essay, *The Idea of Comedy*, upholds the view that satire is the proper aim of comedy, its function being critical and its use being to teach the world what ails it. He says that comedy is 'by nature merciless' and cites for his model the comedy of Moliere who "strips folly to the skin" and upon vice "wields a shrieking scourge". Towards the end of the essay Meredith seems to modify this corrective theory of comedy. He designates Shakespeare and Cervantes as the unparallelled monarchs of the world of comedy. He says that their laughter is richer than that of Aristophanes and Moliere, being "the laughter of heart and mind in one".

Bergson in his essay on *Laughter* says, in agreement with Meredith's basic idea of comedy, that the

purpose of the comic laughter is corrective and it can, therefore, be never kind. Comedy asserts instructively the vexed surprise of society that any one should so isolate himself from the accepted norm of conduct and manners, the customary ways of life of the community to which he belongs. Shakespeare did not tread this corrective path and chalked out for himself a track of disinterested laughter.

The mocking comedy with a satirical purpose is a comedy of types while the Shakespearian laughing comedy is a comedy of individuals. The former is a social gesture while the latter is a human document. We judge adversely, in an impersonal and indifferent spirit, characters that are of the nature of abstract symbols of faults and follies, but we fall in love with faulty characters we meet with in drama or fiction, who impress us as our flesh and blood fellow-men and we love them, totally blind to their human frailties which, we feel, are in ourselves too in some form or measure.

That Shakespeare's conception of the comic is free from any spirit of raillery or ridicule and that Shakespearian comedy is definitely laughing comedy and not mocking comedy become patent when we think of his handling of comic situations and characters.

In his *Twelfth Night*, he has obviously no leaning towards either Malvolio or Sir Toby Belch. If his intention had been to satirize drunken revelry he would not have put into the mouth of Sir Toby his challenge to the Puritanic Malvolio, mentioned before, his spirited plea for vice to have a place in the sun. If, on the other hand, his purpose had been to expose Puritanism to ridicule he would have painted Malvolio as a detestable clown. But as Charles Lamb has said: "Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible". Lamb did not approve of

the stage presentation of Sir Toby as a ludicrous sot by the elder Palmer. Lamb observes, "There is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which Palmer did not quite fill out". Lamb has said the last word about Shakespeare's conception of Malvolio and Sir Toby. There is really nothing in the play to suggest that Shakespeare intended to satirize the folly of either the one or the other. His only purpose in the play was to provide for us "a rare meal of laughter".

In *As You Like It* the character and role of Jaques have an intimate bearing on our present topic of Shakespearian comedy being laughing comedy and not mocking comedy, comedy as conceived by Meredith or Bergson. Jaques is mockery incarnate. He finds bitterness and hollow sham in everything in life. He finds no charm in any stage of life. He divides man's life into seven ages and notices something ridiculous in every stage. The world seems to him to be full of faults, the worst of which is to be in love. He calls Orlando mockingly "Seignior Love" and Orlando returns the compliment by calling Jaques "Monsieur Melancholy". Rosalind taunts Jaques for his constant sadness. She tells him, "They say you are a melancholy fellow". Jaques is in love with melancholy. He asks Amiens to sing a sad song again, not so much for the music as for the note of sadness in the song. Amiens does not wish to sing again for it would make Jaques more melancholy. Jaques replies:

> I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck
> melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.
> More, I prithee, more.

If there is any character in *As You Like It* whom Shakespeare palpably mocks it is Jaques. In mocking the mocker he reveals to us his own comic spirit that is entirely free from the spirit of mockery. As a sort of antithesis to Jaques we have in the play, the fool Touchstone. Touchstone is ever seeking to suck fun from everything while Jaques is constantly engaged in sucking melancholy out of all things. The jokes of Touchstone

are slight and trivial but those of Jaques are cutting and deep. Touchstone finds no fault with anyone, but Jaques always commits "the mischievous sin of chiding sin", as the Duke puts it. The Duke reminds Jaques that it did not behove him to be a chider of sin, as he himself had been a sinner in the past. While Touchstone entertains us with innocent fun by his enumeration of the seven kinds of lie, Jaques annoys us with his travesty of the seven ages of man. Toucnstone laughs *with* all but Jaques laughs *at* everyone.

The monumental evidence of the Shakespearian comic spirit, being the expression of pure mirth totally free from any satiric design, is his Comic masterpiece, Sir John Falstaff. Falstaff is like his bulk a mountain of faults and follies, monstrous and inconceivable. And yet he is the most lovable of Shakespeare's creations. George Brandes characterizes him as " beyond comparison the gayest, most concrete, and most entertaining figure in European comedy." He is both witty and the cause of wit in others. And at the same time he is a braggart above all braggarts, a liar, above all liars. If Falstaff is one of the most glorious of Shakespeare's comic creations, it is because of the fact that he is of the Shakespearian comic spirit all compact. His portraiture is prompted and governed by that exuberance of mirth, that willing suspension of all moral judgments for the moment, that happy mood of total irresponsibility which constitute the essence of Shakespearian comic spirit. Falstaff is Shakespear's diploma character in whom he demonstrates that the charm of personality outweighs the heaviest odds of faults and iniquities. We love Falstaff in spite of his faults or, rather, on account of his faults; for his faults, representing a sum total of all the frailties that are scattered in fragments among men, make him so human, so akin to all erring humanity. Such is the magnetic attraction of his personal charm that Falstaff behaves like a coward and yet does not repel us like a coward and yet does not impress us as a liar. The Prince lovingly says, " These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable." Falstaff's faults and follies do not vex or annoy us. They do not lead us to hate him. They rather make us love him all the more. In the Part I of *Henry IV* we fall so deeply in love with Falstaff that when in Part II we meet with the rejection of Falstaff by his beloved Prince Hal immediately he ascends the throne, we feel angry with Shakespeare for his abrupt withdrawal from us of a beloved companion and playmate. The misdeeds of Falstaff never annoyed us half as much as this misconduct of Shakespeare in killing a character who belonged to us as much as to him. Of course, Shakespeare had his reasons to handle Falstaff in the way he has done: he made Falstaff interesting and attractive in Part I to redeem the Prince's tavern life and in Part II he had to make him hateful to find a plea for taking him out of the Prince's life, when he became King. This withdrawal of the great symbol of the Prince's tavern life was needed for investing the Prince with an unclouded royal dignity on his accession to the throne. But the non-moral treatment of Falstaff in Part I is more in keeping with the non-satiric, laughing spirit of Shakespearian comedy than the moral attitude the Shakespeare takes up towards Falstaff in Part II. There is in this an abrupt change from Comedy of Mirth to Comedy of Mockery. Here we have the solitary instance of purpose interfering with Art in Shakespearian drama.

Our paradoxical love for Falstaff reaches its climax when, after his cowardly flight at the Gadshill robbery, he calls others cowards and tells one lie after another to hide the truth. Morgaun expresses, without the slightest exaggeration, the feeling of us all when he observes:

> We are at once in possession of the whole man and are ready to hug him, guts, lies and all, an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry and humour.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* we find a sort of formulation of Shakespeare's comic spirit as a mood of total acceptance and universal tolerance which automa-

tically kept out satire and ridicule from his comedies. The play implies that incongruity is ingrained in human nature and should be cheerfully accepted by us as a postulate of life. We should trace the abnormalities in man's social manners to this basic trait of human nature and should not cast upon them the intolerant eye of the satirist. Theseus is, as it were, the exponent of the tolerance which is the watchword of Shakespearian comedy. The travesty of a play prepared by Bottom and his fellow-workmen "which never labour'd in their minds till now" is welcomed by Theseus in honour of whose marriage the show had been arranged. An attendant of Theseus asks him not to allow the performance, saying that "it is nothing, nothing in the world". Theseus would still see it. He said, "Our sport shall be to take what they mistake." In this one line we find a summing up of the attitude of Shakespearian comedy to human errors and aberrations, its sporting spirit of taking, or accepting without demur, the so-called mistakes of man in life. In that famous utterance of Theseus about love and madness we have a powerful plea for the tolerance of the whims and vagaries of man. Who is free from the domination of imagination and fancy? The lover, the lunatic and the poet are bracketed together. When we are under the sway of love we see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt and, in the case of everyone of us, "how easy is a bush supposed a bear." We have all "such seething brains, such shaping fantasies that apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends." By the expression 'cool reason' Shakespeare implies that sanity which comprehends and tolerates things as they are instead of crying for the moon, a spirit of wise acceptance of the whole of reality and not of a rejection of a part of it. Bottom, with all his fantastic absurdities, attracts our deepest attachment; and our great regret in the play is that we have not more of his stimulating company.

Such is also our attraction to another crowning creation of Shakespearian comedy, Dogberry of *Much*

Ado About Nothing. With his comrade, Verges, he forms a wonderful pair of watchmen, every ounce of whose fussy idiocy was needed for the purpose of the play. The conspiracy to denounce the innocent maiden Hero in the church, where she would be brought for her wedding, is detected by these sentinels on duty, but they were so grotesquely stupid that they failed to make their report clear to Leonato whom they met when he was going to church for his daughter's marriage. What they say is arrant nonsense and Leonato cannot understand what they had come to say. Dogberry makes a desperate but futile effort to make himself intelligible: "One word, Sir, our watch, Sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship."

Leonate leaves, saying to Dogberry, "Take their examination yourself and bring it to me."

This gives the illiterate Dogberry the chance of a lifetime and he shines in all his glory when he conducts the examination with the aid of the sexton, "the learned writer," whose help Dogberry badly needs to have the evidence recorded. Dogberry starts the trial with due judicial dignity. He asks: "Is our whole dissembly appeared?" Conrade, one of the accused, when questioned, called Dogberry "an ass. "Just at that time the sexton happened to be away, and Dogberry exclaimed:—

> Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an ass! But masters! remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.. ....O that I had been writ down an ass!"

Dogberry is not a satirical character but purely a creation of Shakespearian comic spirit. Shakespeare does not intend to ridicule through him the Elizabethan constabulary as some critics have suggested. The rollicking fun that Dogberry provides is entirely needed for dis-

solving the tragic impression, incongruous in a comedy, that the church scene had produced; and the detection of the conspiracy prior to that scene had set the minds of the audience at rest and they went through the painful scene with a sense of assurance that all would be well at the end. This is how Shakespeare maintains the sway of the comic spirit over the minds of the audience even when they traverse this tragic region of the play. If Dogberry and Verges had not been the fools that they were, with the plenitude of their bungling stupidity, they would have been able to couch their report to Leonato in sensible words. But this would have rung down the curtain bringing the play to an abrupt close. Therefore, it is difficult to accept Coleridge's view, "Dogberry and his comrades have been forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchman and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action".

Much Ado About Nothing is a remarkable comedy of Shakespeare for his creation in it of this exquisite Dogberry. It has another striking feature which makes the play a signal proof of the alchemy of Shakespeare's comic spirit—its capacity to convert a thing of sorrow into a source of pleasure. It is a triumph of Shakespeare's indomitable gaiety to have completely subdued the tragic impression of the Hero-Claudio story, borrowed by him from an Italian source, perhaps inadvertently, for the purpose of writing this comedy. "This is no stuff for a comedy", as one critic has rightly observed. But nothing daunted, Shakespeare, fullly confident of his inexhaustible and irrepressible comic spirit, created an adequate antidote to the tragic effects of his borrowed tale in the shape of the oblique love-making of Benedick and Beatrice with their merry quarrel, thinly hiding their real attachment to each other. The fun provided by the comic bickerings of Benedick and Beatrice is enriched by the comic contribution of the Dogberry and Verges episode, also an original conception of Shakespeare. Stopford Brooke aptly observes, " What is sad in the play

is from Italy, what is gay is from Shakespeare."

Beatrice, the heroine of the play, is a perfect embodiment of the Shakespearian comic spirit. She says of herself : "I was born to speak all mirth and no matter".

Don Pedro, who describes her as "a pleasant-spirited lady" tells her, "You were born in a merry hour".

To this Beatrice replies, "No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born."

We can very well feel that Shakespeare's Comic spirit too was born under a star that danced.

Beatrice is a unique combination of gaiety and seriousness. When she found her cousin Hero belied she rose to the height of the occasion by dropping her fun and frolic and applied herself to a vindication of Hero's innocence. But in her normal character she gives a living shape to Shakespeare's comic spirit that thrills in joy in every circumtance and fully realizes what Browning says in his *Saul*:—

How good is man's life, the mere
living ! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and
the senses in joy !

The presentation in a single character of gaiety, an essential element of Shakespearian comic spirit, is to be found in Beatrice. The embodiment of that spirit in an entire play is furnished by *As You Like It*. In this play in particular the large-hearted and all-embracing comic spirit of Shakespeare finds its fullest expression. The central theme of the play, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," is represented by the contented Duke with his happy attendants in banishment, living a life of supreme bliss in the Forest of Arden, a symbol of that happy world 'free from envy and malice,' that makes up the Shakespearian comic world. The play dramatizes

in the most telling way the essence of Shakespeare's comic spirit. It is a spirit of tolerance and cheerful acceptance of the serverest odds of life. The Senior Duke, the hero of *As You Like It*, is a perfect embodiment of the phase of infinite tolerance and patience which is an important aspect of the Shakespearian comic spirit. The Senior Duke is, as it were, the exponent, both in words and in pracctice, of Shakespear's comic spirit that cannot be repressed by any circumstance.

Gordon observes: "To speak of a master-key of any kind to Shakespeare is probably presumptuous; but if a key must be found at any rate to Shakespear's daily life, I find it preferably in his comedies."

Bradley asks which of Shakespeare's plays contains not necessarily the fullest picture of his mind—but the truest expression of his nature, of his habitual daily temper? He answers: "*As You Like It*."

We have discussed so far the group of Shakespeare's 'sunny comedies', as they have been called—*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Twelfth Night, As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing*. We may now pass on to the other batch of Shakespear's comedies, usually designated Dark Comedies—*Measure for Measure, All's Well that ends Well, Troilus and Cressida.* In the sunny comedies we witnessed Shakespear's successful quest of the comic in the light and frivolous follies of man. The same comic spirit that brightens up, as with the rays of the sun, the dark spots of the picture in these sunny comedies, prevails in these 'dark comedies' also. Here too we find a remarkable evidence of the alchemy of Shakespeare's comic genius springing out of a basic generosity and indomitable optimism ingrained in Shakespeare's mind and reflected in his art. We find in this a justification of the observation of A. W. Pollard,: "One of the impressions about Shakespeare which has been strongly forced on me, is that he was all of one piece. He developed, but in his development he cast nothing away. His attitude

towards life deepened, but his outlook remained the same". In the 'Dark Comedies' we do not find an abandonment of the Shakespearian comic spirit but rather a bolder adventure of that spirit to emerge unscathed out of the graver faults of human conduct and character than those in the sunny comedies. The Dark Comedies are also called problem plays. Shakespeare's own problem in these plays is a search for the comic in a most unpromising field the seamy side of human nature. The search for the comic in the world of the sunny comedies with its trivial faults and follies was easy and simple in comparison with the strenuous effort in the Dark Comedies to suck pleasure from a gloomy world with its vicious and loathsome exhibitions of the baser impulses of man. It is an endeavour to pluck grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. The only change in Shakespeare's comic spirit that we notice in these 'dark comedies' from its counterpart in the 'sunny comedies' is that Shakespeare's mood is now grave and serious. As Tillyard puts it, "Shakespeare here is in a mood of uncommon abstraction and speculation". The mood of these plays is thoughtful by the very nature of their theme. But the plays strike the same note as the sunny comedies—the note of tolerance and optimism.

The prime source of the Shakespearian comic spirit is a sympathetic attitude towards the mistakes and errors of men. It proceeds from an adoption of the Biblical injunction, "Judge not lest ye be judged." The idea is thus put into the mouth of Hamlet :—

> Use every man after his desert, and who would escape whipping?

In the central play of this group of Dark Comedies, *Measure for Measure*, which has been described by Walter Pater as the repository of Shakespeare's moral judgments, we find this basic principle of the Shakespearian comic spirit thus set forth by Isabella when she seeks a pardon from Angelo for her brother's crime :

> How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment should
> But judge you as you are ? O, think over that,
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made.

Isabella also utters the other cardinal principle of the Shakespearian comic spirit—the need for charity and kindness in man's dealings with man:—

O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Man's abuse of power and authority in his treatment of his fellow-men has found a classic expression also on Isabella's lips:

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence like an angry ape,
Plays such fantanstic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

The thought that we are all frail and have, therefore, no moral right to condemn the faults of others, which we all share, is thus put by Isabella. She tells Angelo who has sentenced her brother to death for sensuality:

Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what
it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Angelo did knock at his own heart and discovered in it in a much viler form the very same passion for which he had sentenced Isabella's brother to death. He exclaims:

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves.

He realizes by his own experience the truth that "to err is human" and states categorically:—

We are all frail.

This is, in brief, the watchword of Shakespearian comedy.

In *All's Well that ends Well* we hear that same note of charity, kindness and love. The ending of the play exposes the evil-doers but justice is seasoned with mercy. Parollas, 'a very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness,' claims:

> There's a place and means for every man alive.

This is the motto of Shakespearian comedy that is sounded in *Twelfth Night* in Sir Toby's challenge on behalf of cakes and ale.

Lafen, an old Lord whose instincts of tolerance and humanity have been strengthened by the experience of years, assures Parolles:

> Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat.

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have expression of the principle of social amity underlying the Shakespearian comedy, in the mouth of Ulysses, the wise man of the play. He says:

> Value dwells not in particular will;
>
> ……
>
> No man is the lord of anything, though in and of him there
> be much consisting, till he communicate his parts to other.

Troilus and Cressida strikes the note of optimism, the resonant note of Shakespearian comedy. Troilus, the victim of the spell of Cressida's infatuation in the beginning of the play, recovers completely at the end, from his debilitating frenzy and becomes the most heroic fighter for the Trojan cause, "manly as Hector, but more dangerous".

The ultimate note that these so-called dark comedies strike is the comic note of tolerance, love and hope, and not the gloomy note of vexation or despair. The sunny and the dark comedies together embrace the whole of life and over them both shine the cheering rays of joy and love.

Shakespeare's comic spirit achieves a greater triumph in the dark comedies, for here it boldly catches hold of the darkest traits of human nature, gleans out the inherent goodness of man and emphasizes the view that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil." He presents most realistically the web of our life as a mingled yarn, good and ill together. But he impresses upon us the heartening sense that it is a beautiful pattern in which the good outshines the evil.

In Shakespeare's last play, *The Tempest*, we have a glorious consummation of the Shakespearian comic spirit. Prospero's heavenly forgiveness of his treacherous brother and his faithless enemy is urged by a profoundly humane sentiment:

> Though with their wrong I am
> struck to the quick,
> Yet with my nobler reasons 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part: the rare action is
> In virtue than in vengeance.

This strikes us as Shakespeare's final summing up. Prospero has been not inaptly identified with Shakespeare himself. Whether or not Prospero is Shakespeare, Prospero is certainly Shakespeare's ideal man, embodying the essence of the Shakespeare's fundamental outlook on men and things, his philosophy of life.

If Shakespeare's plays have any moral for us, it is the grand moral of the inevitable redemption of man and the supreme need of man's reconciliation with the conditions of his life, irrespective of the circumstances in which he may be placed.

Shakespeare's entire drama is informed by a total love of life. We have seen how in his comedies, of both the bright and the dark category, as well as the romances typified by *The Tempest*, an unconquerable spirit of love and hope and joy, which can all be appropriately subsumed under the label, "the Shakespearian comic spirit," so alter the angle of vision and enlarge the landscape

as to induce in us the faith that life means well and is perfectly worth living.

The basic optimism that pervades the comedies and romances of Shakespearian drama also shapes and colours his tragedies. All the types of Shakespearian drama, comedies. romances and tragedies, are closely inter-related because through them runs the central bond of the Shakespearian comic spirit Tillyard has pointed out to us convincingly that the romances supplement the tragedies. The tragic pattern traced by Tillyard in Shakespeare is a process of resistance to adverse circumstance, suffering and loss and ultimate reconciliation. There is reconstruction after the disintegration. At the end of the play we witness the sublime sight of the tragic hero's redemption. by the side of which his error and crime and suffering that he has passed through pale into insignificance. Macbeth is transformed by his crime and suffering from the gross materialist who would. for the sake of his earthly prosperity, "jump the life to come," into a clear-eyed philosopher who realizes the truth that life is "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Othello emerges out of his fatal error and insane crime of killing his innocent wife with a deeper love for her than he ever had. His love comes out as pure gold as a result of its smelting in the fire of his tragic fate. The deeper springs of high seriousness which were lying inactive in the jovial and optimistic prince are opened up by the shock of a mother's fall and an uncle's crime and we have before us the magnificent Hamlet realizing so early in life the tragic truth that "the time is out of joint," that frailty is the basic trait of human nature. In an idealistic frenzy he discards the object of his youthful love, but when she dies, Hamlet discovers in the light of the catastrophe how deeply he loved her, that "forty thousand brothers' love could not make up his sum." The death of Cordella is only an instrument of the redemption of Lear. It transforms Lear the proud king into Lear the loving father ; or, rather, restores the father by freeing him from the obsession of royal pride. Do-

ver Wilson aptly observes: "The Lear that dies is not a Lear defiant, but a Lear redeemed. His education is complete, his regeneration accomplished."

Thus the motto of the Senior Duke, the hero of the most typical of Shakespeare's comedies, *As You Like It,* also applies to the tragedies of Shakespeare. Here too he conveys to us the cheering message that nothing in life, not even the severest blow of adverse fate, is without its use or value, and there is no reason why we should not be perfectly reconciled to life.

Thus the operation of Shakespeare's comic spirit is traceable through the entire Shakespearian drama. This common feature of his diverse plays unifies them all into an artistic expression of a single master-mind and master-spirit.

What T. S. Eliot observes about art generally is particularly appicable to Shakespeare:

> "It is ultimately the function of art, in imposing a credible order upon ordinary realitv, and thereby elicing some perception of an order in reality, to bring us to a condition of serenity, stillness and reconciliation."

I would cite at the end the famous lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox which echo the voice of Shakespeare's comic spirit:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and weep alone;
For the sad world must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

KASHMIRI POETRY
(Some forms and themes)

J. L. KAUL

I

I said yesterday[1] how very grateful I was to the University authorities and, in particular, to Mr. Vice-Chancellor for doing me the honour of asking me to deliver these extension lectures. Today I have a greater reason to be thankful, not only because I am on surer ground this afternoon in regard to what I am to speak as one who is to the manner born; but that, Kashmiri has been given the status of being lectured on, so to say, from a University Chair. I believe that the University also has a reason to feel satisfied, for lectures on Kashmiri language and literature (and I would plead for lectures also on the literature Kashmiris produced during the Classical Sanskrit and Medieval Persian periods of history)—these lectures, particularly on Kashmiri, will justify the University's qualitative individuality.

I miss very sadly here today a friend and college-mate of mine, who later became the first Deputy Registrar of this University, the late Pirzada Ghulam Rasool. In the last thirties, I remember how he, with the authority and familiarity of an old college friend, dealt me a mild rebuke: "Why, what has happened to you, Kaul? We expected better from you than this exhuming of old forgotten songs of our language which we never cared for. And, anyway, what's there to it?" What is there to it? Even apart from considering and evaluating what there is in Kashmiri, we educated

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[1] 15th October: Lecture on "Time in English Literature", published in the last issue.

Kashmiris, let it be said with a sense of shortcoming in us (I am using the mildest word I can find), often ignore that it is our mother tongue. Language, some of us wrongly suppose, is a mere dress or a vehicle of thought. Language is really the flesh-body of thought which cannot be separated from it. If our flesh-body dies, we die too; and if language is weak, thought will inevitably be poor. If the language is not our own, our thought will normally be imitative and second-hand. Most educated Kashmiris of today have to go without the intimate revelations of the poetry native to them, the poetry which alone could (their knowledge of foreign and other Indian languages notwithstanding) vibrate the strings of their heart with the incantation of its verse, its music and meaning; and they have to wean themselves away from the intimate sympathy which it alone could quicken within them and bind them with the life and people around. A poor life this!

Anyway, what is there to it? That is the question I am attempting to answer this afternoon. But, I hope, it will be granted me that I cannot review the whole of our literature or all its literary art-forms. I shall confine myself strictly to the limited scope of the subject I have chosen. I do hope, however, that even this sketchy and not very competent review will show that, if we compare our effort (the effort really of our women and villagers, for it is to them that we entrusted for too long our literature for whatever they could do with it)—if we compare it with what was done in many other literatures at the comparable stage of neglect or, if you will, development, we have little reason to fight shy of it. And more. There are a few things (I will not say many) in our poetry, even as it is, that will compare favourably with what has been done elsewhere in the same genre.

II

For sometime now we have recognized four main

periods of our literature, excepting the period in which we are now. I may here utter a word of caution known to every student of literature. Literary movements do not blaze forth or fade out all on a sudden They go on not only when revolt against a particular tradition is brewing, but also even after it has succeeded in overthrowing it. Literary movements really dovetail one into another. Therefore I mean nothing more by this datewise division (and others could be suggested) than a division of convenience for dealing with the subject in historical perspective. These period-wise divisions are:

I. upto 1555, when Sultan Habib Shah, last of the Sultans of Kashmir and of Shah Mir dynasty was dethroned, and Ghazi Chak ascended the throne.

II. 1555 to 1752, that is, from the coming of the Chaks to the time when Ahmad Shah Durrani conquered Kashmir, and ended the Moghal rule which had followed the rule of Chaks.

III. 1752 to 1925—a long period—which can be divided into three sub-periods:

- (a) 1752 to 1846, that is, from the coming of the Afghans to the coming of the Dogras, ending the short Sikh rule which had followed the rule of the Afghans.
- (b) 1846 to 1885, that is, the reign of the first two Dogra Maharajas, Gulab Singh and Ranbir Singh.
- (c) 1885 to 1925, the reign of Pratap Singh till his death.

IV. 1925 to 1947, from the death of Pratap Singh to the coming of Independence.

V. 1947 onwards, that is, the present period.

In the first period we have Shiti Kantha's *Mahaanav Prakaash*, Lal Dyad's and Shekh Noor-ud-Din Wali's *Waakh*, and Bhattaavataar's *Baanaasura Kathaa*. This is

the period of the poetical form which we call *waakh* (from Sanskrit *vaakyaani*, word). A *waakh* is mostly a 4-line stanza, complete and independent in itself, a sententious gnomic verse, mystical or didactic. Shithi Kantha's *Mahaanay Prakaash* has more linguistic and prosodic interest than literary; and its about 94 verses, each a 4-line stanza, deals with the practices of esoteric schools of the time: Here's an example:

इतयश्रोवलीन परम्पर
दीपमाला ज्ञन अन्धकार
धमित धाम उद्येत निरन्तर
दिशिशपायवतु अविकार ॥
(IX Udaya, 7th St.)

It has been noted by Sir George Grieson[2] that the language is old, and belongs to the period when Prakrit, in the Apabhramsa stage, had just merged into the language that finally became the Kashmiri of the present day. In the Kashmiri of today it would read:

yitshu'y avaliyan hu'nz paramparaa*
duu'pmaalaa zan andu'kaaras
kaa'sith, 'daam' nyarantar wwadayas yith
awikaar wwapaayich wath d'eshana yiyi

It has been one of the few fortunate events of our history that about the very first of our poets should have been Lal Dyad, (Granny Lal) affectionately so called, because after leaving her house, she wandered about the Valley in a semi-nude state, her abdomen (*lal* in Kashmiri) increasing in size and hanging loose over her pubic region. We know from her verses that she was upbraided by some and respected by others; but neither praise nor blame seemed to affect her. Moving about in a thoroughly unconventional manner, eclectic in her sayings, and even critical of orthodoxy, its dogma and ritual, and, what's more, speaking of the

secret doctrine and her experiences in a language which was neither Sanskrt nor Persian (the one having lost favour, the other not yet firmly established about the middle of the fourteenth century)—speaking in Kashmiri, the despicable native tongue of the lower classes, Lal Dyad's name does not occur in the Sanskrt histories which continued Kalhana's chronicle, those of Shrivara or, after him, of Shuka or of Praja Bhatta. It is, for the first time, in the *Twaarikh-i-Kashmir* by Khwaja Dyadamari (written about 1730 A. D. when her fame had become irresistable) that we find a mention of her:

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[2] *Memoirs*: Asiatic Society of Bengal, Vol. XI, No. 2.

* Key to pronunciation at the end.

> عارفه کامله لله مجذوبه ظهورش در زمان سلطان علاوالدین بود......
> در همان اثنا او را جذبه الهی رو داده

We are here concerned with her *Waakh* or sayings which have had a mighty hold on people's thought and affection, whether Hindu or Muslim, scholar or peasant, all alike. While she continued the tradition of the indigenous Shaiva philosophy of Trika Monism, she gave expression to it not only in a popular form in which people could understand it but, much more significantly, in the real language of the people themselves. Perhaps, for the first time in the history of Kashmir were mystical truths and the disciplines relevant to their realization made available to the people, then mostly unlettered here as elsewhere in the world, in the language they spoke and not in Sanskrt which much fewer people could understand. It is however not the abstruse truths of philosophy nor the discipline of vital airs, of *Kundalini* and *Nada-Binda* Yoga, that made her the poet-saint of the people. It is rather the intensity of conviction and faith, the stamp of genuine mystic experience, the authenticity of her poetic expression, and the energy of idiom and terse homely imagery, unsurpassed till the present day, that give her verse-sayings a lasting eminence both in the people's minds and in the literature of Kashmir. Her sayings have become current coin even in the speech of today and retain freshness of appeal. In her verses we find a

passionate apprehension of mystical truths which is the mark of a God-realized saint. There is little sentimental and didactic moralising which marks the sayings of less surer mystics Moreover, she rebelled against hypocrisy, the outword observances of orthodox ritualism of the time and its exclusiveness. Let me illustrate :

1. diva wat’aa diwur wat’aa
    pyat’ha bwana chhuy yeeka waat’h
pooz kas karakh hot’ha bat’aa
    kar manas ta pawanas sangaat’th

2. naaba’dy-baaras at’a-gand’ d’yol gom
    dyan-kaar ho’l gom hyaka kahyoo
gwara-sund wanun raawan tyo’l pyom
    pahali-ro’st khyo’l gom hyaka kahyoo

3. aami pana so’dras naavi chyas lamaan
    kati bozi day myon me’-ti diyi taar
aamyan t’aakyan pony zan shamaan
    zuv chhum bramaan gara gatshahaa’

4. po’t zooni wo’thith mo’t bolanovum
    dag lalanaa’vu’m dayi-su’nza prahey
la’ly la’ly karaan laala vuzanovum
    meelith tas man shrotsyom dahey

5. Lal bo’ loosu’s tshaaraan ta gaaraan
    hal me’ ko’rmas rasa-nishi ti
vuchhun hyo’tmas taad’y d’eet’hymas baran
    me’ ti kal ganey-yi zi zogmas ta’ty

6. she’ wan tsat’ith shyashi-kal wuzu’m
    prakrath ha’nzum pawana suu’tee
lolu’ki naara waa’linj buzu’m
    Shankar lo’bum tamiy suu’tee

1. The idol and the temple are but stone,
stone they are and nothing more.
O silly Pandit, whom does thou worship ?
Unite thy mind and breath in Him alone.

2. The candy-load upon my back has gone loose,
my day’s work has gone awry, ah me !
My guru’s word, like a blister, has pained my heart,
my flock shepherdless, is gone astray, ah me !

3 With a rope of untwisted thread I tow my boat,
would God hear my prayer and bring me safe across!
Like water in cups of unbaked clay I waste away,
ah, how I long to reach my home!

4. "When the moonlight ended with the dawn,
Mind of her self with illusion mad,
Lalla to the love of God had drawn,
Soothing the pain that had made her sad:

Cried to her Beloved: It is I,
Lalla, Lalla, that awakens Thee:
Buried in the crystal lake doth lie
All the defilement that darkened me"[3]

5. Searchidg and seeking Him I Lalla, wearied myself,
and even beyond my strength I strove;
then, looking for Him, I found the doors
closed and latched.

This deepened my longing and stiffened my resolve;
and I would not move from where I was,
with love and longing, looking out for Him.

6. I cut my way through the six Forests,
when light shone forth from the Awakened Moon.
I controlled the vital Airs and Prakriti froze
and shrank.

Then I parched my heart in the fire of love,
and thus came to Shanker, the Supreme Self.

We note, in these and other *waakhs*, the variety of rhyme-schemes, *abab*, *abad*, *abcb*, or no rhyme at all. The metre is qualitative stress accent, four accents to each line generally, and not a strict short and long quantity measure. This is so also with the *waakh* of her younger contemporary, Shekh-ul-aalam, Shekh Noor-ud-lin Wali (popularly known as Nund Ryo'sh) of Tsraar-I-Shareef. It is time somebody did for his *waakh* what Grierson has done for Lal Dyad's so that we could have a definitive edition of his verse sayings. What we know of them, however, is enough to vouch for saying that his *waakh*, more didactic in tone and content than Lal Dyad's, have enriched our language with wise

saws and pithy sayings that have become proverbial as, for instance,

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[3] Translation of verse 4 is by Sir Richard Temple.

Poshinool poshi vaariy gaaraan
mwagul gaaraan huniy vaas
shaa'j shinyaalay gaaraan
khar gaaraan guh lyad ta sass.

The oriole seeks out a flower garden;
The owl seeks out a deserted spot,
The she-jackal searches dreary wastes,
The donkey searches dung and dirt.

but he could also be piercingly intense:

a'shk chhuy kun gobur maaji marun
swa zwala kari ta kihay
a'shk chhuy gunatularyav paan barun
su swakha rozi ta kihay
a'shk chhuy ratajaama tani paa'raavun
su aah kari ta kihay.

Love is death of an only son to a mother—
Can she have any sleep?
Love is venemous stings of a swarm of wasps—
Can the victim have any rest?
Love is wearing a robe dripping with blood—
Can the wearer utter a sigh?

Bhattaavataar's *Baanaasura Kathaa* (discovered in the Bhandarkar Oriental Library, Poona) is, as the author tells us, based on the romance of Usha and Anirudha narrated in the *Harivamsha Puraana*; but we must await a properly edited publication of it before we can assess its linguistic worth and literary merit. It is the first secular poem that can be dated, having been written in the reign of Sultan Zainul-Abidin Badshah (1420-1470 A. D.) Here is a specimen:

जैननि पाने विमले राज्ये षड्विंषे वर्षे कतकिय ।
दिव सरस्वत पूजेत आज्ये हरिवंशास अन्धर वंथिय ॥

The same must be said of Ganaka Prashasta's *sukha-*

ya’mi da’ryyaawa a’sy paa’daa gay
layi roz tamikuy may aaparay

" vajalnaa minalmaa-i kul shayin hay "
hay tavay t’at’hyom paanay day

keyntsav pyaala chay payaapay
kentsan chawaan sapuduy tay
kenh gav taari ta kentsan chhu say
hay tavay t’ot’hyom paanay day

I surrendered completely to love,
and God is pleased with me.

Be true in love and you will be given
a taste of the wine which fills the River of Life
that brought us hither ; from whose waters
God hath made every living thing

Some drink cup after cup unceasingly ;
some, in the very act of drinking, attain to the Goal ;

some wait and they still have hope ;
some wait and wait, unavailingly.

The chief contribution of this period is, however, a new kind of song which tells of secular human love. This is the *lol* lyric, a song set to music, wherein the poet sings of his *lol*, a Kashmiri word signifying an untranslatable complex of love, longing and a tugging at the heart. The *lol* lyric is a short poem, an utterance of a single mood, rarely in more than six or ten lines, including the refrain. It is a thing of music, a very melodious music, with its end-rhymes and medial rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and assonances that come naturally as the very stuff of the language which has a high proportion of vowels and semi-vowels to its consonants, and in which aspirates, gutterals and harsh consonants are rare. There is a looseness and a flexibility of rhythm as in the verse of Lal Dyad, and the metre is not yet made to fit in quite within the precision of Persian quantitative pattern. It is not an intellectual lyric, it states no theme. It is written as

dukhacharitam, a Kashmiri didactic poem an the art of happy living, the manuscript of which, also discovered at Poona, is still not available to us.

III

We come now to the second period, 1555 to 1752. During this period Persian is firmly established not only as the official language but also as the language of literature, and talented Kashmiris turn to it for giving expression to their thoughts and feelings. Maulana Shekh Yakoob Sarfi Ganai (1522–1594) produced his encyclopaedic work during this time; and to this time belong also Mirza Akmal-ud-Din Kamil, the author of *Bahar-ul-Irfaan*, a Persian masnavi of 80,000 couplets, and Khawaja Habib Ullah Nawsheri (1555–1617), who wrote treatises on mysticism. While these substantial products of mind find expression in Persian, songs continue to be written in Kashmiri. Many of these songs are mystical in the *waakh* style. This for instance :

ye'my ko'r sara panun paan
mas baanan t'haan mutsaraa'vith gav
chhiv lagyas hosh nashas
mashas pananuy paan
na su zaani he'ndy wwapath
na su musalmaan.

Whosoever realizes his own true self,
uncovers the vessels of wine,
overflows with joy, is intoxicated,
and forgets his lower self.
He will not know a Hindu
or a Musalman.

But in many other songs there appears a pronounced change. They become longer in the length of the line and the number of lines, and a refrain is added to them as, for instance, in this poem ascribed to Khwaja Habib-Ullah Nawshehri.

a'shku'ni maa'daana traavyaam hay
hay tavay t'ot'hyom paanay day

though to relieve the mind in song and to find

> " ....a very echo to the seat
> where love is throned."

And, as in the *braja* tradition, it is the woman that is the lover and seeks to give utterance to her love. She sings of love in many moods: the spring is come, the flowers are in bloom, and the kokil (turtle-dove) and tiriv (bush-chat) are here but 'where are you?'

ranga ranga saa'ry gul aay
madano kati chaa'ny jaay
raa'naa zeybaa gulaab aay
shab-boy maa'nziposh swanaposh draay
kaaripa'ty ta so'mbulan ka'r graay
madano kati chaa'ny jaay

Flowers have bloomed in all their hues,
Love where are you?
The rose has come, graceful and lovely,
the tuberose, the balsam, and the *sonaposh* have come out,
the larkspur and the hyacinth have burst daintily into bloom,
Love, where are you?

OR

la'j phulay andwanan
tse' kanan go'ynaa myon
la'j phulay kolasaran
wwaathoo neeryan khasu'wo
pho'j yosman andwanan
tse' kanan goynaa myon

The distant meadows are in bloom
hast thou not heard my plaint?
Flowers bloom in mountain lakes,
come, let us to mountain meads,
The lilac blooms in distant woods,
hast thou not heard my plaint?

Then the long long waiting till the days drag; but he do

not come and the yearning deepens:

kukiley puu'ry kawa traa'with kwalaraadan
dukaley wwandi myon gaw
me' kaley chaaney braa'nty gaa'mo naadan
aadanbaaji myaani yaaro wey
tseynto lad'ury posh pho'ly kwalaraadan
az chhum aadan vaatahamay
dihamay darshun sar vanday paadan
aadanbaaji myaani yaaro wey

Like a kokil-dove you moved along the wandering rills,
and distraction filled my heart.
Beguiled by love, I fancied you were calling me,
My Love, Companion of my Youth!
Think of the flower bloom along the rivulet banks,
this is the time I look for you,
this is the time for you to come.
O, were you to come, what would I not do for you?
I would lay down my life for you,
My love, Companion of my Youth!

Then comes the questioning and doubting of Love's fidelity, and wailing and lamenting. It is true that we find little abandon to joy, sensuous or supernal, and little gaiety of tone in these songs. They usually sing of absence and separation and even infidelity; but some of them can be very lovely, as lovely, as such songs and airs can be. This delicate song for instance:

myaani madan hiyo hiyo
chham chaa'ny laadan
haa yiyo yiyo
darshun diyo diyo
chham chaa'ny laadan
aadana tse'y suu'ty karyaam vaaday
vaada kawa d'o'lham piyo piyo
chham chaa'ny laadan

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine,
I long for thee.
Come, O come,
and show thyself;
I long for thee.
I plighted, when young, my troth to thee,
why didst break thy troth, O sweet, O dear?
I long for thee.

OR, this one, more substantial but equally musical:

> yaam hoori me' t'oori tsandun mo'loomay
> taamath tso'loomay yaar ve'see
> dapyaam aagas bo' roshi zaagas
> laagas bo' sheyri hee
> wwandu'kis baagas poshaah pho'loomay
> taamath tso'loomay yaar ve'see
>
> Hardly had I, a budded houri, bathed me in sandal-oil,
> when Love deserted me and went away.
> Methought I would lie in wait for him,
> with jasmine to crown his head;
> a rare flower had bloomed in the garden of my heart—
> when Love deserted me and went away.

I would quote many more of these songs which I love and which, in a sense, are typically Kashmiri. These songs are now dead. They are no longer written. Most of them are of unknown authorship and have come down to us by word of mouth and oral tradition; while many of them are found recorded, interspersed, among Persian songs and ghazals, in the manuscripts of *mausiqis* or songs set to music, with appropriate directions of *raag* and *taal* and *muqaam*. Two famous writers of these *lol*-lyrics are undoubtedly women. Haba Khatoon, who lived in the sixteenth century and romantically became the spouse of the last Chak King, Yusuf Shah, conquered and exiled by Akbar; and A'rnimaal, the disappointed spouse of the talented author of Persian *bahari taveel*, Munshi Bhawani Das, who lived later, in the Afghan times.

IV

The third period is a prolific period, and I can only briefly dwell upon the new forms that poetry took. We find that Kashmiri literary men, albeit of countryside mostly, begin to own their native tongue and use it for poetical compositions, closely modelling their verse, however, on Persian. Kashmiri verse loses its looseness and flexibility and the metre is now more correct and strait-laced, and the language is, inevitably, full of Persian words and phrases, not always fully assimilated. These poets imitate the Persian *masnavis* and write their narrative poems in couplets employing Persian *bahar*, mostly *bahar-i-hazaj*. This, in itself, would be a gain, not a loss, for, being a sweet language and the language of polite courtly culture, Persian lends itself easily and musically to a welding with Kashmiri. But we find poets borrowing wholesale not only epithets and phrases, often stale enough, but also hackneyed imagery and conceits and hyperbole of decadent Persian poetry. The Kashmiri poet now turns to old Persian themes of legend and story and history, to Shirin and Farhad, Laila and Majnoon, Wamiq and Uzra, Sohrab and Rustum. Of the first sub-period of this long period, from 1752 to 1846, the chief poets are Mahmood Gaami and Prakash Ram of Kurygom. Of the second viz ; 1846 to 1885, the chief poets are Paramanand and Maqbool Shah; while during the third sub-period, 1885 to 1925, we have Rasool Mir, Abdul Wahab Parey and Krishna Razdan. There were many more, some of whom will find their name and works mentioned in a history of Kashmiri literature; but I must pass them over, concerned as I am only with the main forms and themes of poetry.

This is the age of metrical romance, when stories or legends of love and adventure are poetized. Many tried their hand on this type of verse composition, and sometimes two or more poets wrote on the same theme and story. Here is a short list: *Sri Ramavtaar Charit* by Prakash Ram; *Sri Krishnavtaarlila* by "Dinanatha"; *Guli Bakaavali* by Hakeem Iblee Shekh; *Wamiq Uzra* by Peer Muhammad Saif-ud-Din ; *Heemal* by Waliullah Mottoo; *Gulrez* by Maqbool Shah Kraalawaa'ry ; *Kraalakoor* by Peer Ghulam Mohy-ud-Din; *Guli Bakaawali* by Lassa Khan; *Qissa-i-Swandar Paree*, *Jauhari Ishq*, *Mumtaaz-o-Benazeer*. and *Rauzat-ush-Shuhuda* by Azizullah Haqqani; and *Yusuf Zulaikha*, *Laila wa Majnoon*, *Shirin-o-Khusrau*, *Harun-ur-Rashid*, *Shekh San'an* by Mahmood Gaami. And many more,

too many to mention here. Mention may be made, however, of (1) Lachman Bhat's *Nala-Damayanti*; (2) of *Akanandun* by various authors (e. g. Saif-ud-Din, Wali-ullah Mottoo, and, in our times, by Samad Meer) and in various styles, treating of a local version of a similar theme as that of Abraham-and-Isaac story which has somehow caught the imagination of the people here; (3) Krishna Razdan's *Siva Parinaya*; and (4) of Abdul Wahab Parey, who was a voluminous writer and who, besides 700 and odd ghazals wrote *Qissa-i chahaar Darwesh*, *Qissa-i-Bahram Gor*, *ahlaabnaama*, *Haft Qissa-i-makar-i-zan*, and, lastly, a translation of *Shahnaama*, to mention only one of the many translations of his from Persian into Kashmiri. In the masnawi couplet form have also been written *Hamd*, *Naatishareef*, and *Mojizaati Hazrat Rasool-i-Akram* (on whom be peace!). Also in this form have been written several elegies on the martyrdom of Hazrat Hussain (of blessed memory!); and some comic-satires like Maqbool Shah's *Greestnaama*, and *Peernaama*, and Khalil Shah's *malanaama*. And often, interspersed among these masnavi narratives, we find ghazals and songs and, what equally distinguishes them from the Persian masnavis, also change in metres as, for instance, in Mahmood Gaami's *Yusuf Zulaikha* and in Maqbul Shah's *Gulrez*.

Gulrez has deservedly become popular; and it is one of the few masnavis that will live; for most other masnavis, if they have any life at all, will live as curiosities of literature and only in fragments as anthology pieces. *Gulrez*, however, has more or less equal merit throughout, and it gives us a passionate portrayal of love, the effect of which is, at places, heightened by the descriptions of the scenes of nature. It is a barrowed theme from Persia about Ajab Malik and Noshlab; but I have failed to find if there is any poem on this story in Persian. It appears that the story came to Kashmir by oral communication. *Gulrez* seems therefore to be an original work and not a translation, nor adopted from or based upon a Persian model. Here are specimens of our masnavi style at its best:

(a) This one is from Prakash Ram's *Sri Ramaavtaar Charit* :

> he'chhith boozith wuchhith laagun pozyaa o'n
> pha'lis chhuy hyo'l he'lis chhuy saa'mpu'naan go'n
> panun dam chhuy ga'neemath boz yih ru'ts kath
> chhuh broont'yum bront'h rozaan chhuy pa'tyum path
> zu'h do'h sontu'ny gaa neemath chhiy jawaano
> wawakh yiy tiy tsu'h lonakh yaari- jaano......
> kadu'r ye'my zon paanas nishi yiman dwan
> suh yo'dway aasi sha'stu'r saa'mpu'nyas swan.

And (b) this one is from Makbool Shah's *Greest-naama* :

> sazowul yo'd yiyakh tas bront'ha neyran
> dinas dag mwa'th ta pyat'hakani jaay sheyran
> ga'ndith guly rozu'nas phwarmaan bardaar
> pathar vas guri, saathaah be'h, ma saa' maar
> tse' chhuy naa koor go'bruy son aa'yut
> vuchhaan aa'sy raath a'sy Bhat'h vaati maa yo't...
> yiyakh ye'li doori peer d'eyshinas yaam
> nyabar aa'sith atsan gaanas andar taam
> shuryan baa'tsu'n dapan to'hy vaara vuchhtav
> be'shoonkuy wuchhzi a'ty chhaa kina syo'duy gav...
> go'mut vay tshaand'aney bab dyad ga'mu'ts wan
> baban subahan dapyaanas zinyge'd'aah an.

Now, let us compare these with Mahmood Gaami's *Yusuf Zulaikha* :

> hamd beyhad naat-i Ahmad har saheefas ibtidaa
> roz damaah soz a'shykun boz ay mardey khudaa
> paadshaahaah kajkulaahaah os shaharey magribas
> aa's kooraah khaasa ta'mysu'y Beeb Zulaikhaa naav tas
> say Zulaikhaa aa's zeybaa dilphireybaa zoon zan
> seena saaph aa'yeenakhwata os tas roshan badan
> naar-i pistaan raahatey jaan aa'sy tas rwapa su'ndy qabah
> d'e'yshivu'nvan kreyshivu'nyan aa'sy pheraan dil dubah
> tath mulookas tahanz hish soorath be'yey na kaa'nsi aa's
> satu'va'ryshee tshyata gaa'mu'ts na ta kamee vaa'nsi aa's
> khwaab d'yoot'hun akh jawaanah nundabonaah khoob roy
> os ra'naa maah jabeenaah naazneenaah mushk moy.

This last is no language, not because here are too many Persian words but because the diction is listless and stilted, artificial and imitative, not racy of the soil, and foreign words are unassimilated to the genuis of our language. I know some of us boost it up as *rekhta* but I do not regard this as a purely literary judgement. This is, however, not to belittle what we owe to Mahmood Gami. We are indebted to him for the first ghazal in our language, technically so called, also perhaps, for the first masnavi, and, but for Haba Khatoon's

"wwalo myaani poshey madano..."

Or "tsu' kamyoo swanı myaani bram dith nyoonakho..."

Or "kaa'nsi maa raa'vin shoorey paan..."

and perhaps a few more such songs attributed by long tradition to her, we owe him also the first love songs which, for want of a better word, I may call *Kaa'shur ghazal* or, perhaps better *kaa'shur geet*. The metres and and rhyme-pattern of these *geets* are various, and each unit is a stanza of three lines followed by the refrain. These *geets* were soon popular as *chhakri* songs, and continue to be so till the present day. I believe Rasool Mir is our best song writer in this form. Now man loves woman, and he is lavish, almost uninhibited in describing her charms. His ghazals have a unity of impression which was not usually to be found in the ghazals written previously. And, he may be said to have succeeded more than most of his predecessors and contemporaries in acclimatising Persian words and phrases into Kashmiri. There is, besides, a note of passion and there is spontaneity in his songs.

Taken as a whole, however, songs, and ghazals and geet, as written by the poets of this long period, are more sophisticated, and even imitative and artificial. The song has lost some of its former melody, directness, and a tender poignancy of feeling; though it has gained in richness of allusion from Persian love lore and also in sen-

suousness and ornateness.

In this very form poets now wrote their mystical songs also but much of what they wrote is unequal in merit, at its best didactic and homiletic, and at its average, sentimental, platitudinous, morbidly gloomy and even obscure. There are exceptions, however, in a few poems of Na'ma Saa'b, Swachh Kraal, Wahab Khaar, Shams Faqir, Ahmad Bat'awaa'ry and, later, in our times, of Samad Meer.

Then there is the leela-lyric which, at its best, has the rare quality (rare in Kashmiri poetry) of abandon, even ecstasy, as in Paramanand:

ye'li teyley a'ndrimi loluk sre'h
te'li meyley paanas hyuh looka sre'h
kheyli antar-baahar buka buka sre'h
chhuna parvaay geyli aalam ta lo lo.

Once awaked, love cannot be confined within,
but must ooze out and fret to find itself
without, its correspondance in the love of man
and nature, which it shall everywhere find.
Then love within shall flow without,
and gushing and gurgling in a whirligig of joy,
the bubbling founts of love shall dance and play.
Exalted thus and united with the love of all,
what cares thy devotee how the world regards
him or what it says? He is indifferent
to all its praise and blame.

Or (b) Krishna Razdan's:

Nandalal aaw gindaney raas
aara ka'ry-ve aaray...

Nandalal is come to dance,
Make a ring, make a ring.

The wild rose is aflame with love,
It has taken to the woods,
It has wandered by the brooks.
Make a ring, make a ring.

In the mansion of the body,
See, a dance is going on,
with all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring...

We may trace the origin of leela-lyric from the songs in Prakash Ram's *Shri Ramavtaar Charith*. Or, We may go even further back to Khwaja Habib Ullah Nowshehri's poem :

yaara gatshavo divayey
aashkaaraa draavayey
chhus Muhammad naawayey
"kuntu kanzan" aavayey
jalva maaraan draavayey
"nahanu aqrah" baavayey
yaara gatshavo divayey..."

The *leela*-lyric is primarily a devotional poem, saturated with mysticism. The universe exists : it is real and it is good. Indeed all manifestation is an ever-flowing of God's joy, a *lila*, a Nataraja's dance. These poems, rightly so called, do not lay stress on asceticism and aloofness from the world. They stress inwardness of experience rather than outward formalism.

Paramanand wrote three long poems; *Sudaamcharith*, *Radhaaswayamvar*, and *Sivala'gu'n*, in this very form, that is, in stanzas or units of three lines followed by a refrain, the first two lines rhyming together and the third rhyming with the refrain. By any standard, Paramanand would be a significant poet in any language. Each of his three narrative poems has the unity of a great mystical idea, the love of God for man and of man for God. The unobtrusive allegory, most unobtruding in *Sudaamcharith*, controls the various incidents and gives them a structural unity. I have no time here to dwell on this but must give a specimen of his narrative art :

bwadabror dwadatsoor draav khokhajey
goorybaayi tswapaa'ry laarani lajey
me'ti me'ti me'ti kyaah chhu baana phut'aranay...
Yashudaayi do'p yi chhum du'shiraavanay
lookabaayan nishi mandu'chhaavanay
yad'a'ba'd'ysu'y cham na yad'yivanay...
dwad chyath tsalaney lajaav Yashudaayey
laaraan tas pata thaaraan draayey
athi hyath gudom a'thy zi gand'anay...

moorathgar yas na moorath gand'ey
tas mani yas chhana doorath gand'ey
gyaan dyaan gand'anas chhina poshanay...
tas balaveeras pata pata doraan
tshala tshala tsalanay bala aayi soraan
hataba'dy atagath manz aanganay...
maa'j ye'li tha'ch aar aav santaanas
yuth bha'khtyan hund yiwaan Bhagawaanas
rat'anas paa'ny paana dith rood tanay...

He has what Jalal-ud-Din Rumi calls "the inspired speech", the quality of ecstasy of those who "break through to the oneness". It is a stray single word here and there that invests a whole passage with a mystical meaning without interfering with the flow of the narrative. He uses the native colloquial idiom with verve and effect and there is a terse pointedness and proverbial ring about numerous of his verses e. g.,

yas din tas yin toray naadas

Or, chhaav yith chika chaav baanas neyraana

Or, sheeshas ta sooras meyl chhaa
teel neyri kanimanza teyl chhaa

I may here venture to utter a note of warning against the recent tendency (following Sir George Grierson) of labelling Parmanand's and other leela poets' poetry as written in "Hindu Kashmiri" as against "Muslim Kashmiri" of our masnavis, notably of Mahmood Gaami. It is regrettable that Master Zinda Kaul should also have accepted this division of our language in his introduction to *Paramanand* Vol I. It would not be proper here to enter into a discussion of the falsity of this nomenclature, but I should like emphatically to say that to label this poetry as such and therefore to dismiss it as something irrelevant, not belonging as it were, would be doing violence with our literature and impoverishing it.

I may here also say a word about our comic-satiric ballads distinguished for homely but effective metaphor

and picturesque portrayal of the ridiculous situations in which we sometimes found ourselves when facing either the natural calamities like floods and earthquakes or the tyranny of the petty bureaucrat of the day; or when we tried to adjust ourselves to the new conditions like the Revenue settlement of Sir Walter Lawrence. Though this comic-satric verse is only minor poetry yet it is a pity that much of it (which we call *la'd'i shaah*) is lost and only stray stanzas are extant. There were however a few sustained efforts like Mulla Habib-Ullah Hakeem's *sahlaabnaama*, Nazim of Vejibror's parody on Mahmood Gaami's well-known poem beginning *rinda kitha zinda chhuk aabas suu'ty* and, in our times, a few amusing poems by Lakhman Razdan, known by his pen-name of Laala-la'khyman, particularly the one beginning

"Laala La'khyman shakhdaarey draav"

V

We now come to the fourth period, from 1925 to 1947. This is the age of Mahjoor to whom we owe a deep debt for keeping alive Kashmiri poetry at a difficult time when Urdu and English, introduced in the last decades of the 19th eentury, had ousted Persian from offices and schools and when literary creativity was at a very low ebb. He belongs to the school of Rasool Meer and shares with him the popularity of being the best writer of our Kashmiri *geet* and ghazal. He recovered much of the melody native to our language, retrieved the language itself from the false *rekhta* of our masnavis of the last century, and introduced many new themes such as *My Youth* and *The Country Lass*, and some patriotic songs, notably the famous one beginning

wo'lo haa baagwaano naw bahaaruk shaan paidaa kar
"Come Gardener, let us create the glory of a new spring".

His younger contemporary, Abdul Ahad Azad, gave

us *Shikwa–i Iblees*, which was a new thing. It was, firstly, a *nazm*, that is, a poem longer than the usual ghazal and with a unity of theme; and, secondly, the theme itself was a revolutionary one. It was a complaint of Satan questioning God's wisdom in creating the world. Ghulam Hassan Beg Arif also took up new themes, social and patriotic, and wrote *nazms* and, what is his particular contribution, the rubaiyat, most of which have the surprise of a turn or twist in meaning in the third or the fourth line. For example:

> pagaah boozum sazaah dikh soodkhaaras
> sitamgar haa'kimas sarmaayidaaras
> azyuk do'h gav ga'reebas kyut kayaamath
> adu'l pagahuk karyas kyaah swachh bichaaras
>
> Tomorrow, I have heard it said, that Thou
> wouldst punish the usurer, the tyrant bureaucrat, and the capitalist.
> What of today, which grinds the poor as if it were the judgement day ?
> What good to him Thy justice of another day ?

The modern note, in a profounder sense, was, however, sounded by Master Zinda Kaul Though it is largely mystical, what distinguishes the poetry of Masterji from the long line of Kashmiri mystical poetry is its note of searching doubt and interrogation; and what distinguishes it from the large body of modern verse is the depth of its mystical meaning. Quite a few of the small number of his poems, like *Vadihey Manush*, *Naatayaa'ree*, *Joogy*, will have a secure place in our literature. Even other peoms have the quality of vision like *Lolas Kun* (To Love), *Sumran* (The Token of Love) or *Vanan Manz Laal*, where the lover has a priceless vision of

> a mystic afflatus passing from heart to heart,
> where fleshly eyes of man intervene not
> between true lovers...The love -sick heart hath heard
> of God, but here it sees none other than Man,
> in very truth, the Formless Incarnate. Here
> it sees the self-same sap coursing through all,

and the meanest thorn yearning to be free,
to feel the largeness of the Whole, and to
become the Garden itself. Here it realized
how priceless is the heart of man, and lo!
God is love's luminous flame within
the heart; for God chose His abode in love
when man was made, and love his dwelling found
where grief was great, in the heart of sorrowing
man.

VI

Then came the Raid, and something remarkable happened. Overnight, as it were, new poets burst upon the scene with themes, understandably relevant to our life-and-death struggle, but with a rare rhetorical eloquence. Inevitably, much of what was written was, so to say, 'occasional' which could be dated; but some of the stirring songs are unforgettable like Dinanath Nadim's "I will not sing today. I will not sing today of Rose and Nightingale......" or "Beware, O War-monger!" and a fine poem on the death of a comrade[4]

Comrade!
My comrade-in-arms!
Why does not our song sound in your ears?
Tired? Why lie you down when the journey's not done?
Wherefore should you slumber when our work is just begun?
Watered with your blood, won't you see the garden bloom?
Won't you wait for a new time's dawn that'll be soon?
Is is right for the architect of future to assume
Death, my comrade—
My comrade-in-arms?

Don't I hear what you would say?
Don't I know to what you were a prey?
Chill blasts of poverty made you fade before your noon;
For medicine means money,— and your sun set soon;
But even in the claws of death you remembered
the plighted troth;

---

[4] Translated by Shri T. N. Raina of National Defence Academy, Kharakwasla, published in *the Visvabharati Quarterly.*

To the flame of new resolves you played the happy moth ;
You cannot die, for you are the beacon on our path
Forever, my comrade,—
My comrade-in-arms !

You are no more,—but what of that ?
Can fire forever slumber ?
You are no more, but your fiery emanation can never die !
It'll flower into a myriad sparks, and grow, but never die !
Dead coals, infected, will glow, and grow, but never die !
Coals glow into a blazing fire, and grow, but never die !
My lyre has caught this tune, my song this stirring theme
From you, my comrade, –
My comrade-in-arms.

Nadim and, later, Rahman Rahi and some others have been taking up new themes and experimenting with new forms : free verse, different rhyme-schemes and stanza forms ; and at their best, have enriched our poetry with new imagery. Nadim has not only written an excellent opera, *Heemal ta Naa'gyraay*, rich in symbolism, but also very successful octave-and-sestet sonnets. Just how modernist these poets can be is shown by Nadim's sonnet* beginning

"doha aki koha pa'ty zoon kha'ts tso't hish..."

The moon looked like a bun[5] as she rose behind the mountain.
She looked clouded and dull as a Pampore puttoo garment[6]
worn off threadbare and torn at the collar-band, exposing,
one after another, the spots and scars on a silvery breast.
Tired and pale she looked,
pale as a spurious silver rupee coin
palmed off upon a woman coolie
with the small change of her weekly wage.

---

* Note : In the original Kashmiri this is a sonnet with *abba abba, cdecde* rhyme-scheme.

[5] *tso't* in Kashmiri is larger but thinner than a bun.

[6] a vest or a loose garment (called phyaran in Kashmiri) of a dull grey homespun tweed made in Pampore, a village 8 miles south-east of Srinagar.

The moon looked like a bun, and the hills looked hungry.
The clouds put out the fire of the cooking-range[7] [blazing in the western skies],
when [in the east] it looked as if the wood-nymphs lit a moving cooking-stove[8]
in whose soft glow white shoots of steamed rice seemed to spring upon the hills.
Then I too whispered hope to my hungry belly;
then I too looked and looked, with a hungry look, at the moonlit sky.

Broadly speaking, Kashmiri poetry has stepped into adolescence and there are signs that it will soon come of age.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a sounds as *u* in *cup*; *aa* as *a* in *farm*.
a' sounds somewhat like *oe*, as in *a'chh* (an eye), *la'r* (a house);
aa', the long sound of *a'*, as in *aa's* (a mouth), *laa'r* (a cocumber).
i sounds as *i* in hill; *ee* as in *heel*.
u' sounds somewhat like *ui*, as in *tu'r* (a rag);
uu', the long sound, as in *tuu'r* (cold).
u sounds as *u* in *pull*; *oo* as in *pool*.
e' is a shorter sound of *e* or *ey*, as in *tre'* (three);
e or *ey*, the longer sound, sounds as *a* in *hate* or *ay* in *say*, as in *treysh* or *tresh* (thirst).
o' is a shorter sound of *o*, somewhat like *o* in *hot*, as in *ho'l* (crooked);
o or *oa*, the longer sound, sounds as *o* in *hole*, as in Kashmiri *hol* or *hoal* (despair).
ya sounds as *e* in *tell*, as in Kashmiri *tyal* (giving airs).
wa as in *dwad* (milk).
-y as in *kuly* (trees), *khaa'sy* (cups): *y* at the end of a syllable preceded by a consonant has the sound of a short *i*.
g is always hard as in *gig*; *j* as in *jest*.
ch is always soft as in *church*; chh is its aspirated form.
t' as *t* in *tin*, *t'h* as *th* in *thug*, and *d'* as *d* in *dish* (lingual sounds);
t as in French, *th* as in *thing*, and *d* somewhat as *th* in *this* (dental sound).
ts as in Kashmiri *tsoor* (a thief); *tsh* is its aspirated form, as in *tshat'h* (a draught of air).

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[7] *ga'j* in Kashmiri is a cooking-range in which fuel is burnt. The fuel is placed in the open mouth of it; and the flames blaze forth from the mouth as well as the orifices on which pots are placed.

[8] *wwathadaan* is a portable cooking-stove much smaller than a *ga'j*.

Book Reviews

The Young Lions*

Universally acclaimed as a supreme war novel, *The Young Lions* pictures a sweeping panorama of the war from both sides. Among a galaxy of characters those who really matter are a Nazi sergeant, Christian, and two Amerian soldiers, Michael and Noal. Irwin Shaw follows the destinies of these three young men from before the war upto the final encounter that leaves only one survivor in Michael.

The tenacious grip on life, the strong desire to live is as strong in Noal as in Christian. Noal survives the fateful D-Day, when the Americans, for the first time, landed their forces on the North-west coast of France, and when thousands around him were massacred by the German batteries. He survives the campaign through France, and narrowly misses being captured by the Germans. But at the closing stages of the war when Noal was already in terms of joining his wife and baby son back at home, he is killed by a bullet from Christian's machine-pistol. Christian lives through the earlier victorious German advance on Paris, and also through their inglorious retreat from North Africa, but gets killed from a grenade thrown by Michael, out of sheer desperation, at the very last moment. The remarkable thing about the dramatic exit of the two soldiers, one a Jew and the other a Nazi, is that it takes place when they were least expectiug it. Noal and Michael were out just for a stroll and Christian, most assured in his mind of having a charmed life, was making a desperate bid to fall back from the advancing American lines.

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*By Irwin Shaw (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 1949.)

The strong desire to live is not the only striking thing about Noal. Soon after he enlists as a soldier, he has to face the terrible consequences of being a hateful figure in the eyes of the men of his own company. They hate him for being a Jew, and consider him indirectly responsible for the war. But for the Jews, they think, they would be at their homes enjoying the bliss of peaceful times. This is a situation that weighs down on Noal's self-respecting mind to such a degree that he agrees to fight and actually fights, by turns, ten of the biggest bullies in the company. When that does not seem to mend matters, he decides to desert. But that plan also does not succeed and he is forced to return to his company. It is much later that Noal's comrades come to understand him better, and have a greater regard for him.

The problem of the Jews comes up again and again in the course of this novel. Even before the war, when he was a ski-instuctor in Austria, Christian is troubled by this issue. He holds quite independent views on a matter of world importance. " And about the Jews... " says he, " It is an unlucky accident. Somehow, some one discovered that that was the only way to come to power. I am not saying I like it. Myself, I know it is ridiculous to attack any race...... But if the only way you can get a decent and ordered Europe is by wiping out the Jews, then we must do it. A little injustice for a large justice."

There is also the ordinary soldier's attitude towards the war. While telling us about the uncalled-for ruthlessness of the German officers, and of the life of their wives in Berlin, about the selfishness and pettiness of officers on both sides, Irwin Shaw also relates how an average soldier from either side hates the war and yearns for times of peace, and how at the time of real danger all men rise above the levels of selfish motives, avarice and greed, how friendly and condescending they become towards each other. It seems

as if at the big moment all of them are joining hands against the common enemy, the war. " The closer they got to the front, Michael noticed, the nicer people got when they began to hear the enduring rumble of the guns, disputing over the antumnal German fields, every one seemed to speak in a low, considerate voice, every one was glad to feed you, put you up for the night, share his liquor with you, show you his wife's picture and politely ask to see the pictures of your own family. It was as though, in moving into the zone of thunder, you had moved out of the selfishness, the nervous mistrust, the twentieth-century bad manners, in which, until that time, you had always lived, believing that the human race had for ever behaved that way."

The unforgetable scenes of savage fury bring out the many-sided horrors of the war, and at the same time emphasize the futility of it all. Yet there shines through the gloom of the novel a guiding star that inspires our confidence in the basic nobility and courage of the human soul and in the eternal power of hope. Noal dies, but with the hope that when the war is over "human beings are going to be running the world."

Irwin Shaw does not turn his soldiers into superhuman or subhuman creatures. They are neither demigods nor utter savages. We see them fighting because it is their duty as soldiers, and we also see them eating, drinking and gossiping like ordinary citizens. As regards the main idea of the novel, the author may have borrowed a great deal from Ernest Flemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, but there is an atmosphere of living realism and hopefulness about *The Young Lions* that marks it off from other war novels. In fact, a critic goes so far as to say that " both in its detail and in its total range it is surely the best American war novel we have had."

—(*M. L. Pandit*)

ABOUT OURSELVES

Extension Lectures:

The following extension lectures were arranged at Jammu and Srinagar:

28 November, 1959— 1 December, 1959.

Dr. I. C. Chopra, Officer-in-charge, Drug Research Labaratory, Jammu	1) Drug Resources of Jammu and Kashmir. 2) Experimental cultivation of medical plants and introduction of exotic species in Jammu and Kashmir. 3) The role of Indian indigenous drugs in modern India.

20—22 June, 1960.

Dr. Hadi Hassan, Emeritus Professor of Persian, Muslim University, Aligarh.	1) Originality of the Indian Mind. 2) Military Strategy of the Mongols. 3) Researches in Persian Ethics.

27-29 June, 1960.

Dr. Din Dayal Verma, Professor of Hindi, Lucknow University, Lucknow.	1) Surdas, Life and Works. 2) Ashtachhapa ki Bhakti. 3) Madhya Yug ka Hindi Neeti Kavya.

Besides, on 1 June, 1960, Prof. P. N. Chaku, Secretary

to the Government, Planning and Finance Departments, gave a talk on "Indian Five Year Plans".

New Appointments:

Shri Darshan Lal Jain, M. A., has been appointed Lecturer in the Post-graduate Department of Mathematics.

Shri Harbans Lal Chowdhari, B. A. has joined the University as Assistant Registrar. He will be in-charge. of the Sub-Regiscry, Jammu.

Buildings:

The construction of the Arts Block at the University Campus has been completed. The Post-graduate departments of English, Mathematics, Hindi, and Urdu will be shifted to the new building towards the end of August.

The building of the Geology department is also ready in Jammu.

Annual Meeting of the Senate:

The annual meeting of the Senate was held at Srinagar on 2nd and 4th of April, 1960. Bakshi Ghulam Mohd., the Pro-Chanceller, presidend over the morning session on the first day and announced an increase of one lakh of rupees in the annual subsidy paid by the State to the University.

Return of Dr. M. S. Want:

Dr. Want of the Post-Graduate Department of English, who had gone to the States for study of American Literature at the University of New York, has come back and re-joined the department. He was given a travel grant by the U. S. Educational Foundation in India.

The Post-Graduate Department of English proposes to introduce a paper in American Literature for M. A. students for the Final Examination of 1961.

Arrival of Dr. Marion Taylor:

We are glad to learn that Dr. Marion A. Taylor of the University of Southern Illinois, U. S. A., arrived in Srinagar on July 30, 1960. She has been assigned as the Fulbright visiting Professor to the Department of English. She will inaugurate the teaching of the course in American literature and stay here for a term. We extend to her a hearty welcome!

THE READERS' FORUM

Humanities in a Sytem of Liberal Education.

While it is the function of scientific studies to sharpen our intellect, Fine Arts cure our ailing hearts. The nature of man is such that belief and suspension of disbelief are simultaneously suited to it. It was not only for a change over that Einstein loved playing on the violin or the ever busy Eulur had time enough to write a treatise on the theory of music. These gifted souls were also aware of the deep-rooted connection between their subject (Mathematics) and music. Granting that Arts are mainly concerned with Value and Man, and that Sciences are more concerned with the laws of Nature and other related things, yet it does not follow that they are mutually exclusive. It is essential for a good student that he takes up at least one Arts subject if he is a student of science and at least one science subject if he is a student of Arts. Many good students of science fail to make anything out of a good poem or a good painting. Personally I know of a student of science who found no marked speciality even in "Mona Lisa". Similiary many students of arts cut a sorry figure and present a picture of helplessness with regard to, may be, a simple scientific phenomenon. Such a state of affairs is disgusting. Achievements of science are as great a heritage of Man as works of pure art. And who can afford to be disinterested in his heritage during his brief sojourn here ?

It is not a matter of surprise if some foreign professors make ironic remarks about the almost total ignorance of our students about their own culture and civilization. The majority of them are science students. As a fellow student I think I must acknowledge

without dispute that a first year university student of some foreign university is much better accomplished in the essence of things than a graduate of ours. The reasons for all this have been analysed. The main hindrance, of course, is our present system of education which is too mechanical to be inspirational.

Admittedly it is foolish to seek to be a jack of all trades and master of none. One has got to specialize at one stage or the other if one is really a serious seeker after knowledge. But specialization is possible only after one has attained that absolute minimum, which must comprise of a fine blend of both arts and science.

—*(Qazi Ghulam Mohd.)*

* * *

Next Topic

The topic for discussion in the next issue will be: **"Religious Basis of Indian Life".**

Editor

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THE
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REVIEW

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THE EDITORIAL

The problem of student indiscipline, as manifested at many of the Indian Universities and colleges during recent years, has naturally been a cause of great concern and worry to all right-thinking citizens, in general, and to all those intimately connected with educational activities, in particular. Both official bodies and eminent individuals have from time to time expressed their views on the subject with force and candour. It is really a matter of great distress that, after over a decade of political independence, important educational centres should still pass through recurring phases of strikes, demonstrations, and riotous behaviour by students; that incidents of walk-outs from examination centres, assaults on teachers, improper behaviour towards women, and the like, should continue to be matters of almost routine occurrence. The seriousness of the situation may be brought home to us with considerable force when we take into consideration the fact that in most of the advanced countries of the world such phenomena are unheard of and that exhibitions of student misbehaviour are absolutely out of tune with the best traditions of our culture, religion, and civilization. The problem needs urgent and earnest attention on the part of all concerned—governmental authorities, parents, and members of the teaching profession.

It is not possible for us now to analyse all the causes of student unrest and to suggest possible suitable remedies. It will not do merely to blame the students, or the teachers, or both; nor does it help anyone to attribute these troubles to some phases of the struggle for political freedom. The malaise has much deeper roots, and remedies will be in sight only as a result of sincere heart-searchings on the part of politicians, parents, and teachers alike. Not until we are able to build up among the students a sense of faith and purpose in the task of acquiring education and to create a feeling of confidence and pride in their profession among the teachers may we turn the corner in our endeavours to staighten the present unhappy state of affairs. We feel, nevertheless, that we shall have done our duty in this behalf, in however small a measure, by drawing the attention of our readers to this most painful malady of our existing educational system.

IBN KHALDUN AND HIS THEORY OF LITERARY COMPOSITION

ASAF A. A. FYZEE

Ibn Khaldun wrote a voluminous history of the Berbers of North Africa and it is forgotten. But he affixed to it an introduction (*muqaddima*) which is rightly considered one of the gems of world literature. There was no English rendering of the *Muqaddima* so far, but as Professor F. Rosenthal has recently given us a readable and accurate translation (Routledge, 3 vols., 1958), an opportunity is afforded to make a few observations on Ibn Khaldun's theory of literary composition.

Ibn Khaldun was born in Tunis in May, 1932/ Ramadan, 732. He was descended from a Yemenite tribe of Hadramawt some of whom went to Spain and became prominent as a learned family in Seville. Later the clan was threatened by Christians and all of them left for Tunis. His grandfather, Muhammad, was a great scholar, well-versed in theology and was inclined towards mysticism. Ibn Khaldun's early childhood was spent in Tunis and he studied under some of the greatest masters of his time. He was especially proficient in the Koranic sciences and Maliki law. In accordance with the fashion of the times he was also widely read in science, logic and philosophy; and he made a special study of the practical affairs of government.

In looking at the studies and accomplishments of Ibn Khaldun, we find that his religious and legal studies were combined with a scientific background and a rational approach to the affairs of practical life. He had studied the works of the philosophers Razi, Farabi,

Avicenna and Averroes. His most distinguished teacher was Abilyy with whom he read philosophy, mathematics and logic. The character of Ibn Khaldun's studies led him to face the basic problem of Islamic thought, the tension and opposition between the approach of orthodoxy and that of the philosophers to the problems of life. It was his task to reconcile science and orthodoxy, revelation and reason; and it is to his credit that he always maintained the importance of rational inquiry.

His first appointment was with Abu Inan. The Tunisian monarch appointed him Secretary in 753/1352, but he was suspected of plotting against his master with the Hafsid prince, Abu Abdallah, and was imprisoned. On his being set free after twenty-two months, Ibn Khaldun was again suspected of ploting against the son of his former patron and supporting his exiled brother Abu Salim who later made him a judge. A little later the Ziyanid ruler, Abu Hammu, gained power and Ibn Khaldun joined him in Tlemcen. On account of further troubles he left for Granada in 764.

It will be observed that this is the first period of Ibn Khaldun's life. During the first 32 years he obtained a sound education, dabbled in politics, failed miserably and migrated to Spain. In Spain he found that Granada was an extremely cultured and prosperous city. There Ibn Khaldun tried to educate the ruler who was a tyrant, but could not succeed. He was sent on a brief mission to Seville, on the successful accomplishment of which he returned. Again there were intrigues, and Ibn Khaldun was suspected of acquiring influence over the ruler and was thus advised to retire to a fortress known as Ibn Salama. Here in exile began his famous *History*, and especially the *Introduction* in which he began to formulate his science of civilization. After a four-year stay in this fortress, in seclusion and devotion to studies, he returned back to Tunis in 780.

Back in his own land he was neither prosperous

nor successful and in 784 he sailed on a pilgrimage to Mecca but got down at Alexandria, and thus there commenced the most fruitful part of his life. His fame had preceded him and he was asked to teach at the Azhar, and the Mameluke Sultan Barquq became his patron and steadfast friend. In Egypt Ibn Khaldun lived for the next twenty-five years and became the Malikite Cadi of Egypt not less than four times. It is said that he was a puritanical, just and learned judge. Later he also travelled to Syria and met Tamerlane. The account of his meetings and conversation with Tamerlane has been translated by Fischel but it is almost certain that it is apocryphal. During the last seven years of his life he wrote his well-known *Autobiography* and died in 808/1406.

Ibn Khaldun's life may be divided into four periods. The first thirty-two years were spent in North Africa, acquiring knowledge and dabbling in politics without success. The second period was between 764 and 765 when he went on a brief visit to Spain and returned. From 766 to 784 and particularly the last four years he spent in study and began the composition of his history at the fort of Ibn Salama near Fez. And finally from 784 to 808 he lived very successfully as a judge, scholar and author in Egypt under the kindly patronage of the Mameluke Sultan Barquq.

The career of Ibn Khaldun exemplifies the statement he made in his *Muqaddima* that, generally speaking, learned men are the least proficient in political affairs. He lived in Egypt as a complete stranger, being always considered an uncut diamond from the *Maghrib*. It is said that "despite his aloofness, the mellow and eternity-bound skies of Egypt had penetrated the recesses of his soul. He acquired an inner poise and a spiritual calm. As he reclined in his palace overlooking the Nile, fortune seemed less hostile and the world more friendly. He had reached the stage where he could feel the harmony permeating the universe, and see and enjoy it in

the simple things of life: the wit and wisdom of vernacular poetry, the rhythm and movement of a dancing girl, and the beauty of a smiling face".[1]

Ibn Khaldun was a master mind who had a most original approach to the problems of history. His *Muqaddima* has been extravagantly praised by scholars, and undoubtedly it is one of the first works to deal with the philosophy of history. It was he who for the first time conceived of a science of civilization, and said that true history is the history of the people as exemplified in their civilization, rather than a barren narration of wars and conquests and the tyranny or jealousy of princes.

We shall now consider briefly his views on literary composition and allied matters.[2]

Man is endowed with the faculty of reasoning and perception. He alone of all living creatures is capable of acquiring scientific knowledge; and, having acquired such knowledge, of communicating it. Communication may be said to be the description of a picture in the author's mind. Such a picture exists because of the power of acquiring knowledge.

Now a communication may be of two kinds. It may be addressed to someone who is present; this is speech. Or, it may be addressed to someone who is not present; and this is by writing. If Ibn Khaldun were present in our times he would probably say that a radio talk is the spoken word, but conveyed to those who are *not* present. And the radiotelegram was a written message but communicated in a manner unknown in his day. Ibn Khaldun's classification of speech and writing no longer holds, and we shall have to devise other criteria for the purpose of understanding all such modes of expression.

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[1] M. Mahdi, *Ibn Khaldun's Philosophy of History*, 62.

[2] *Muqaddima*, III, 281 sqq.

And why should man communicate his thoughts?[1] Ibn Khaldun gives seven main reasons for literary composition. The *first* is that a scholar may wish to classify the subject for the purpose of elucidation or exposition. *Secondly*, Interpretation. He may desire to explain clearly and logically what some great author has tried to expound, but failed on account of the difficulty of the subject or the obscurity of the language. *Thirdly*, Refutation. This may mean that he has studied an author; and, after having understood him properly, he disagrees with him and would like to explain how wrong and indefensible the author was. *Fourthly*, Completion; that is, treating a subject exhaustively where the previous author had not done justice to it. *Fifthly*, Rearrangement. An author composes a book on a subject, but fails to arrange the problems in their logical order, and thus the subject is not as clear as it should be. A later author re-arranges the material with obvious advantage to students and research workers. *Sixthly*, Collection of scattered matetial. It often happens that problems of one science are dealt with in treatises dealing with other sciences, and this scattered material causes a great difficulty to students and readers. Ibn Khaldun gives illustrations from the science of *bayan*, and shows how, while earlier authorities laid down the principles correctly, their usefulness was not discovered until such material was collected, arranged and classified. *Seventhly*, Abbreviation. A prolix treatment of a subject constitutes a stumbling block to the student, and an author may well attempt an abbreviation which would facilitate the study of the subject by making it easy and more palatable.

After dealing with Ibn Khaldun's purposes of communication of thoughts, it will be convenient to deal with his theory of words and ideas.[2] His main postulate is that prose and poetry are concerned with words and not with ideas. Thus a great craftsman must learn to

memorize poetry, the words and expressions; for the ideas are secondary, while the words are of basic importance. He thus makes a complete distinction between words and ideas, and does not accept the modern view that style depends upon a combination of ideas and words. For us, it is difficult to conceive of an idea which is unrelated to a word, and a word is after all directly concerned with a meaning which tries to express the idea. Its nuances and shades are determined by the use of great literary craftsmen. According to our author, Science and Jurisprudence are outside the field of eloquence, for they deal with ideas and not words, and he records a conversation with Abdallah al-Khatib. Ibn Khaldun says that, despite his great knowledge of the Quran, the traditions and the other sciences, he does not find it easy to compose poetry. The reason was that he had committed very little to memory and had filled his mind with jurisprudence and other scientific studies. Incidentally, his notion of poetry has nothing to do with ours, for he mentions nowhere that emotion and imagination are the warp and woof of poetry as we understand it. The conversation with Abdallah al-Khatib is characteristic of Ibn Khaldun, a thinker and historian who never cared for empty figures of speech, but expressed himself in a style full of strength and brevity, sometimes even crabbed, without caring for rhyme or metaphor or any of the formal beauties of prose as understood in his day.

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[1] Ibid., iii, 285 sqq.
[2] Ibid., iii, 391 sqq.

In the opinion of Ibn Khaldun, Muslim authors were superior to those of pre-Islamic times, for they had the Quran as a model. The word of God was inimitable in its eloquence and beauty, and authors who had not shaped their style on this exquisite model could never hope to compete with those who had the opportunity. Thus, in the estimation of our author, the Muslims generally produce better specimens of style than their non-Muslim forbears.

Ibn Khaldun despises the cultivation of rhetorical

figures and says that the truly great authors wrote simply, without the forced and studied use of such devices,[1] a remark which may well apply to his own style as found in the *Muqaddima.* It is well known to students of Arabic that this great thinker and historian wrote in a style which subordinates form to content drastically. His writing is brief, full of thought, and he shows a manly disregard for anything except the accurate expression of his thought. It is therefore natural for him to conclude that where poetry was cultivated for mercenary purposes and for professional reasons, it was despised and considered a fault.[2]

We first considered Ibn Khaldun's theory of literary composition, and next his curious distinction between word and thought, or, expression and ideas. We shall now consider his main arguments about instruction and learning. He begins by warning us that a plethora of books and an excess of material is bound to lead to confusion. The student is expected to know all the books; and if he memorizes a large part of the material, his understanding suffers and his critical judgements are liable to be warped. And he illustrates this by taking us to the classical works on Maliki law and to certain fundamental text books in classical Arabian philology.[3]

Next he warns us about the excessive use of brief manuals. It is as if an experienced professor were to hold up his hands in horror at the numerous pot-boilers and examination cram-books which are to be found in every subject. He explains that where a subject is unduly abridged and presented in tabloid form, the difficulty of the student increases, as he is unable to understand the intervening steps by which the author comes to a certain conclusion. An inadequate abbreviation leads to disastrous results as the subject is not grasped by the student in a logical and coherent manner.

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[1] Ibid., iii, 406.
[2] Ibid., iii, 411-12.
[3] Ibid., iii, 288-90.

The right attitude in instruction is the threefold method propounded by Ibn Khaldun. On the first occasion, the teacher should deal briefly with the principal problems in each particular science. This will enable him to gauge the potential ability of the candidate, and give the student a connected but elementary view of the whole subject. After this preliminary treatment, the teacher goes into the subject for the second time more thoroughly and with full details. He now explains each topic, gives the student a proper idea of the differences of opinion, and analysing the arguments, he offers his own conclusions. But this is not all. The teacher later, for the third and last time, goes over the whole ground so that the steps, the arguments, and the conclusions are fixed in the mind of the student. This leads to the perfect mastery of the subject and the completion of the student's labour.

Ibn Khaldun's treatment of the subject reminds one of Mortimer Adler's way of reading a book. Adler says that a great book must be read three times. First, with a view to understanding the *structure* of the subject. The second time it should be read for *comprehension*, to understand what is written. And finally, the third reading should lead to certain *judgements*, namely, how far the views advanced are correct, doubtful or erroneous.

The three-fold teaching of the subject, in this fasion, is a very thorough method of instruction and can be relied upon if the syllabus is a manageable one in terms of quantity. Where, however, the syllabus is excessive, as in our times, then obviously other methods of instruction and study will have to be adopted.

Ibn Khaldun asks the student to follow his method carefully and says, "You, student, should realize that I am here giving you useful (hints) for your study. If you accept them and follow them assiduously, you will find a great and noble treasure. As an introduction that will help you to understand these (hints), I shall tell you

the following[1]: The student should always observe the rules of logic, for without logic there will be no order and no coherence. Writing stands for spoken words; spoken words denote ideas; and ideas must be put in proper moulds, the mould of logic, otherwise they will not be helpful. He is anxious that all the veils of false logic and words should be torn down. "Discard", he says, "the veils of words and the obstacles of doubt! Leave all the technical procedures and take refuge in the realm of the natural ability to think given to you by nature! Let your speculation roam in it and let your mind freely delve in it, according to whatever you desire (to obtain) from it! Set foot in the places where the greatest thinkers before you did! Entrust yourself to God's aid, as in his mercy He aided them and taught them what they did not know! If you do that, God's helpful light will shine upon you and show you your objective. Inspiration will indicate (to you) the middle term which God made a natural requirement of the (process of) thinking, as we have stated. At that particular moment, return with (the middle term) to the moulds and forms (to be used) for the arguments, dip it into them, and give it its due of the technical norm (of logic)! Then, clothe it with the forms of words and bring it forth into the world of spoken utterances, firmly girt and soundly constructed"![2]

For further reading: *The Muqaddima* is translated by F. Rosenthal (3 vols., 1958, Routledge). A good account of his life and philosophy will be found in Muhsin Mahdi, *Ibn Khaldun's Philosophy of History* (Unwin, London, 1957).

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[1] Ibid., iii, 295.
[2] Ibid., iii, 297.

SOME ASPECTS OF SHAVIAN COSMOLOGY

DR. APURAB SOMNATH

The dominant currents of thought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Rationalism and Empiricism, were deterministic in character. They reduced the subjective will of man to a passive factor vis-a-vis the immutable necessity of natural laws. But the rapid transformation of society in the nineteenth century, a process in which man performed an active role, and the vast advances in various branches of knowledge could not be explained by a deterministic philosophy. Hence the crisis in ideology towards the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. Bernard Shaw attempts to resolve the crisis in terms of vitalism. He is critical of both Empiricism and Rationalism. In the present article we are concerned with his criticism of Rationalism. In *Maxims for Revolutionaries*, appended to *Man and Superman*, Tanner, the hero of the play, declares:

> The man who listens to Reason is lost:
> Reason enslaves all whose minds are not
> Strong enough to master her.

The dramatist regards Reason as the villain in the comedy of the sipiritual evolution of man. He rejects the hypothesis of the rationalists: "I think, therefore, I am" (cogito ergo sum) and refers to its author, Descartes, as a "foolish philosopher".

On the basis of the advance of science in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Descartes postulated that the nature of the physical world is material, that motion is a property of matter, and that matter and motion are governed by the laws of physics and mechanics, in the last analysis, by mathematical laws.

The universe is like a machine which has been set in motion by the First Cause, and which continues to function in obedience to those laws. The laws of mathematics are universally valid; they are applicable to macrocosmic and microcosmic phenomena as well as to living organisms, "for it is not less natural for a clock, made of the requisite number of wheels, to mark the hours, than for a tree, which has sprung from this or that seed, to produce the food peculiar to it". In *Discourse on Method* Descartes gives a detailed description of the physical organs of man and concludes that the human body is also like a machine. However, he thinks, there is a fundamental factor which distinguishes man from the other living species. Man is endowed with Reason, the animals are devoid of Reason; what makes a "real man" is "the Reasonable Soul". The Rational Soul is a mathematician. God Himself, the creator of the Rational Soul and the physical universe, is a rational being, a mathematician, "in whom are contained all the treasures of science and wisdom".[1]

In the Cartesian system, total existence is subject to mechanical laws and is fore-ordained by God. Says the philosopher: "We would sin in thinking ourselves capable of ever doing anything which He had not ordained beforehand; we would soon be embarrassed in great difficulties if we undertook to harmonize the preordination of God with freedom of our will, and endeavoured to comprehend both truths at once".[2] This belief is shared with Descartes by Spinoza and Leibniz, by Hobbes, Locke and Newton. The eighteenth century rationalists, however, while accepting the principle of absolute determinism, rejected the hypothesis of God as the First Cause, and denied that man has an active inner element, the soul.

The Rationalist philosophy was based on lopsided development of science in the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries. Of its many branches the most developed was the mechanics of solid bodies. Chemistry and biology were still in an elementary stage. The history of the formation of the systems of stars and planets and the story of the evolution of life were unknown. The science of atomic structure and the nature of energy was yet undeveloped. In the nineteenth century rapid advances were made in the various branches of natural sciences, and discoveries of great importance were made in many fields. One of the greatest of the discoveries was the living cell. It laid the foundations of Darwinism which established that organic species have evolved from unicellular bodies and are subject to variations. Scientific discoveries, including those in the fields of social sciences, which revealed that social institutions, religion, morals etc., have changed and evolved from primitive times onward, revealed a changing universe and dealt a crushing blow to rationalist determinism. The Cartesian and the Newtonian systems, and the philosophical hypotheses based on them, did not view nature as a process of perpetual becoming in which new forms of life come into being.

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[1] *Meditations*—Descartes.

[2] *The Principles of Philosophy*—Descartes.

The Cartesian and Newtonian universe is "nothing but a clock that an almighty clock-maker has set up and set going for all eternity"[1] in which there is a necessary causal relation between events, and in which, according to Laplace, a divine calculator could exactly predict the future events from the knowledge of a cross-section of it. Newton assumed that the properties of matter—length, mass, space etc.,— were absolute. Einstein has established that they are relative. The dimensions of each particle are influenced by its relations with innumerable other particles; therefore, no occurrence in the life of a particle can be completely predetermined because to do so it is necessary to consider all the precedent events. Also, the individual calculator has to take into consideration his own self, which is an impossibility. The argument is further strengthened by Quantum theory according

to which interactions among atoms take the form of release or addition of packets of energy. On the basis this hypothesis, Heisenberg argues that a particle under observation must absorb or release energy. Thus observation involves interference which makes it impossible *exactly* to determine the position and at the same time velocity, or vice versa, of an electronic particle.

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[1] *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*—Shaw.

These developments lead Jeans to the conclusion that there is no determinism in events in which atoms and electrons are involved singly, and that the apparent determinism in large-scale events is only of a statistical nature". This precisely is the view expressed by Shaw in *Too True to be Good*:

> The Elder: Yes, Sir: the universe of Isaac Newton has crumbled like the walls of Jericho before the criticism of Einstein. Newton's universe was the stronghold of rational determinism: the stars in their orbits obeyed immutably fixed laws: and when we turned from surveying their vastness to study the infinite littleness of the atoms, there too we found the same universal laws. Every moment of time dictated and determined the following moment and was itself dictated and determined by the moment that came before it. Everything was calculable: everything happened because it must: the commandments were erased from the tablets of the law; in their place came cosmic algebra: the equations of the mathematicians: here I found my dogma of infallibility.........And now—now—what is left of it? The orbit of the electron obeys no law: it chooses one path and rejects another: it is as capricious as the planet Mercury, who wanders from his road to warm his hands at the sun. All is caprice: the calculable design has become incalculable".

Universe cannot be explained in terms of rationalism, in terms of predestination.

Shaws believes that, in the ultimate analysis, the force or forces, operating in the universe which is in perpetual flux, cannot be discovered in the physical laws

governing the interconnection of processes in organic and inorganic nature; for example, he denies that the Law of Natural Selection determines the origin and evolution of species. Therefore he totally rejects the method of science; he thinks it can only explain physical processes but cannot discover the vital cosmic factors impelling them. He abjures science as such; he does not choose between the old science and the new, though, undoubtedly, his denunciation of science is in a great measure due to the clash of the old and the new and the consequent crisis. Max Planck has clearly summed up the crisis of science and the attitude of scepticism generated by it towards science itself.

> "We are living in a singular moment of crisis, in the literal sense of of that word. In every branch of our spiritual and material civilizasion we seem to have arrived at a critical turning point .... Formerly it was only religion, especially in its doctrinal and moral systems, that was the object of sceptical attack. Then the iconoclast began to shatter the ideals and principles that had hitherto been accepted in the province of art. Now he has invaded the temple of science. There is scarcely a scientific axiom that is not nowadays denied by somebody. And at the same time almost any nonsensical theory that may be put forward in the name of science would almost be sure to find believers and disciples somewhere or the other."

It is understandble that Shaw rejects the pontifical claim of science to infallibility, and states, in *Epistle Dedicatory to Man and Superman*:

> "All the assertions get disproved sooner or latet".

There are other reasons also for his denunciation of science. He devotes the best part of his Preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma* to prove that science has been corrupted by commercialism. But the root of his condemnation of science is his disagreement with the materialist assumptions of science. He characterizes science as "witchcraft" and equates the modern faith in science

with religious obscurantism. He says, in *The Revolutionst's Handbook*, that

> "the mirales of priestcraft are none the less fraudulent and mischievous because they are now called scientific experiments and conducted by professors; witchcraft, in the modern form of patent medicines and prophylactic inoculations, is rampant ......"

What, then, are the positive features of Shavian outlook? He postulates that the motive force responsible for change in the phenomenal world is the Universal Will, the Life Force. The Life Force is non-material and, therefore, beyond the scope of science. Though non-material it yet embodies itself in material forms, that is, in ever more highly developed species of animals in the process of evolution. Its purpose is to achieve greater and greater measure of self-consciousness through progressively developed species. So far the most highly evolved is man because in him the Life Force has created the brain. Through the brain it has attained a measure of self-consciousness of which it was not capable in the lower species. But the process of evolution has not ended with man:

> Don Juan... .. ..
>
> Are we agreed that Life is a force which has made innumerable experiments in organizing itself: that the mammoth and the man, the mouse and the magatherium, the flies and the fleas and the Fathers of the Church, are all more or less successful attempts to build up that raw force into higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being omnipotent, omniscient, infallible, and withal completely, undilutedly self-conscious: in short, a God?[1]

Shaw adopts the formal aspects of Darwinism and gives it a vitalist content. In Darwinism the objective reality is primary and the subjective secondary. Shaw, with Samuel Butler, thinks that Darwin banished mind from the universe. Shaw seeks to establish the primacy of mind

over matter by interpreting evolution as a purposeful process, *willed* by Life and not, as suggested by Darwin, *determined* by objective environment wielding their inexorable sway over Life. The purpose of the Life Force, which is to achieve an increasing degree of self-realization through increasing mastery over matter, is not a preconceived goal. In the quotation above it is asserted that the Life Force experiments with the various species. In other words, it has no predetermined certainty about the success of its experiments and is not aware of their possible outcome.

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

> Don Juan ....
> Think of how it wastes and scatters itself, how it raises obstacles to itself and destroys itself in its ignorance and blindness.........What a piece of work is man; says the poet, yes; but what a blunderer![1]......

And, Don Juan goes on to say, that man, "the highest miracle of organization yet attained by life", is only a partially successful experiment of the Life Force. The implication of the argument is that the Universal Will, the Life Force, itself is in a process of evolution and is not subject to determinism and teleology.

The view summed up above constitutes the cenral axis round which Shavian cosmology revolves and furnishes an alternative to the world as conceived by mechanical determinists.

In Shavian cosmology man, as the most highly evolved form of the Life Force, occupies the central place. But the question is: How is it that man, "the most intensely alive thing that exists" and the highest embodiment of the Life Force, is a wretched, sordid and stupid creature? Shaw's answer is that social institutions tend to shackle the Life Force, the Will in man. For the liberation of the Will, for unleashing the spiritual vitality of man, it is necssary to change social forms. But the active factor in the process of change is the

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

Will itself. Therefore, how is it possible for the Will to overpower social environoments and to transform them when it in itself is held in bondage by them? Shaw solves the dilemma by postulating that it is not the common men who are capable of remoulding the material environments because "hunger and cold and thirst, age and decay and disease, death above all, makes them slaves of reality".[1] It is the exceptional individuals, the supermen, who can rise above environments. Their spiritual vision is not blinded by the material conditions of existence; they are aware of the cosmic purposes of the Universal Will and are conscious of the urgent necessity to achieve them. Shaw, believing, perhaps, that he belongs to the race of supermen, is convinced that the Life Force wills the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of the Millenium through the agency of the supermen. He believes that the Life Force has come to realize that its experiment with the race of man has proved a failure; it is poised for its next forward leap in evolution, the coversion of man to superman. The capitalist civilization and its institutions are condemned in *Man and Superman* and other plays because they obstruct the creation of the new race of supermen. But captalism and private property can be abolished only through the strivings of individuals with exceptionally quickened will, and not through the implementation of political programmes and political utopias. An exclusive mystical vision might be referred to in testimony of the validity of this hypothesis but recent history has proved that capitalism is the most flourishing ground for the self-proclaimed supermen and supermen-lets of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco brood whose role in history was retrogressive. However, it is a tremendous credit to the intellectual clarity of Shaw that he caricatured these characters ruthlessly in *Geneva.* It is not this type of superman he had dreamt of.

Shaw's view of the place of man and superman in his cosmology has concrete roots in the political de-

velopments of his times and in the history of the development of socialist thought.

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

His view of man was determined, among others, by two important factors: firstly, his hatred of the capitalist class; and, secondly, by his disillusionment with the proletariat. The London of his youth was seething with a resurgent labour movement and socialist ideas. This atmosphere was absolutely congenial to his heretical genius. Influenced by Marx and Henry George, he took up the role of a staunch propagandist against the capitalist class and all that it stood for. He became a socialist and joined the Fabians. In his early career as a socialist, in the eighteen-eighties, he had hoped for a hurricane victory of socialism through mass action. But this hope was belied when he discoverred that the workers were not prepared to face repression, as demonstrated to him by the panicky dispersal of a mass rally by the police in Trafalgar Square in November 1887, and that the militancy of the labour movement could be blunted by economic concessions granted by the employers. He shifted his expectations over to a faith in peaceful, evolutionary transformation to socialism through propaganda and preaching. But the desired goal still evaded him ; instead, what happened was a reconsolidation of capitalism ofter the eighties. His despair about the future of *homo sapiens* was complete and bitter as he confesses in the preface to *Major Barbara* :

> I, who have preached and pamphleteered like any Encyclopaedist, have to confess that my methods are no use, and would be no use if I were Voltaire, Rousseau, Bentham, Marx, Mill, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Butler and Morris all rolled into one, with Euripedes, More, Montaigne, Moliere, Beaumarchais, Swift, Goethe, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Jesus and the prophets all thrown in ..... The problem being to make heroes out of cowards, we paper apostles and art-magicians have succeeded only in giving cowards all the sensations of heroes while they tolerate every abomination, accept every plunder, and submit to every oppression.

The working classes, concludes Shaw, are responsible for their own slavery because they are inherently slavish and cowardly, they are stupid; they are as selfish, greedy and morally and spiritully corrupt as the capitalists. The whole mankind is evil. The only hope for the future is the superman, the exceptional individual.

The origins of this view regarding the revolutionary role of the exceptional individual can be traced back to the initial stages in the development of the theory of socialism in the nineteenth century. The early socialists, like Saint-Simon, Fourier, Owen, elaborated the theory of socialism on the basis of the theoretical approach of their Rationalist predecessors, in particular, the French Encyclopaedists. The Encyclopaedists vigorously criticized scholasticism and the religious conception of nature. They criticized the traditional forms of society and the feudal monarchist regime in France. They sought to replace the *ancien regime* characterized by superstition, injustice, privilege and inequality, by the kingdom of Reason, of truth, justice and equality. But the French Revolution and its aftermath proved that the kingdom of Reason was far from having been established What replaced the old regime was a form of capitalist democracy in which class exploitation continued in a new but more brutal and naked form.

The early socialists were as vigorously critical of the capitalist exploitation in the new dispensation as the French Enlighteners had been of feudalism. Their criticism was in line with the political theory of the Rationalists in so far as they also wished to set up the kingdom of Reason and absolute justice. But they differed from the Encyclopaedists regarding the constitution of such a kingdom. They considered the capitalist world, which came into being on the principles of the Encycloaedists, as in itself irrational. They believed that a rational system of society would be socialist, although the philosophical position they adopted was that of the Rationalists themselves, as enunciated by Leibniz and

summed up by Hegel: "All that is real is rational and all that is rational is real." They argued that capitalism is irrational; therefore it is unnureal; it must go. Socialism is real because it is rational; therefore it must be established. Socialism was not established so far because what was lacking was an exceptional man of genius with a sufficient recognition of this truth.

Shaw tries to expose capitalism as an irrational system and, like his rationalist socialist predecessors, awaits the rise of a man of exceptional genius to build socialism. However, there is an important difference between the outlook of Shaw and of the socialists. The latter believed, in agreement with Descartes, that the spiritual essence of human personality is the Rational Soul; in the exceptional individual the rational soul is emancipated from prejudice and circumstance which, in the case of the mass of common humanity, blur the light of Reason. Socialism could be achieved by restoring the light of Reason or Good Sense among them through preachings of the hero. But, according to Shaw, the spiritual essence of the enlightened individual is not the Rational Soul but his will that asserts itself against hostile environment of which the inert masses constitute a part. The common men and women are inert and passive not because the light of Reason has been snuffed out in them, but precisely because they are rational beings:

> "The reasonable man adopts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adopt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man".[1]

Reason is regarded by the dramatist as an affliction which paralyses the will and debases man:

> "......all Man's reason has done for him is to make him beastlier than any beast ......"[2]

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[1] *Maxims for Revolutionists.*

[2] *Man and Superman.*

This is the vision of Swift. Swift's misanthrophy is derived from his having regarded the corruption prevalent in Queen Anne's era as the inherent feature of the human race. Similarly, Bernard Shaw, on the basis of the political backwardness of the British labour movement in a certain historical epoch and the utter moral and sipiritual bankruptcy of the capitalist class, concludes that man as a species is a stunted dwarf incapable of shaping his own destiny. And yet Shaw is an implacable enemy of capitalism. Therefore he wishes that the Life Force embody itself as superman and destroy capitalism; in other words, he invokes superhuman, supernatural, intervention to establish socialism.

Bernard Shaw lived long enough to realize that the Life Force was not in a great hurry to answer his prayers, at least in so far as England was concerned where even today, after a series of Labour Governments, socialism is a matter of theoretical debate. In his later plays his enthusiasm about the superman seems to have cooled off. In *Back to Methuselah* he states that the superman is not the final goal of life. He is only a stage in the struggle of the Life Force for its ultimate emancipation from matter, as Lilith, the personification of the Life Force, says towards the end of *Back to Methuselah*:

> Lilith.................. ....
> I am Lilith: I brought life into the whirpool of force, and compelled my enemy, Matter, to be a living soul. But in enslaving Life's enemy I made him Life's master; for that is the end of all slavery; and now I shall see the slave set free and the enemy reconciled, the whirpool become all life and no matter... ....

Life, which existed as the whirpool in force, strives to exist as a vortex freed from matter, as the whirlpool in pure intelligence. In its ultimate synthesis, Shavianism veers round to the traditional belief of the mystics and ascetics that the conflict between spirit and matter is primeval and eternal and that the highest purpose of being is to conquer matter and to liberate the soul.

DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN HINDI VERSE—I

P. N. PUSHP

The great upsurge of 1857 was not an utter failure from the socio-cultural point of view; for, it was followed sharp by awakening throughout the country. Reformist movements like the Arya Samaj and the Brahmo Samaj lent indirect support to the Indian National Congress in arousing the national aspirations of the people, mostly of the middle-class. No wonder that Hindi verse also felt a new wave creeping over it; for, did it not hail[1] the advent of a more favourable period in the country's history of dependence, when the Queen took over the reins of government from the Company's callous hands? The warm felicitations[2] voiced on the august occasion of the Queen's Jubilee were as spontaneous as the deep sorrow[3] at her sad demise. The Hindi poet had felt that—

> "By taking over the rule from the Company's hands
> She has made the guileless masses of Bharata
> feel they are orphans no more!"[4]—

and naturally, therefore, her death came to him as a grave shock:

> "Alas, Compassion-incarnate,
> Alas, Mother Victoria!
> Ah, she was a sure refuge
> To the orphaned India in distress!"[5]

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[1] Cf Bharatendu's विजयवल्लरी and विजयिनी-विजय-वैजयन्ती; Premaghana's भारतबधाई; हार्दिक हर्षादर्श and स्वागत.

[2] Cf. जुबिली by Radha Krishna Das.

[3] Cf. विजयिनीविलाप by Radha Krishna Das.

[4] From हार्दिक हर्षादर्श.

[5] Cf. राधाकृष्णदास ग्रंथावली, p 6.

Apparently this trend indicated just a change–over from the crumbling courts of the native chiefs to the very-much–coveted patronage of the Queen Empress, but essentially it registered a bold departure from the two-century old conventions of Hindi verse, saturated with a facile use of hackneyed metaphors, wornout similes, intriguing puns and empty alliterations. The range of extremely trivial subject-matter already narrowed down to an exaggerated description of the **nakha-shikh**, (the physical contours of feminine loveliness, from the toe-nails right up to the top of her head), was further vulgarized by the craze for curious contrasts and far-fetched conceit. The lusty depiction of trysts and separations, of amorous escapades and sportive quarrels and similar other pastimes of love could hardly relieve the tedium of its fussy verbiage. The poets would zestfully vie with one another in catering to the voluptuous whims and wanton caprices of their aristocratic patrons. Little creative work could, therefore, be expected from the jugglery of words above which these poets could seldom rise.

This dismal state of affairs prevailed in Hindi poetry till 1868 when **Bharatendu Harishchandra** appeared on the literary horizon.[6] In the infancy of his poetic career he poured out a number of songs in a variety of 'rags' and 'reginis'. He harped on the old Vaisnava strings various tunes[7] of human love with its hopes and fears, smiles and sighs. Thereby he anticipated the new lyrical tendency which afterwards sought its fulfilment in Chhaayaavaad[8]: the poetry of Romantic Mysticism. But it was by dint of his social and patriotic strains that he revolutionized Hindi verse. Decades before the Indian National Congress began to voice the national consciousness of India, he made vigorous appeals calculated to arouse Indians from 'the deep slumber of self-forgetfulness'.

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[6] Cf. कविवचनसुधा (first issue).

[7] Cf. भारतेन्दु-ग्रन्थावली (earlier poems).

[8] For instance, the works of Prasada, Pant, Nirala and Mahadevi Varma.

The most vehemently passionate of these appeals is heard in his allegorical play, *Bharata-Durdasha*, where the editor, the poet, the teacher and such other vocal members of society, Bengalis as well as Maharashtrians, are invited to form a united front against the depredations of illitracy, superstition, disease, discord, distrust, apathy, jealousy and maladministration which, paradoxically enough, were both the effect and the cause of our political subjection.

This very poem of **Bharatendu** reveals to us the poet's passion for reviving the glory of India's cultural past. It was with this in view that he wrote in favour of social reform and national solidarity, as well as against parochialism and indifference, and advocated the cause of widow-remarriage and female education. He admired the British rule for these very social items of their programme; otherwise, he felt wronged and mortified when he saw the economic resources of our country being mercilessly drained out. We can hear his heart beat in these lines of his :

"अंगरेज राज सुखसाज सजे सब भारी।
पै धन विदेश चलि जात इहै अति ख्वारी॥"[9]

And here we find the first trend in modern Hindi verse: the trend of nationalism in its patriotic aspect, of course, with a strong bias of 'Aryan culture'; for *Bharatendu* primarily appealed[10] to the Hindus (reminding them of their noble ancestry) to come out of the slough of despondence, and consolidate themselves against the foreign aggressors. It was thus that he widened the range of Hindi verse and inspired a number of young poets[11] to touch on ever-new national themes in response to the changing economic atmosphere of the country; and it must be said to their credit that inspite of the

journalistic tone of their verse the content they (almost all journalists) present is pulsating with a patriotic fervour for self-emancipation. Thus some of them would plead against taxation,[12] others against colour-discrimination,[13] and yet others against the imperial distrust[14] of the Indians betrayed in the overprecautionary measures like the Arms Act and the Press Act.

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[9] Cf. भारतदुर्दशा.

[10] Cf. नीलदेवी (particularly the march songs).

[11] Such as : Premaghana, Pratap Narayan Misra, Rai Devi Prasad Purna, Radha Krishna Das and Shridhara Pathak.

This ring of modernity, however, could not find full scope because of the orthodox dichotomy of the luiguistic media: *Khari Boli* for prose but *Braj Bhasha* for verse; and this dichotomy was dealt a severe blow by **Shridhara Pathak**, essentially a nature poet. He was the first to express the new urge[15] in the *Khari Boli.* The cause of this new medium of expression had already been advocated by **Bharatendu** in all his plays and in some of his poems too, but it was in 1887 that **Babu Ayodhya Prasad Khatri** led a compaign[16] against this dichotomy and the long-drawn-out controversy between **Radhacharan Goswami** and **Shridhara Pathak** was gradually hushed up by the vast ovation with which Pathak's *Ekaantavaasee Yogee*[17] (the Khari Boli version of Goldsmith's *HERMIT*) was received. The popularity of this translation inspired a number of younger poets to try their poetic faculty on similar themes[18] of romantic possibilities and prepared the ground for the poetry of Romantic Mysticism. But it was **Pandit Mahaviraprasada Dvivedi** who (since 1900 when he took over as the editor of the monthly *SARASWATI*) incessantly strove for and finally succeeded in giving the Khari Boli a literary polish[19] which shines

forth in **Babu Maithilisaran Gupta's** *Bharatabharati.*

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[12] Cf. 'होली है' by Pratap Narayan Misra.

[13] Cf. 'कारे' in 'स्वागत' by Premaghana.

[14] Cf. विजयवल्लरी by Bharatendu.

[15] Cf. his भारतगीत.

[16] Cf. Hindustan, Nov. 11, 1887.

[17] Published 1886.

[18] Such as: Prasad's प्रेमपथिक; Shukla Ji's शिशिरपथिक; Tripathi's मिलन and Pant's ग्राम्या.

The *Bhaaratabhaaratee* appeared in 1912; and as the poet himself gratefully acknowledges[20], it was inspired and influenced by the widely-read *Musaddas* of **Maulana Hali,** and also by the *Musaddas* of **Kaifi**. Obviously the work was welcomed for the protestant tone in which it reminded the Indians of their glorious past, placed before them their gloomy present and urged them on to a bright future. Though melodramatic and oversentimental at places and didactic throughout, it created a stir in Hindi verse and also indicated the poet's bright promise later on fulfilled by him in his *Rashtra-Sangita* as well as in his major works like the *Saaket* and *Yasodharaa.* He sincerely felt that India alone had a message for the future of humanity, and it pained him to see such a nation in chains. But who would listen to a slave's voice? And did not serpents cling to the sweet-scented sandalwood only because of its cool nature? Shouldn't, therefore "a heating current of self-recollection" pass through the benumbed consciousness of India's millions?[21] All the longer poems of *Gupta Ji* are thus an artist's effort to recreate the cultural glory of ancient India.

A more urgent note was sounded by another group of younger poets whose forum was the *PRATAP*[22] of Kanpur, and in their verse the present featured more directly and, therefore, rather boisterously. **Gaya Prasad Sukla Sanehi (Trishul)**, one of the most prominent of these, had a firmer grip over his medium when he depicted the sad and sickening trials and tribulations of the Indian peasantry.[23] The difference between the tones of the *Saraswati* and the *Pratap* was naturally reflected

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[19] Cf. द्विवेदी काव्य माला, Pp 291, 295, 368, 393 and 434.

[20] Cf भारतभारती, प्रस्तावना, P 3.

[21] Cf. his उठ ओ बृहद् विराट विशाल ! in भारतसंगीत.

[22] Cf. राष्टीयवीणा (Parts I and II) (1914—17).

[23] Cf. his कृषकक्रंदन (1916) and त्रिशूलतरंग (1918).

in the creation inspired by these mouthpieces; but it did not take long to get harmonized into a new style suited to the genuine needs of Hindi verse. Such, for instance, is the evidence of **Subhadra Kumari Chauhan's** *Jhansi Ki Rani* as well as **Makhan Lal Chaturvedi's** *Qaidi aur Kokila*.

Gandhi Ji had by this time introduced religion (and mysticism?) into Indian politics and had injected the creed of Ahimsa into the mentality of Indian nationalism. The poetic exposition of this creed has been offered by **Sanehi** in his poem, *SATYA*[24] which prescribes the path of passive resistence and active truth, calling upon the non-violent fighters for freedom to suffer like Socrates, Christ and Mansur. Thus, much of the poetry of the nineteen-twenties was inspired by the ideal of self-sacrifice which finds a very highly emotional expression in **Makhan Lal Chaturvedi's** poems.[25] In one[26] of these a flower expresses the desire it cherishes: 'not to adorn the lovely tresses of a nymph or the bewitching breasts of a damsel, nor to be showered upon the coffin of a mighty emperor or offered to a god in ardent worship; but to be strewn on the path hallowed by the marching heroes of the country's struggle for freedom'.

The same ideal was eulogized by **Ram Naresh Tripathi** in three[27] narrative poems which depict the conflict between love and service, and by **Siyaram Saran Gupta** in shorter poems, one of which immortalizes the martyrdom of **Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi**, the celebrated editor of the *PRATAP* (Kanpur). The trend can be traced even in larger poems[28] of **Maithilisaran Gupta** and **Hari Oudh**, whose heroes and heroines stand out as lively embodiments of selfless suffering inspired by the

noble ideals of a new humanism.

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[24] Cf. त्रिशूलतरंग.

[25] Cf. his हिमतरंगिणी.

[26] Cf. his पुष्प की अभिलाषा in हिमतरंगिणी.

[27] स्वप्न, मिलन and पथिक.

[28] साकेत, यशोधरा and प्रियप्रवास.

The very apostle of this creed of non-violence has been admired, eulogized and even worshipped in a number of poems. The most devotional study of the Mahatma, however, is the poem: *BAPU* by **Siyaramsaran Gupta** whose **Unmukta** is an excellent poem on non-violence itself. But the failure of the Satyagraha and the civil disobedience movements disillusioned the Indian youth and exposed the inefficiency of non-violent nationalism in fighting the imperialistic policy of exploitation. The skeleton of the Congress was shaken to its very foundation; belief in reforms and passive resistance got a terrible setback. There is remorse and anguish in **Balkrishna Sharma Navin's** confession of this defeat of the Satyagraha movement:

"आज खड्ग की धार कुंठिता है खाली तूणीर हुआ
विजयपताका झुकी हुई है लक्ष्यभ्रष्ट यह तीर हुआ!"

[Today the sword has lost the edge,
the quiver is empty;
The banner of victory is depressed,
the shaft has missed the aim!]

His heart must have bled when he composed this 'dirge of defeat'.[29] The intense passion for political independence had already burst forth into a revolt in his *Viplava-gaayan*[30] which is full of fire and storm and expresses seething discontent with the existing order of things; and now the anarchist tendency became more and more emphatic in Hindi verse. It shrieked out in the clarion call[31] of **Dinakara** who saw in the Himalayan range the dormant self-consciousness of India and bade it wake up at 'the clarion-call of the New Age'.

This very trend later on assumed the role of

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[29] पराजयगान in कुंकुम, P 63.

[30] कुंकुम, P 9.

[31] 'मेरे नगपति मेरे विशाल' in रेणुका P 1.

Pragativaada, the Progressive School of Hindi verse; but that happened to develop only as an imaginatively realistic reaction to the over-sentimentality and extreme passionateness of the poetry of *Chhaayaavaada* (Romanticism) and its offshoot, the *Niraashaavaada* (Pessimism) much in the same way as the *Chhaayaavaada* itself was a protest against the prosaic and matter-of-fact versification of the Dvivedi School.

*SHAKESPEARE'S COMIC SPIRIT

PROF. P. K. GUHA

Of the many things Dr. Johnson has said about Shakespeare, perhaps the happiest is his statement—"His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct: in tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature". Johnson noticed some melancholy in Milton's mirth and found no mirth in his melancholy, while scanning his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso.* And reverse is his discovery in Shakespeare's dramas: in his tragedies he finds some mirth mixed up with melancholy and in his comedies he meets with mirth unmixed with any melancholy. The implication of this comparative view of Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies is that whereas in his tragedies Shakespeare is an artist who performs, more or less objectively, the task he undertakes of dramatizing a sorrowful theme, his comedies are not merely art but are also a spontaneous outburst of the joy welling out of his heart.

In this statement of Johnson we may find a clue to the distinctive feature of Shakespearian comedy: comedy in the hands of other dramatists is a mode, with Shakespeare it is a mood. Others create in their comedies, by conscious and deliberate artistry, a special world of comic situations and characters, while Shakespeare in his comedies is essentially the akin spirit that Milton's *L'Allegro* finds in him:

> Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbling his native woodnotes wild.

In his comedies Shakespeare is less an artist and more the

happy man taking a radiant view of the whole of life and casting upon the entire world an amused and genial look. The laughter, which is the ultimate objective of comic art, is raised artificially by other dramatists, while in Shakespeare it impresses us as gurgling out of the fountain of a joyous heart. Between Shakespeare and the other comedians the difference is thus not one of degree but of kind. Others are writers of comic plays, Shakespeare is pre-eminently the poet of the comic spirit. While other comic dramatists laugh at their characters, Shaksepeare laughs with his comic creations.

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*Delivered as an extension lecture for the University.—Editor.

Comedy may roughly be divided into two types: Comedy of Rejection and Comedy of Acceptance—Comedy of Satire and Comedy of Joy, Mocking Comedy and Laughing Comedy. Shakespearian Comedy is Laughing Comedy - comedy of pure joy, comedy of acceptance. It is a world of delight without the slightest alloy of annoyance or bitterness. It is entirely free from malicious banter or heartless ridicule. In the words of Hazlitt, "Shakespeare's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its powers of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons than in leaving a sting behind it".

It is comic poets of the class of Shakespeare that Matthew Green thinks of when he says:

> By happy alchemy of mind
> They turn to pleasure all they find.

There is no dearth of oddities and quaintnesses in Shakespeare's comedies, but like an alchemist that turns base metal into gold, Shakespeare has transmuted the annoying absurdities of life into things of pure joy. But this alchemy is no mere artistic device; it is alchemy of mind and spirit evolving automatically an alchemy of art.

The spirit that dominates Shakespear's comedies, the distinctive Shakespearian comic spirit, is a spirit of

the loving acceptance of the whole of life, a mood of universal tolerance. In his comedies he seems to stand at the centre of life with a friendly gaze at one and all, well at ease with himself and well at ease with the world, wishing no one or nothing away. Nobody is hissed off the Shakespearian comic stage, which is co-extensive with life, and every one is given in it the birth-right to live with his faults and follies entire. From the depths of his heart Shakespeare says "Yes" to everything in life, bucks up with a cheering "Why not ?" the trivial lapses from the accepted code of social manners and personal conduct, tolerates in one and the same comedy, with the same charity and grace, a precisian like Malvolio and a reveller like Sir Toby Belch. He understands sympathetically and presents, without scorn, Malvolio's legitimate rebuke, as the steward of the house, of the excesses of the merrymakers; and, at the same time, we find all the vigour at Shakespeare's command put into the chastised Sir Toby's angry retort and rebellious cry hurled in the face of Malvolio:

> Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there
> shall be no more cakes and ale ?

In this cry of Sir Toby we catch, unmistakably, the voice of the poet himself putting forward a passionate plea for a rightful co-existence of vice side by side with virtue.

A Shakespearian comedy is not so much a comic play as it is a cheerful world. It is not a narrow artificial world improvised for the play but a fascimile of the entire human world ; in it we have not merely an amusing spectacle of the triumph of the comic characters over the intriguing circumstances by which they are beset, but the miracle of the poet's conquest of the whole of life. All humanity have full and free access to Shakespeare's comic stage. All have a complete right to hold their heads high. Shakespeare not merely endures but also enjoys the aberrations of his comic characters and stimulates us to accept such incongruities

and abnormalities as a refreshing variation of the dead conformity of normal human conduct. We are impressed by Shakespeare's deep sense that each one of his extremely fantastic characters like Bottom, Dogberry, Falstaff is welcome to us, for each contributes something invaluable to the total fun of life.

In Shakespeare's comic presentation of life everything changes under his magic touch. All ugliness is blotted out. What vexes us in life turns into a source of pleasure. There is "an artistic delivery from the nausea of the absurd," as Nietzsche describes his conception of the function of comedy. This transmutation is the result of Shakespeare's inner vision of the world of man as a realm of joy, and his cordial sympathy for one and all of his erring fellow-men.

This is why Shakespearian comedy has been called "laughing comedy", as distinguished from "mocking comedy", the usual type of comic drama which seeks to mock the faults and follies of man with a view to their elimination from life. Ben Jonson's comedy belongs to this latter category and its main purpose is satire, correction of manners by exposing them to ridicule and scorn, the laughter raised in the process being a means to the curative end and not an end in itself, as in Shakespearian comedy. Shakespearian comedy is a dramatization of the joy of life while satirical comedy is a dramatic railing at the ills of society and oddities in human manners. Shakespearian comedy just responds to the joy of life that pulsates the heart of all mankind rather than to the spirit of the ridicule of inferiority that prevails in the minds of the few. That profound gaiety of disposition from which laughter in Shakespearian comedy arises is absolutely incompatible with anything harsh or grating and is by its nature totally free from any mood of contempt or indignation. Carlyle's definition of true humour is wholly applicable to the humour of Shakespearian comedy :

> True humour springs not more from the head than from the heart, it is not contempt ; its essence is love.

The essence of Shakespearian comedy is love and its prompting impulse is a total love of life. It does not quarrel with anything in life but converts this very life and world of ours into a realm of joy. It is a vision of no art-made world of ideal perfection with all the disturbing and vexati us elements of real life weeded out. It is a large-hearted humanist's vision of the world of reality. Its prevaling mood is one of an irrepressible optimism, a deep realization in the heart of the Wordsworthian faith that joy is "Nature's holy plan" and that "all that we behold is full of blessings".

Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* sets forth Shakespeare's comic spirit:

> And those things do best please me
> That befall preposterously.

There is not the slightest tinge of scorn or satiric bitterness in either Puck's laughter or the tone of the whole play. Puck's laughter is an exuberant expression of his own spirit of mirth and he laughs with no spirit of corrective exaltation.

Meredith in his famous essay, *The Idea of Comedy*, upholds the view that satire is the proper aim of comedy, its function being critical and its use being to teach the world what ails it. He says that comedy is 'by nature merciless' and cites for his model the comedy of Moliere who "strips folly to the skin" and upon vice "wields a shrieking scourge". Towards the end of the essay Meredith seems to modify this corrective theory of comedy. He designates Shakespeare and Cervantes as the unparallelled monarchs of the world of comedy. He says that their laughter is richer than that of Aristophanes and Moliere, being "the laughter of heart and mind in one".

Bergson in his essay on *Laughter* says, in agreement with Meredith's basic idea of comedy, that the

purpose of the comic laughter is corrective and it can, therefore, be never kind. Comedy asserts instructively the vexed surprise of sociery that any one should so isolate himself from the accepted norm of conduct and manners, the customary ways of life of the community to which he belongs. Shakespeare did not tread this corrective path and chalked out for himself a track of disinterested laughter.

The mocking comedy with a satirical purpose is a comedy of types while the Shakespearian laughing comedy is a comedy of individuals. The former is a social gesture while the latter is a human document. We judge adversely, in an impersonal and indifferent spirit, characters that are of the nature of abstract symbols of faults and follies, but we fall in love with faulty characters we meet with in drama or fiction, who impress us as our flesh and blood fellow-men and we love them, totally blind to their human frailties which, we feel, are in ourselves too in some form or measure.

That Shakespeare's conception of the comic is free from any spirit of raillery or ridicule and that Shakespearian comedy is definitely laughing comedy and not mocking comedy become patent when we think of his handling of comic situations and characters.

In his *Twelfth Night*, he has obviously no leaning towards either Malvolio or Sir Toby Belch. If his intention had been to satirize drunken revelry he would not have put into the mouth of Sir Toby his challenge to the Puritanic Malvolio, mentioned before, his spirited plea for vice to have a place in the sun. If, on the other hand, his purpose had been to expose Puritanism to ridicule he would have painted Malvolio as a detestable clown. But as Charles Lamb has said: "Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible". Lamb did not approve of

the stage presentation of Sir Toby as a ludicrous sot by the elder Palmer. Lamb observes, "There is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which Palmer did not quite fill out". Lamb has said the last word about Shakespeare's conception of Malvolio and Sir Toby. There is really nothing in the play to suggest that Shakespeare intended to satirize the folly of either the one or the other. His only purpose in the play was to provide for us "a rare meal of laughter".

In *As You Like It* the character and role of Jaques have an intimate bearing on our present topic of Shakespearian comedy being laughing comedy and not mocking comedy, comedy as conceived by Meredith or Bergson. Jaques is mockery incarnate. He finds bitterness and hollow sham in everything in life. He finds no charm in any stage of life. He divides man's life into seven ages and notices something ridiculous in every stage. The world seems to him to be full of faults, the worst of which is to be in love. He calls Orlando mockingly "Seignior Love" and Orlando returns the compliment by calling Jaques "Monsieur Melancholy". Rosalind taunts Jaques for his constant sadness. She tells him, "They say you are a melancholy fellow". Jaques is in love with melancholy. He asks Amiens to sing a sad song again, not so much for the music as for the note of sadness in the song. Amiens does not wish to sing again for it would make Jaques more melancholy. Jaques replies:

> I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck
> melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.
> More, I prithee, more.

If there is any character in *As You Like It* whom Shakespeare palpably mocks it is Jaques. In mocking the mocker he reveals to us his own comic spirit that is entirely free from the spirit of mockery. As a sort of antithesis to Jaques we have in the play, the fool Touchstone. Touchstone is ever seeking to suck fun from everything while Jaques is constantly engaged in sucking melancholy out of all things. The jokes of Touchstone

are slight and trivial but those of Jaques are cutting and deep. Touchstone finds no fault with anyone, but Jaques always commits "the mischievous sin of chiding sin", as the Duke puts it. The Duke reminds Jaques that it did not behove him to be a chider of sin, as he himself had been a sinner in the past. While Touchstone entertains us with innocent fun by his enumeration of the seven kinds of lie, Jaques annoys us with his travesty of the seven ages of man. Toucnstone laughs *with* all but Jaques laughs *at* everyone.

The monumental evidence of the Shakespearian comic spirit, being the expression of pure mirth totally free from any satiric design, is his Comic masterpiece, Sir John Falstaff. Falstaff is like his bulk a mountain of faults and follies, monstrous and inconceivable. And yet he is the most lovable of Shakespeare's creations. George Brandes characterizes him as " beyond comparison the gayest, most concrete, and most entertaining figure in European comedy." He is both witty and the cause of wit in others. And at the same time he is a braggart above all braggarts, a liar, above all liars. If Falstaff is one of the most glorious of Shakespeare's comic creations, it is because of the fact that he is of the Shakespearian comic spirit all compact. His portraiture is prompted and governed by that exuberance of mirth, that willing suspension of all moral judgments for the moment, that happy mood of total irresponsibility which constitute the essence of Shakespearian comic spirit. Falstaff is Shakespear's diploma character in whom he demonstrates that the charm of personality outweighs the heaviest odds of faults and iniquities. We love Falstaff in spite of his faults or, rather, on account of his faults ; for his faults, representing a sum total of all the frailties that are scattered in fragments among men, make him so human, so akin to all erring humanity. Such is the magnetic attraction of his personal charm that Falstaff behaves like a coward and yet does not repel us like a coward and yet does not impress us as a liar. The Prince lovingly says, " These lies are like their father that begets

them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable." Falstaff's faults and follies do not vex or annoy us. They do not lead us to hate him. They rather make us love him all the more. In the Part I of *Henry IV* we fall so deeply in love with Falstaff that when in Part II we meet with the rejection of Falstaff by his beloved Prince Hal immediately he ascends the throne, we feel angry with Shakespeare for his abrupt withdrawal from us of a beloved companion and playmate. The misdeeds of Falstaff never annoyed us half as much as this misconduct of Shakespeare in killing a character who belonged to us as much as to him. Of course, Shakespeare had his reasons to handle Falstaff in the way he has done: he made Falstaff interesting and attractive in Part I to redeem the Prince's tavern life and in Part II he had to make him hateful to find a plea for taking him out of the Prince's life, when he became King. This withdrawal of the great symbol of the Prince's tavern life was needed for investing the Prince with an unclouded royal dignity on his accession to the throne. But the non-moral treatment of Falstaff in Part I is more in keeping with the non-satiric, laughing spirit of Shakespearian comedy than the moral attitude the Shakespeare takes up towards Falstaff in Part II. There is in this an abrupt change from Comedy of Mirth to Comedy of Mockery. Here we have the solitary instance of purpose interfering with Art in Shakespearian drama.

Our paradoxical love for Falstaff reaches its climax when, after his cowardly flight at the Gadshill robbery, he calls others cowards and tells one lie after another to hide the truth. Morgaun expresses, without the slightest exaggeration, the feeling of us all when he observes:

> We are at once in possession of the whole man and are ready to hug him, guts, lies and all, an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry and humour.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* we find a sort of formulation of Shakespeare's comic spirit as a mood of total acceptance and universal tolerance which automa-

tically kept out satire and ridicule from his comedies. The play implies that incongruity is ingrained in human nature and should be cheerfully accepted by us as a postulate of life. We should trace the abnormalities in man's social manners to this basic trait of human nature and should not cast upon them the intolerant eye of the satirist. Theseus is, as it were, the exponent of the tolerance which is the watchword of Shakespearian comedy. The travesty of a play prepared by Bottom and his fellow-workmen "which never labour'd in their minds till now" is welcomed by Theseus in honour of whose marriage the show had been arranged. An attendant of Theseus asks him not to allow the performance, saying that "it is nothing, nothing in the world". Theseus would still see it. He said, "Our sport shall be to take what they mistake." In this one line we find a summing up of the attitude of Shakespearian comedy to human errors and aberrations, its sporting spirit of taking, or accepting without demur, the so-called mistakes of man in life. In that famous utterance of Theseus about love and madness we have a powerful plea for the tolerance of the whims and vagaries of man. Who is free from the domination of imagination and fancy? The lover, the lunatic and the poet are bracketed together. When we are under the sway of love we see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt and, in the case of everyone of us, "how easy is a bush supposed a bear." We have all "such seething brains, such shaping fantasies that apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends." By the expression 'cool reason' Shakespeare implies that sanity which comprehends and tolerates things as they are instead of crying for the moon, a spirit of wise acceptance of the whole of reality and not of a rejection of a part of it. Bottom, with all his fantastic absurdities, attracts our deepest attachment; and our great regret in the play is that we have not more of his stimulating company.

Such is also our attraction to another crowning creation of Shakespearian comedy, Dogberry of *Much*

Ado About Nothing. With his comrade, Verges, he forms a wonderful pair of watchmen, every ounce of whose fussy idiocy was needed for the purpose of the play. The conspiracy to denounce the innocent maiden Hero in the church, where she would be brought for her wedding, is detected by these sentinels on duty, but they were so grotesquely stupid that they failed to make their report clear to Leonato whom they met when he was going to church for his daughter's marriage. What they say is arrant nonsense and Leonato cannot understand what they had come to say. Dogberry makes a desperate but futile effort to make himself intelligible: "One word, Sir, our watch, Sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship."

Leonate leaves, saying to Dogberry, "Take their examination yourself and bring it to me."

This gives the illiterate Dogberry the chance of a lifetime and he shines in all his glory when he conducts the examination with the aid of the sexton, "the learned writer," whose help Dogberry badly needs to have the evidence recorded. Dogberry starts the trial with due judicial dignity. He asks: "Is our whole dissembly appeared?" Conrade, one of the accused, when questioned, called Dogberry "an ass."Just at that time the sexton happened to be away, and Dogberry exclaimed:—

> Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an ass! But masters! remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.. ....O that I had been writ down an ass!"

Dogberry is not a satirical character but purely a creation of Shakespearian comic spirit. Shakespeare does not intend to ridicule through him the Elizabethan constabulary as some critics have suggested. The rollicking fun that Dogberry provides is entirely needed for dis-

solving the tragic impression, incongruous in a comedy, that the church scene had produced; and the detection of the conspiracy prior to that scene had set the minds of the audience at rest and they went through the painful scene with a sense of assurance that all would be well at the end. This is how Shakespeare maintains the sway of the comic spirit over the minds of the audience even when they traverse this tragic region of the play. If Dogberry and Verges had not been the fools that they were, with the plenitude of their bungling stupidity, they would have been able to couch their report to Leonato in sensible words. But this would have rung down the curtain bringing the play to an abrupt close. Therefore, it is difficult to accept Coleridge's view, "Dogberry and his comrades have been forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchman and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action".

Much Ado About Nothing is a remarkable comedy of Shakespeare for his creation in it of this exquisite Dogberry. It has another striking feature which makes the play a signal proof of the alchemy of Shakespeare's comic spirit—its capacity to convert a thing of sorrow into a source of pleasure. It is a triumph of Shakespeare's indomitable gaiety to have completely subdued the tragic impression of the Hero-Claudio story, borrowed by him from an Italian source, perhaps inadvertently, for the purpose of writing this comedy. "This is no stuff for a comedy", as one critic has rightly observed. But nothing daunted, Shakespeare, fullly confident of his inexhaustible and irrepressible comic spirit, created an adequate antidote to the tragic effects of his borrowed tale in the shape of the oblique love-making of Benedick and Beatrice with their merry quarrel, thinly hiding their real attachment to each other. The fun provided by the comic bickerings of Benedick and Beatrice is enriched by the comic contribution of the Dogberry and Verges episode, also an original conception of Shakespeare. Stopford Brooke aptly observes, " What is sad in the play

is from Italy, what is gay is from Shakespeare."

Beatrice, the heroine of the play, is a perfect embodiment of the Shakespearian comic spirit. She says of herself : "I was born to speak all mirth and no matter".

Don Pedro, who describes her as "a pleasant-spirited lady" tells her, "You were born in a merry hour".

To this Beatrice replies, "No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born."

We can very well feel that Shakespeare's Comic spirit too was born under a star that danced.

Beatrice is a unique combination of gaiety and seriousness. When she found her cousin Hero belied she rose to the height of the occasion by dropping her fun and frolic and applied herself to a vindication of Hero's innocence. But in her normal character she gives a living shape to Shakespeare's comic spirit that thrills in joy in every circumtance and fully realizes what Browning says in his *Saul*:—

> How good is man's life, the mere
> living! how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and
> the senses in joy!

The presentation in a single character of gaiety, an essential element of Shakespearian comic spirit, is to be found in Beatrice. The embodiment of that spirit in an entire play is furnished by *As You Like It*. In this play in particular the large-hearted and all-embracing comic spirit of Shakespeare finds its fullest expression. The central theme of the play, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," is represented by the contented Duke with his happy attendants in banishment, living a life of supreme bliss in the Forest of Arden, a symbol of that happy world 'free from envy and malice,' that makes up the Shakespearian comic world. The play dramatizes

in the most telling way the essence of Shakespeare's comic spirit. It is a spirit of tolerance and cheerful acceptance of the serverest odds of life. The Senior Duke, the hero of *As You Like It*, is a perfect embodiment of the phase of infinite tolerance and patience which is an important aspect of the Shakespearian comic spirit. The Senior Duke is, as it were, the exponent, both in words and in pracctice, of Shakespear's comic spirit that cannot be repressed by any circumstance.

Gordon observes: "To speak of a master-key of any kind to Shakespeare is probably presumptuous; but if a key must be found at any rate to Shakespear's daily life, I find it preferably in his comedies."

Bradley asks which of Shakespeare's plays contains not necessarily the fullest picture of his mind—but the truest expression of his nature, of his habitual daily temper? He answers: "*As You Like It*."

We have discussed so far the group of Shakespeare's 'sunny comedies', as they have been called—*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Twelfth Night, As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing*. We may now pass on to the other batch of Shakespear's comedies, usually designated Dark Comedies—*Measure for Measure, All's Well that ends Well, Troilus and Cressida.* In the sunny comedies we witnessed Shakespear's successful quest of the comic in the light and frivolous follies of man. The same comic spirit that brightens up, as with the rays of the sun, the dark spots of the picture in these sunny comedies, prevails in these 'dark comedies' also. Here too we find a remarkable evidence of the alchemy of Shakespeare's comic genius springing out of a basic generosity and indomitable optimism ingrained in Shakespeare's mind and reflected in his art. We find in this a justification of the observation of A. W. Pollard,: "One of the impressions about Shakespeare which has been strongly forced on me, is that he was all of one piece. He developed, but in his development he cast nothing away. His attitude

towards life deepened, but his outlook remained the same". In the 'Dark Comedies' we do not find an abandonment of the Shakespearian comic spirit but rather a bolder adventure of that spirit to emerge unscathed out of the graver faults of human conduct and character than those in the sunny comedies. The Dark Comedies are also called problem plays. Shakespeare's own problem in these plays is a search for the comic in a most unpromising field the seamy side of human nature. The search for the comic in the world of the sunny comedies with its trivial faults and follies was easy and simple in comparison with the strenuous effort in the Dark Comedies to suck pleasure from a gloomy world with its vicious and loathsome exhibitions of the baser impulses of man. It is an endeavour to pluck grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. The only change in Shakespeare's comic spirit that we notice in these 'dark comedies' from its counterpart in the 'sunny comedies' is that Shakespeare's mood is now grave and serious. As Tillyard puts it, "Shakespeare here is in a mood of uncommon abstraction and speculation". The mood of these plays is thoughtful by the very nature of their theme. But the plays strike the same note as the sunny comedies—the note of tolerance and optimism.

The prime source of the Shakespearian comic spirit is a sympathetic attitude towards the mistakes and errors of men. It proceeds from an adoption of the Biblical injunction, "Judge not lest ye be judged." The idea is thus put into the mouth of Hamlet :—

> Use every man after his desert, and who would escape whipping?

In the central play of this group of Dark Comedies, *Measure for Measure*, which has been described by Walter Pater as the repository of Shakespeare's moral judgments, we find this basic principle of the Shakespearian comic spirit thus set forth by Isabella when she seeks a pardon from Angelo for her brother's crime :

> How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment should
> But judge you as you are ? O, think over that,
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made.

Isabella also utters the other cardinal principle of the Shakespearian comic spirit—the need for charity and kindness in man's dealings with man:—

> O! it is excellent
> To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant.

Man's abuse of power and authority in his treatment of his fellow-men has found a classic expression also on Isabella's lips:

> But man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantanstic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep.

The thought that we are all frail and have, therefore, no moral right to condemn the faults of others, which we all share, is thus put by Isabella. She tells Angelo who has sentenced her brother to death for sensuality:

> Go to your bosom;
> Knock there, and ask your heart what
> it doth know
> That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
> A natural guiltiness such as his,
> Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
> Against my brother's life.

Angelo did knock at his own heart and discovered in it in a much viler form the very same passion for which he had sentenced Isabella's brother to death. He exclaims:

> Thieves for their robbery have authority
> When judges steal themselves.

He realizes by his own experience the truth that "to err is human" and states categorically:—

> We are all frail.

This is, in brief, the watchword of Shakespearian comedy.

In *All's Well that ends Well* we hear that same note of charity, kindness and love. The ending of the play exposes the evil-doers but justice is seasoned with mercy. Parollas, 'a very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness,' claims:

> There's a place and means for every man alive.

This is the motto of Shakespearian comedy that is sounded in *Twelfth Night* in Sir Toby's challenge on behalf of cakes and ale.

Lafen, an old Lord whose instincts of tolerance and humanity have been strengthened by the experience of years, assures Parolles:

> Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat.

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have expression of the principle of social amity underlying the Shakespearian comedy, in the mouth of Ulysses, the wise man of the play. He says:

> Value dwells not in particular will;
> ……………………………………………
>
> No man is the lord of anything, though in and of him there
> be much consisting, till he communicate his parts to other.

Troilus and Cressida strikes the note of optimism, the resonant note of Shakespearian comedy. Troilus, the victim of the spell of Cressida's infatuation in the beginning of the play, recovers completely at the end, from his debilitating frenzy and becomes the most heroic fighter for the Trojan cause, "manly as Hector, but more dangerous".

The ultimate note that these so-called dark comedies strike is the comic note of tolerance, love and hope, and not the gloomy note of vexation or despair. The sunny and the dark comedies together embrace the whole of life and over them both shine the cheering rays of joy and love.

Shakespeare's comic spirit achieves a greater triumph in the dark comedies, for here it boldly catches hold of the darkest traits of human nature, gleans out the inherent goodness of man and emphasizes the view that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil." He presents most realistically the web of our life as a mingled yarn, good and ill together. But he impresses upon us the heartening sense that it is a beautiful pattern in which the good outshines the evil.

In Shakespeare's last play, *The Tempest*, we have a glorious consummation of the Shakespearian comic spirit. Prospero's heavenly forgiveness of his treacherous brother and his faithless enemy is urged by a profoundly humane sentiment :

> Though with their wrong I am
> struck to the quick,
> Yet with my nobler reasons 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part : the rare action is
> In virtue than in vengeance.

This strikes us as Shakespeare's final summing up. Prospero has been not inaptly identified with Shakespeare himself. Whether or not Prospero is Shakespeare, Prospero is certainly Shakespeare's ideal man, embodying the essence of the Shakespeare's fundamental outlook on men and things, his philosophy of life.

If Shakespeare's plays have any moral for us, it is the grand moral of the inevitable redemption of man and the supreme need of man's reconciliation with the conditions of his life, irrespective of the circumstances in which he may be placed.

Shakespeare's entire drama is informed by a total love of life. We have seen how in his comedies, of both the bright and the dark category, as well as the romances typified by *The Tempest*, an unconquerable spirit of love and hope and joy, which can all be appropriately subsumed under the label, "the Shakespearian comic spirit," so alter the angle of vision and enlarge the landscape

as to induce in us the faith that life means well and is perfectly worth living.

The basic optimism that pervades the comedies and romances of Shakespearian drama also shapes and colours his tragedies. All the types of Shakespearian drama, comedies, romances and tragedies, are closely inter-related because through them runs the central bond of the Shakespearian comic spirit Tillyard has pointed out to us convincingly that the romances supplement the tragedies. The tragic pattern traced by Tillyard in Shakespeare is a process of resistance to adverse circumstance, suffering and loss and ultimate reconciliation. There is reconstruction after the disintegration. At the end of the play we witness the sublime sight of the tragic hero's redemption by the side of which his error and crime and suffering that he has passed through pale into insignificance. Macbeth is transformed by his crime and suffering from the gross materialist who would, for the sake of his earthly prosperity, "jump the life to come," into a clear-eyed philosopher who realizes the truth that life is "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Othello emerges out of his fatal error and insane crime of killing his innocent wife with a deeper love for her than he ever had. His love comes out as pure gold as a result of its smelting in the fire of his tragic fate. The deeper springs of high seriousness which were lying inactive in the jovial and optimistic prince are opened up by the shock of a mother's fall and an uncle's crime and we have before us the magnificent Hamlet realizing so early in life the tragic truth that "the time is out of joint," that frailty is the basic trait of human nature. In an idealistic frenzy he discards the object of his youthful love, but when she dies, Hamlet discovers in the light of the catastrophe how deeply he loved her, that "forty thousand brothers' love could not make up his sum." The death of Cordella is only an instrument of the redemption of Lear. It transforms Lear the proud king into Lear the loving father ; or, rather, restores the father by freeing him from the obsession of royal pride. Do-

ver Wilson aptly observes: "The Lear that dies is not a Lear defiant, but a Lear redeemed. His education is complete, his regeneration accomplished."

Thus the motto of the Senior Duke, the hero of the most typical of Shakespeare's comedies, *As You Like It*, also applies to the tragedies of Shakespeare. Here too he conveys to us the cheering message that nothing in life, not even the severest blow of adverse fate, is without its use or value, and there is no reason why we should not be perfectly reconciled to life.

Thus the operation of Shakespeare's comic spirit is traceable through the entire Shakespearian drama. This common feature of his diverse plays unifies them all into an artistic expression of a single master-mind and master-spirit.

What T. S. Eliot observes about art generally is particularly appicable to Shakespeare:

> "It is ultimately the function of art, in imposing a credible order upon ordinary reality, and thereby elicing some perception of an order in reality, to bring us to a condition of serenity, stillness and reconciliation."

I would cite at the end the famous lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox which echo the voice of Shakespeare's comic spirit:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and weep alone;
For the sad world must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

KASHMIRI POETRY

(Some forms and themes)

J. L. KAUL

I

I said yesterday[1] how very grateful I was to the University authorities and, in particular, to Mr. Vice-Chancellor for doing me the honour of asking me to deliver these extension lectures. Today I have a greater reason to be thankful, not only because I am on surer ground this afternoon in regard to what I am to speak as one who is to the manner born; but that, Kashmiri has been given the status of being lectured on, so to say, from a University Chair. I believe that the University also has a reason to feel satisfied, for lectures on Kashmiri language and literature (and I would plead for lectures also on the literature Kashmiris produced during the Classical Sanskrit and Medieval Persian periods of history)—these lectures, particularly on Kashmiri, will justify the University's qualitative individuality.

I miss very sadly here today a friend and college-mate of mine, who later became the first Deputy Registrar of this University, the late Pirzada Ghulam Rasool. In the last thirties, I remember how he, with the authority and familiarity of an old college friend, dealt me a mild rebuke: "Why, what has happened to you, Kaul? We expected better from you than this exhuming of old forgotten songs of our language which we never cared for. And, anyway, what's there to it?" What is there to it? Even apart from considering and evaluating what there is in Kashmiri, we educated

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[1] 15th October: Lecture on "Time in English Literature", published in the last issue.

Kashmiris, let it be said with a sense of shortcoming in us (I am using the mildest word I can find), often ignore that it is our mother tongue. Language, some of us wrongly suppose, is a mere dress or a vehicle of thought. Language is really the flesh-body of thought which cannot be separated from it. If our flesh-body dies, we die too; and if language is weak, thought will inevitably be poor. If the language is not our own, our thought will normally be imitative and second-hand. Most educated Kashmiris of today have to go without the intimate revelations of the poetry native to them, the poetry which alone could (their knowledge of foreign and other Indian languages notwithstanding) vibrate the strings of their heart with the incantation of its verse, its music and meaning; and they have to wean themselves away from the intimate sympathy which it alone could quicken within them and bind them with the life and people around. A poor life this!

Anyway, what is there to it? That is the question I am attempting to answer this afternoon. But, I hope, it will be granted me that I cannot review the whole of our literature or all its literary art-forms. I shall confine myself strictly to the limited scope of the subject I have chosen. I do hope, however, that even this sketchy and not very competent review will show that, if we compare our effort (the effort really of our women and villagers, for it is to them that we entrusted for too long our literature for whatever they could do with it)—if we compare it with what was done in many other literatures at the comparable stage of neglect or, if you will, development, we have little reason to fight shy of it. And more. There are a few things (I will not say many) in our poetry, even as it is, that will compare favourably with what has been done elsewhere in the same genre.

II

For sometime now we have recognized four main

periods of our literature, excepting the period in which we are now. I may here utter a word of caution known to every student of literature. Literary movements do not blaze forth or fade out all on a sudden They go on not only when revolt against a particular tradition is brewing, but also even after it has succeeded in overthrowing it. Literary movements really dovetail one into another. Therefore I mean nothing more by this datewise division (and others could be suggested) than a division of convenience for dealing with the subject in historical perspective. These period-wise divisions are:

I. upto 1555, when Sultan Habib Shah, last of the Sultans of Kashmir and of Shah Mir dynasty was dethroned, and Ghazi Chak ascended the throne.

II. 1555 to 1752, that is, from the coming of the Chaks to the time when Ahmad Shah Durrani conquered Kashmir, and ended the Moghal rule which had followed the rule of Chaks.

III. 1752 to 1925—a long period—which can be divided into three sub-periods:

- (a) 1752 to 1846, that is, from the coming of the Afghans to the coming of the Dogras, ending the short Sikh rule which had followed the rule of the Afghans.
- (b) 1846 to 1885, that is, the reign of the first two Dogra Maharajas, Gulab Singh and Ranbir Singh.
- (c) 1885 to 1925, the reign of Pratap Singh till his death.

IV. 1925 to 1947, from the death of Pratap Singh to the coming of Independence.

V. 1947 onwards, that is, the present period.

In the first period we have Shiti Kantha's *Mahaanav Prakaash*, Lal Dyad's and Shekh Noor-ud-Din Wali's *Waakh*, and Bhattaavataar's *Baanaasura Kathaa.* This is

the period of the poetical form which we call *waakh* (from Sanskrit *vaakyaani*, word). A *waakh* is mostly a 4-line stanza, complete and independent in itself, a sententious gnomic verse, mystical or didactic. Shithi Kantha's *Mahaanay Prakaash* has more linguistic and prosodic interest than literary; and its about 94 verses, each a 4-line stanza, deals with the practices of esoteric schools of the time: Here's an example:

इतयओवलीन परम्पर
दीपमाला ज्ञन अन्धकार
धमित धाम उद्येत निरन्तर
दिशिशापायवतु अविकार ॥

(IX Udaya, 7th St.)

It has been noted by Sir George Grieson[2] that the language is old, and belongs to the period when Prakrit, in the Apabhramsa stage, had just merged into the language that finally became the Kashmiri of the present day. In the Kashmiri of today it would read:

yitshu'y avaliyan hu'nz paramparaa*
duu'pmaalaa zan andu'kaaras
kaa'sith, 'daam' nyarantar wwadayas yith
awikaar wwapaayich wath d'eshana yiyi

It has been one of the few fortunate events of our history that about the very first of our poets should have been Lal Dyad, (Granny Lal) affectionately so called, because after leaving her house, she wandered about the Valley in a semi-nude state, her abdomen (*lal* in Kashmiri) increasing in size and hanging loose over her pubic region. We know from her verses that she was upbraided by some and respected by others; but neither praise nor blame seemed to affect her. Moving about in a thoroughly unconventional manner, eclectic in her sayings, and even critical of orthodoxy, its dogma and ritual, and, what's more, speaking of the

secret doctrine and her experiences in a language which was neither Sanskrt nor Persian (the one having lost favour, the other not yet firmly established about the middle of the fourteenth century)—speaking in Kashmiri, the despicable native tongue of the lower classes, Lal Dyad's name does not occur in the Sanskrt histories which continued Kalhana's chronicle, those of Shrivara or, after him, of Shuka or of Praja Bhatta. It is, for the first time, in the *Twaarikh-i-Kashmir* by Khwaja Dyadamari (written about 1730 A. D. when her fame had become irresistable) that we find a mention of her:

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[2] *Memoirs*: Asiatic Society of Bengal, Vol. XI, No. 2.

* Key to pronunciation at the end.

عارفه کامله لله مجزوبه ظهورش در زمان سلطان علاوالدین بود......
در همان اثنا او را جزبه الهی رو داده

We are here concerned with her *Waakh* or sayings which have had a mighty hold on people's thought and affection, whether Hindu or Muslim, scholar or peasant, all alike. While she continued the tradition of the indigenous Shaiva philosophy of Trika Monism, she gave expression to it not only in a popular form in which people could understand it but, much more significantly, in the real language of the people themselves. Perhaps, for the first time in the history of Kashmir were mystical truths and the disciplines relevant to their realization made available to the people, then mostly unlettered here as elsewhere in the world, in the language they spoke and not in Sanskrt which much fewer people could understand. It is however not the abstruse truths of philosophy nor the discipline of vital airs, of *Kundalini* and *Nada-Binda* Yoga, that made her the poet-saint of the people. It is rather the intensity of conviction and faith, the stamp of genuine mystic experience, the authenticity of her poetic expression, and the energy of idiom and terse homely imagery, unsurpassed till the present day, that give her verse-sayings a lasting eminence both in the people's minds and in the literature of Kashmir. Her sayings have become current coin even in the speech of today and retain freshness of appeal. In her verses we find a

passionate apprehension of mystical truths which is the mark of a God-realized saint. There is little sentimental and didactic moralising which marks the sayings of less surer mystics Moreover, she rebelled against hypocrisy, the outword observances of orthodox ritualism of the time and its exclusiveness. Let me illustrate :

1. diva wat'aa diwur wat'aa
pyat'ha bwana chhuy yeeka waat'h
pooz kas karakh hot'ha bat'aa
kar manas ta pawanas sangaat'th

2. naaba'dy-baaras at'a-gand' d'yol gom
dyan-kaar ho'l gom hyaka kahyoo
gwara-sund wanun raawan tyo'l pyom
pahali-ro'st khyo'l gom hyaka kahyoo

3. aami pana so'dras naavi chyas lamaan
kati bozi day myon me'-ti diyi taar
aamyan t'aakyan pony zan shamaan
zuv chhum bramaan gara gatshahaa'

4. po't zooni wo'thith mo't bolanovum
dag lalanaa'vu'm dayi-su'nza prahey
la'ly la'ly karaan laala vuzanovum
meelith tas man shrotsyom dahey

5. Lal bo' loosu's tshaaraan ta gaaraan
hal me' ko'rmas rasa-nishi ti
vuchhun hyo'tmas taad'y d'eet'hymas baran
me' ti kal ganey-yi zi zogmas ta'ty

6. she' wan tsat'ith shyashi-kal wuzu'm
prakrath ha'nzum pawana suu'tee
lolu'ki naara waa'linj buzu'm
Shankar lo'bum tamiy suu'tee

1. The idol and the temple are but stone,
stone they are and nothing more.
O silly Pandit, whom does thou worship ?
Unite thy mind and breath in Him alone.

2. The candy-load upon my back has gone loose,
my day's work has gone awry, ah me !
My guru's word, like a blister, has pained my heart,
my flock shepherdless, is gone astray, ah me !

saws and pithy sayings that have become proverbial as, for instance,

> Poshinool poshi vaariy gaaraan
> mwagul gaaraan huniy vaas
> shaa'j shinyaalay gaaraan
> khar gaaraan guh lyad ta sass.
>
> The oriole seeks out a flower garden;
> The owl seeks out a deserted spot,
> The she-jackal searches dreary wastes,
> The donkey searches dung and dirt.

but he could also be piercingly intense:

> a'shk chhuy kun gobur maaji marun
> swa zwala kari ta kihay
> a'shk chhuy gunatularyav paan barun
> su swakha rozi ṭa kihay
> a'shk chhuy ratajaama tani paa'raavun
> su aah kari ta kihay.
>
> Love is death of an only son to a mother—
> Can she have any sleep?
> Love is venemous stings of a swarm of wasps—
> Can the victim have any rest?
> Love is wearing a robe dripping with blood—
> Can the wearer utter a sigh?

Bhattaavataar's *Baanaasura Kathaa* (discovered in the Bhandarkar Oriental Library, Poona) is, as the author tells us, based on the romance of Usha and Anirudha narrated in the *Harivamsha Puraana*; but we must await a properly edited publication of it before we can assess its linguistic worth and literary merit. It is the first secular poem that can be dated, having been written in the reign of Sultan Zainul-Abidin Badshah (1420-1470 A. D.) Here is a specimen:

> जैननि पाने विमले राज्ये षड्विंषे वर्षे कतकिय ।
> दिव सरस्वत पूजेत आज्ये हरिवंशस अन्धर वंथिय ॥

The same must be said of Ganaka Prashasta's *sukha-*

3 With a rope of untwisted thread I tow my boat,
would God hear my prayer and bring me safe across!
Like water in cups of unbaked clay I waste away,
ah, how I long to reach my home!

4. "When the moonlight ended with the dawn,
Mind of her self with illusion mad,
Lalla to the love of God had drawn,
Soothing the pain that had made her sad:

Cried to her Beloved: It is I,
Lalla, Lalla, that awakens Thee:
Buried in the crystal lake doth lie
All the defilement that darkened me"[3]

5. Searchidg and seeking Him I Lalla, wearied myself,
and even beyond my strength I strove;
then, looking for Him, I found the doors closed and latched.
This deepened my longing and stiffened my resolve;
and I would not move from where I was,
with love and longing, looking out for Him.

6. I cut my way through the six Forests,
when light shone forth from the Awakened Moon.
I controlled the vital Airs and Prakriti froze and shrank.
Then I parched my heart in the fire of love,
and thus came to Shanker, the Supreme Self.

We note, in these and other *waakhs*, the variety of rhyme-schemes, *abab*, *abad*, *abcb*, or no rhyme at all. The metre is qualitative stress accent, four accents to each line generally, and not a strict short and long quantity measure. This is so also with the *waakh* of her younger contemporary, Shekh-ul-aalam, Shekh Noor-ud-lin Wali (popularly known as Nund Ryo'sh) of Tsraar-I-Shareef. It is time somebody did for his *waakh* what Grierson has done for Lal Dyad's so that we could have a definitive edition of his verse sayings. What we know of them, however, is enough to vouch for saying that his *waakh*, more didactic in tone and content than Lal Dyad's, have enriched our language with wise

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[3] Translation of verse 4 is by Sir Richard Temple.

dukhacharitam, a Kashmiri didactic poem an the art of happy living, the manuscript of which, also discovered at Poona, is still not available to us.

III

We come now to the second period, 1555 to 1752. During this period Persian is firmly established not only as the official language but also as the language of literature, and talented Kashmiris turn to it for giving expression to their thoughts and feelings. Maulana Shekh Yakoob Sarfi Ganai (1522–1594) produced his encyclopaedic work during this time; and to this time belong also Mirza Akmal-ud-Din Kamil, the author of *Bahar-ul-Irfaan*, a Persian masnavi of 80,000 couplets, and Khawaja Habib Ullah Nawsheri (1555–1617), who wrote treatises on mysticism. While these substantial products of mind find expression in Persian, songs continue to be written in Kashmiri. Many of these songs are mystical in the *waakh* style. This for instance :

ye'my ko'r sara panun paan
mas baanan t'haan mutsaraa'vith gav
chhiv lagyas hosh nashas
mashas pananuy paan
na su zaani he'ndy wwapath
na su musalmaan.

Whosoever realizes his own true self,
uncovers the vessels of wine,
overflows with joy, is intoxicated,
and forgets his lower self.
He will not know a Hindu
or a Musalman.

But in many other songs there appears a pronounced change. They become longer in the length of the line and the number of lines, and a refrain is added to them as, for instance, in this poem ascribed to Khwaja Habib-Ullah Nawshehri.

a'shku'ni maa'daana traavyaam hay
hay tavay t'ot'hyom paanay day

ya'mi da'ryyaawa a'sy paa'daa gay
layi roz tamikuy may aaparay

" vajalnaa minalmaa-i kul shayin hay "
hay tavay t'at'hyom paanay day

keyntsav pyaala chay payaapay
kentsan chawaan sapuduy tay
kenh gav taari ta kentsan chhu say
hay tavay t'ot'hyom paanay day

I surrendered completely to love,
and God is pleased with me.

Be true in love and you will be given
a taste of the wine which fills the River of Life
that brought us hither; from whose waters
God hath made every living thing

Some drink cup after cup unceasingly;
some, in the very act of drinking, attain to the Goal;
some wait and they still have hope;
some wait and wait, unavailingly.

The chief contribution of this period is, however, a new kind of song which tells of secular human love. This is the *lol* lyric, a song set to music, wherein the poet sings of his *lol*, a Kashmiri word signifying an untranslatable complex of love, longing and a tugging at the heart. The *lol* lyric is a short poem, an utterance of a single mood, rarely in more than six or ten lines, including the refrain. It is a thing of music, a very melodious music, with its end-rhymes and medial rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and assonances that come naturally as the very stuff of the language which has a high proportion of vowels and semi-vowels to its consonants, and in which aspirates, gutterals and harsh consonants are rare. There is a looseness and a flexibility of rhythm as in the verse of Lal Dyad, and the metre is not yet made to fit in quite within the precision of Persian quantitative pattern. It is not an intellectual lyric, it states no theme. It is written as

though to relieve the mind in song and to find

> "......a very echo to the seat
> where love is throned."

And, as in the *braja* tradition, it is the woman that is the lover and seeks to give utterance to her love. She sings of love in many moods: the spring is come, the flowers are in bloom, and the kokil (turtle-dove) and tiriv (bush-chat) are here but 'where are you?'

ranga ranga saa'ry gul aay
madano kati chaa'ny jaay
raa'naa zeybaa gulaab aay
shab-boy maa'nziposh swanaposh draay
kaaripa'ty ta so'mbulan ka'r graay
madano kati chaa'ny jaay

Flowers have bloomed in all their hues,
Love where are you?
The rose has come, graceful and lovely,
the tuberose, the balsam, and the *sonaposh* have come out,
the larkspur and the hyacinth have burst daintily into bloom,
Love, where are you?

OR

la'j phulay andwanan
tse' kanan go'ynaa myon
la'j phulay kolasaran
wwaathoo neeryan khasu'wo
pho'j yosman andwanan
tse' kanan goynaa myon

The distant meadows are in bloom
hast thou not heard my plaint?
Flowers bloom in mountain lakes,
come, let us to mountain meads,
The lilac blooms in distant woods,
hast thou not heard my plaint?

Then the long long waiting till the days drag; but he does

not come and the yearning deepens:

kukiley puu'ry kawa traa'with kwalaraadan
dukaley wwandi myon gaw
me' kaley chaaney braa'nty gaa'mo naadan
aadanbaaji myaani yaaro wey
tseynto lad'ury posh pho'ly kwalaraadan
az chhum aadan vaatahamay
dihamay darshun sar vanday paadan
aadanbaaji myaani yaaro wey

Like a kokil-dove you moved along the wandering rills,
and distraction filled my heart.
Beguiled by love, I fancied you were calling me,
My Love, Companion of my Youth!
Think of the flower bloom along the rivulet banks,
this is the time I look for you,
this is the time for you to come.
O, were you to come, what would I not do for you?
I would lay down my life for you,
My love, Companion of my Youth!

Then comes the questioning and doubting of Love's fidelity, and wailing and lamenting. It is true that we find little abandon to joy, sensuous or supernal, and little gaiety of tone in these songs. They usually sing of absence and separation and even infidelity; but some of them can be very lovely, as lovely, as such songs and airs can be. This delicate song for instance:

myaani madan hiyo hiyo
chham chaa'ny laadan
haa yiyo yiyo
darshun diyo diyo
chham chaa'ny laadan
aadana tse'y suu'ty karyaam vaaday
vaada kawa d'o'lham piyo piyo
chham chaa'ny laadan

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine,
I long for thee.
Come, O come,
and show thyself;
I long for thee.
I plighted, when young, my troth to thee,
why didst break thy troth, O sweet, O dear?
I long for thee.

OR, this one, more substantial but equally musical:

yaam hoori me' t'oori tsandun mo'loomay
taamath tso'loomay yaar ve'see
dapyaam aagas bo' roshi zaagas
laagas bo' sheyri hee
wwandu'kis baagas poshaah pho'loomay
taamath tso'loomay yaar ve'see

Hardly had I, a budded houri, bathed me in sandal-oil,
when Love deserted me and went away.
Methought I would lie in wait for him,
with jasmine to crown his head;
a rare flower had bloomed in the garden of my heart—
when Love deserted me and went away.

I would quote many more of these songs which I love and which, in a sense, are typically Kashmiri. These songs are now dead. They are no longer written. Most of them are of unknown authorship and have come down to us by word of mouth and oral tradition; while many of them are found recorded, interspersed, among Persian songs and ghazals, in the manuscripts of *mausiqis* or songs set to music, with appropriate directions of *raag* and *taal* and *muqaam*. Two famous writers of these *lol*-lyrics are undoubtedly women. Haba Khatoon, who lived in the sixteenth century and romantically became the spouse of the last Chak King, Yusuf Shah, conquered and exiled by Akbar; and A'rnimaal, the disappointed spouse of the talented author of Persian *bahari taveel*, Munshi Bhawani Das, who lived later, in the Afghan times.

IV

The third period is a prolific period, and I can only briefly dwell upon the new forms that poetry took. We find that Kashmiri literary men, albeit of countryside mostly, begin to own their native tongue and use it for poetical compositions, closely modelling their verse, however, on Persian. Kashmiri verse loses its looseness and flexibility and the metre is now more correct and strait-laced, and the language is, inevitably, full of Persian words and phrases, not always fully assimilated. These poets imitate the Persian *masnavis* and write their narrative poems in couplets employing Persian *bahar*, mostly *bahar-i-hazaj*. This, in itself, would be a gain, not a loss, for, being a sweet language and the language of polite courtly culture, Persian lends itself easily and musically to a welding with Kashmiri. But we find poets borrowing wholesale not only epithets and phrases, often stale enough, but also hackneyed imagery and conceits and hyperbole of decadent Persian poetry. The Kashmiri poet now turns to old Persian themes of legend and story and history, to Shirin and Farhad, Laila and Majnoon, Wamiq and Uzra, Sohrab and Rustum. Of the first sub-period of this long period, from 1752 to 1846, the chief poets are Mahmood Gaami and Prakash Ram of Kurygom. Of the second viz; 1846 to 1885, the chief poets are Paramanand and Maqbool Shah; while during the third sub-period, 1885 to 1925, we have Rasool Mir, Abdul Wahab Parey and Krishna Razdan. There were many more, some of whom will find their name and works mentioned in a history of Kashmiri literature; but I must pass them over, concerned as I am only with the main forms and themes of poetry.

This is the age of metrical romance, when stories or legends of love and adventure are poetized. Many tried their hand on this type of verse composition, and sometimes two or more poets wrote on the same theme and story. Here is a short list: *Sri Ramavtaar Charit* by Prakash Ram; *Sri Krishnavtaarlila* by "Dinanatha"; *Guli Bakaavali* by Hakeem Iblee Shekh; *Wamiq Uzra* by Peer Muhammad Saif-ud-Din; *Heemal* by Waliullah Mottoo; *Gulrez* by Maqbool Shah Kraalawaa'ry; *Kraalakoor* by Peer Ghulam Mohy-ud-Din; *Guli Bakaawali* by Lassa Khan; *Qissa-i-Swandar Paree*, *Jauhari Ishq*, *Mumtaaz-o-Benazeer*. and *Rauzat-ush-Shuhuda* by Azizullah Haqqani; and *Yusuf Zulaikha*, *Laila wa Majnoon*, *Shirin-o-Khusrau*, *Harun-ur-Rashid*, *Shekh San'an* by Mahmood Gaami. And many more,

too many to mention here. Mention may be made, however, of (1) Lachman Bhat's *Nala-Damayanti*; (2) of *Akanandun* by various authors (e. g. Saif-ud-Din, Wali-ullah Mottoo, and, in our times, by Samad Meer) and in various styles, treating of a local version of a similar theme as that of Abraham-and-Isaac story which has somehow caught the imagination of the people here; (3) Krishna Razdan's *Siva Parinaya*; and (4) of Abdul Wahab Parey, who was a voluminous writer and who, besides 700 and odd ghazals wrote *Qissa-i chahaar Darwesh*, *Qissa-i-Bahram Gor*, *ahlaabnaama*, *Haft Qissa-i-makar-i-zan*, and, lastly, a translation of *Shahnaama*, to mention only one of the many translations of his from Persian into Kashmiri. In the masnawi couplet form have also been written *Hamd*, *Naatishareef*, and *Mojizaati Hazrat Rasool-i-Akram* (on whom be peace!). Also in this form have been written several elegies on the martyrdom of Hazrat Hussain (of blessed memory!); and some comic-satires like Maqbool Shah's *Greestnaama*, and *Peernaama*, and Khalil Shah's *malanaama*. And often, interspersed among these masnavi narratives, we find ghazals and songs and, what equally distinguishes them from the Persian masnavis, also change in metres as, for instance, in Mahmood Gaami's *Yusuf Zulaikha* and in Maqbul Shah's *Gulrez*.

Gulrez has deservedly become popular; and it is one of the few masnavis that will live; for most other masnavis, if they have any life at all, will live as curiosities of literature and only in fragments as anthology pieces. *Gulrez*, however, has more or less equal merit throughout, and it gives us a passionate portrayal of love, the effect of which is, at places, heightened by the descriptions of the scenes of nature. It is a barrowed theme from Persia about Ajab Malik and Noshlab; but I have failed to find if there is any poem on this story in Persian. It appears that the story came to Kashmir by oral communication. *Gulrez* seems therefore to be an original work and not a translation, nor adopted from or based upon a Persian model. Here are specimens of our masnavi style at its best:

(a) This one is from Prakash Ram's *Sri Ramaavtaar Charit :*

> he'chhith boozith wuchhith laagun pozyaa o'n
> pha'lis chhuy hyo'l he'lis chhuy saa'mpu'naan go'n
> panun dam chhuy ga'neemath boz yih ru'ts kath
> chhuh broont'yum bront'h rozaan chhuy pa'tyum path
> zu'h do'h sontu'ny gaa neemath chhiy jawaano
> wawakh yiy tiy tsu'h lonakh yaari- jaano......
> kadu'r ye'my zon paanas nishi yiman dwan
> suh yo'dway aasi sha'stu'r saa'mpu'nyas swan.

And (b) this one is from Makbool Shah's *Greest-naama :*

> sazowul yo'd yiyakh tas bront'ha neyran
> dinas dag mwa'th ta pyat'hakani jaay sheyran
> ga'ndith guly rozu'nas phwarmaan bardaar
> pathar vas guri, saathaah be'h, ma saa' maar
> tse' chhuy naa koor go'bruy son aa'yut
> vuchhaan aa'sy raath a'sy Bhat'h vaati maa yo't...
> yiyakh ye'li doori peer d'eyshinas yaam
> nyabar aa'sith atsan gaanas andar taam
> shuryan baa'tsu'n dapan to'hy vaara vuchhtav
> be'shoonkuy wuchhzi a'ty chhaa kina syo'duy gav...
> go'mut vay tshaand'aney bab dyad ga'mu'ts wan
> baban subahan dapyaanas zinyge'd'aah an.

Now, let us compare these with Mahmood Gaami's *Yusuf Zulaikha :*

> hamd beyhad naat-i Ahmad har saheefas ibtidaa
> roz damaah soz a'shykun boz ay mardey khudaa
> paadshaahaah kajkulaahaah os shaharey magribas
> aa's kooraah khaasa ta'mysu'y Beeb Zulaikhaa naav tas
> say Zulaikhaa aa's zeybaa dilphireybaa zoon zan
> seena saaph aa'yeenakhwata os tas roshan badan
> naar-i pistaan raahatey jaan aa'sy tas rwapa su'ndy qabah
> d'e'yshivu'nvan kreyshivu'nyan aa'sy pheraan dil dubah
> tath mulookas tahanz hish soorath be'yey na kaa'nsi aa's
> satu'va'ryshee tshyata gaa'mu'ts na ta kamee vaa'nsi aa's
> khwaab d'yoot'hun akh jawaanah nundabonaah khoob roy
> os ra'naa maah jabeenaah naazneenaah mushk moy.

This last is no language, not because here are too many Persian words but because the diction is listless and stilted, artificial and imitative, not racy of the soil, and foreign words are unassimilated to the genuis of our language. I know some of us boost it up as *rekhta* but I do not regard this as a purely literary judgement. This is, however, not to belittle what we owe to Mahmood Gaami. We are indebted to him for the first ghazal in our language, technically so called, also perhaps, for the first masnavi, and, but for Haba Khatoon's

"wwalo myaani poshey madano..."

Or "tsu' kamyoo swani myaani bram dith nyoonakho..."

Or "kaa'nsi maa raa'vin shoorey paan..."

and perhaps a few more such songs attributed by long tradition to her, we owe him also the first love songs which, for want of a better word, I may call *Kaa'shur ghazal* or, perhaps better *kaa'shur geet*. The metres and and rhyme-pattern of these *geets* are various, and each unit is a stanza of three lines followed by the refrain. These *geets* were soon popular as *chhakri* songs, and continue to be so till the present day. I believe Rasool Mir is our best song writer in this form. Now man loves woman, and he is lavish, almost uninhibited in describing her charms. His ghazals have a unity of impression which was not usually to be found in the ghazals written previously. And, he may be said to have succeeded more than most of his predecessors and contemporaries in acclimatising Persian words and phrases into Kashmiri. There is, besides, a note of passion and there is spontaneity in his songs.

Taken as a whole, however, songs, and ghazals and geet, as written by the poets of this long period, are more sophisticated, and even imitative and artificial. The song has lost some of its former melody, directness, and a tender poignancy of feeling; though it has gained in richness of allusion from Persian love lore and also in sen-

suousness and ornateness.

In this very form poets now wrote their mystical songs also but much of what they wrote is unequal in merit, at its best didactic and homiletic, and at its average, sentimental, platitudinous, morbidly gloomy and even obscure. There are exceptions, however, in a few poems of Na'ma Saa'b, Swachh Kraal, Wahab Khaar, Shams Faqir, Ahmad Bat'awaa'ry and, later, in our times, of Samad Meer.

Then there is the leela-lyric which, at its best, has the rare quality (rare in Kashmiri poetry) of abandon, even ecstasy, as in Paramanand:

ye'li teyley a'ndrimi loluk sre'h
te'li meyley paanas hyuh looka sre'h
kheyli antar-baahar buka buka sre'h
chhuna parvaay geyli aalam ta lo lo.

Once awaked, love cannot be confined within,
but must ooze out and fret to find itself
without, its correspondance in the love of man
and nature, which it shall everywhere find.
Then love within shall flow without,
and gushing and gurgling in a whirligig of joy,
the bubbling founts of love shall dance and play.
Exalted thus and united with the love of all,
what cares thy devotee how the world regards
him or what it says? He is indifferent
to all its praise and blame.

Or (b) Krishna Razdan's:

Nandalal aaw gindaney raas
aara ka'ry-ve aaray...

Nandalal is come to dance,
Make a ring, make a ring.

The wild rose is aflame with love,
It has taken to the woods,
It has wandered by the brooks.
Make a ring, make a ring.

In the mansion of the body,
See, a dance is going on,
with all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring...

We may trace the origin of leela-lyric from the songs in Prakash Ram's *Shri Ramavtaar Charith.* Or, We may go even further back to Khwaja Habib Ullah Nowshehri's poem :

yaara gatshavo divayey
aashkaaraa draavayey
chhus Muhammad naawayey
"kuntu kanzan" aavayey
jalva maaraan draavayey
"nahanu aqrah" baavayey
yaara gatshavo divayey..."

The *leela*-lyric is primarily a devotional poem, saturated with mysticism. The universe exists : it is real and it is good. Indeed all manifestation is an ever-flowing of God's joy, a *lila*, a Nataraja's dance. These poems, rightly so called, do not lay stress on asceticism and aloofness from the world. They stress inwardness of experience rather than outward formalism.

Paramanand wrote three long poems; *Sudaamcharith*, *Radhaaswayamvar*, and *Sivala'gu'n*, in this very form, that is, in stanzas or units of three lines followed by a refrain, the first two lines rhyming together and the third rhyming with the refrain. By any standard, Paramanand would be a significant poet in any language. Each of his three narrative poems has the unity of a great mystical idea, the love of God for man and of man for God. The unobtrusive allegory, most unobtruding in *Sudaamcharith*, controls the various incidents and gives them a structural unity. I have no time here to dwell on this but must give a specimen of his narrative art:

bwadabror dwadatsoor draav khokhajey
goorybaayi tswapaa'ry laarani lajey
me'ti me'ti me'ti kyaah chhu baana phut'aranay...
Yashudaayi do'p yi chhum du'shiraavanay
lookabaayan nishi mandu'chhaavanay
yad'a'ba'd'ysu'y cham na yad'yivanay...
dwad chyath tsalaney lajaav Yashudaayey
laaraan tas pata thaaraan draayey
athi hyath gudom a'thy zi gand'anay...

moorathgar yas na moorath gand'ey
tas mani yas chhana doorath gand'ey
gyaan dyaan gand'anas chhina poshanay...
tas balaveeras pata pata doraan
tshala tshala tsalanay bala aayi soraan
hataba'dy atagath manz aanganay...
maa'j ye'li tha'ch aar aav santaanas
yuth bha'khtyan hund yiwaan Bhagawaanas
rat'anas paa'ny paana dith rood tanay...

He has what Jalal-ud-Din Rumi calls "the inspired speech", the quality of ecstasy of those who "break through to the oneness". It is a stray single word here and there that invests a whole passage with a mystical meaning without interfering with the flow of the narrative. He uses the native colloquial idiom with verve and effect and there is a terse pointedness and proverbial ring about numerous of his verses e. g.,

yas din tas yin toray naadas

Or, chhaav yith chika chaav baanas neyraana

Or, sheeshas ta sooras meyl chhaa
teel neyri kanimanza teyl chhaa

I may here venture to utter a note of warning against the recent tendency (following Sir George Grierson) of labelling Parmanand's and other leela poets' poetry as written in "Hindu Kashmiri" as against "Muslim Kashmiri" of our masnavis, notably of Mahmood Gaami. It is regrettable that Master Zinda Kaul should also have accepted this division of our language in his introduction to *Paramanand* Vol I. It would not be proper here to enter into a discussion of the falsity of this nomenclature, but I should like emphatically to say that to label this poetry as such and therefore to dismiss it as something irrelevant, not belonging as it were, would be doing violence with our literature and impoverishing it.

I may here also say a word about our comic-satiric ballads distinguished for homely but effective metaphor

and picturesque portrayal of the ridiculous situations in which we sometimes found ourselves when facing either the natural calamities like floods and earthquakes or the tyranny of the petty bureaucrat of the day; or when we tried to adjust ourselves to the new conditions like the Revenue settlement of Sir Walter Lawrence. Though this comic-satric verse is only minor poetry yet it is a pity that much of it (which we call *la'd'i shaah*) is lost and only stray stanzas are extant. There were however a few sustained efforts like Mulla Habib-Ullah Hakeem's *sahlaabnaama*, Nazim of Vejibror's parody on Mahmood Gaami's well-known poem beginning *rinda kitha zinda chhuk aabas suu'ty* and, in our times, a few amusing poems by Lakhman Razdan, known by his pen-name of Laala-la'khyman, particularly the one beginning

"Laala La'khyman shakhdaarey draav"

V

We now come to the fourth period, from 1925 to 1947. This is the age of Mahjoor to whom we owe a deep debt for keeping alive Kashmiri poetry at a difficult time when Urdu and English, introduced in the last decades of the 19th century, had ousted Persian from offices and schools and when literary creativity was at a very low ebb. He belongs to the school of Rasool Meer and shares with him the popularity of being the best writer of our Kashmiri *geet* and ghazal. He recovered much of the melody native to our language, retrieved the language itself from the false *rekhta* of our masnavis of the last century, and introduced many new themes such as *My Youth* and *The Country Lass*, and some patriotic songs, notably the famous one beginning

wo'lo haa baagwaano naw bahaaruk shaan paidaa kar
"Come Gardener, let us create the glory of a new spring".

His younger contemporary, Abdul Ahad Azad, gave

us *Shikwa–i Iblees*, which was a new thing. It was, firstly, a *nazm*, that is, a poem longer than the usual ghazal and with a unity of theme; and, secondly, the theme itself was a revolutionary one. It was a complaint of Satan questioning God's wisdom in creating the world. Ghulam Hassan Beg Arif also took up new themes, social and patriotic, and wrote *nazms* and, what is his particular contribution, the rubaiyat, most of which have the surprise of a turn or twist in meaning in the third or the fourth line. For example:

pagaah boozum sazaah dikh soodkhaaras
sitamgar haa'kimas sarmaayidaaras
azyuk do'h gav ga'reebas kyut kayaamath
adu'l pagahuk karyas kyaah swachh bichaaras

Tomorrow, I have heard it said, that Thou
wouldst punish the usurer, the tyrant bureaucrat,
and the capitalist.
What of today, which grinds the poor as if it
were the judgement day ?
What good to him Thy justice of another day ?

The modern note, in a profounder sense, was, however, sounded by Master Zinda Kaul Though it is largely mystical, what distinguishes the poetry of Masterji from the long line of Kashmiri mystical poetry is its note of searching doubt and interrogation; and what distinguishes it from the large body of modern verse is the depth of its mystical meaning. Quite a few of the small number of his poems, like *Vadihey Manush*, *Nautayaa'ree*, *Joogy*, will have a secure place in our literature. Even other peoms have the quality of vision like *Lolas Kun* (To Love), *Sumran* (The Token of Love) or *Vanan Manz Laal*, where the lover has a priceless vision of

> a mystic afflatus passing from heart to heart, where fleshly eyes of man intervene not between true lovers...The love -sick heart hath heard of God, but here it sees none other than Man, in very truth, the Formless Incarnate. Here it sees the self-same sap coursing through all,

and the meanest thorn yearning to be free,
to feel the largeness of the Whole, and to
become the Garden itself. Here it realized
how priceless is the heart of man, and lo!
God is love's luminous flame within
the heart; for God chose His abode in love
when man was made, and love his dwelling found
where grief was great, in the heart of sorrowing
man.

VI

Then came the Raid, and something remarkable happened. Overnight, as it were, new poets burst upon the scene with themes, understandably relevant to our life-and-death struggle, but with a rare rhetorical eloquence. Inevitably, much of what was written was, so to say, 'occasional' which could be dated; but some of the stirring songs are unforgettable like Dinanath Nadim's "I will not sing today. I will not sing today of Rose and Nightingale......" or "Beware, O War-monger!" and a fine poem on the death of a comrade[4]

Comrade!
My comrade-in-arms!
Why does not our song sound in your ears?
Tired? Why lie you down when the journey's not done?
Wherefore should you slumber when our work is just begun?
Watered with your blood, won't you see the garden bloom?
Won't you wait for a new time's dawn that'll be soon?
Is is right for the architect of future to assume
Death, my comrade—
My comrade-in-arms?

Don't I hear what you would say?
Don't I know to what you were a prey?
Chill blasts of poverty made you fade before your noon;
For medicine means money,— and your sun set soon;
But even in the claws of death you remembered
the plighted troth;

---

[4] Translated by Shri T. N. Raina of National Defence Academy, Kharakwasla, published in *the Visvabharati Quarterly.*

To the flame of new resolves you played the happy moth ;
You cannot die, for you are the beacon on our path
Forever, my comrade,—
My comrade-in-arms !

You are no more,—but what of that ?
Can fire forever slumber ?
You are no more, but your fiery emanation can never die !
It'll flower into a myriad sparks, and grow, but never die !
Dead coals, infected, will glow, and grow, but never die !
Coals glow into a blazing fire, and grow, but never die !
My lyre has caught this tune, my song this stirring theme
From you, my comrade, –
My comrade-in-arms.

Nadim and, later, Rahman Rahi and some others have been taking up new themes and experimenting with new forms : free verse, different rhyme-schemes and stanza forms ; and at their best, have enriched our poetry with new imagery. Nadim has not only written an excellent opera, *Heemal ta Naa'gyraay*, rich in symbolism, but also very successful octave-and-sestet sonnets. Just how modernist these poets can be is shown by Nadim's sonnet* beginning

"doha aki koha pa'ty zoon kha'ts tso't hish..."

The moon looked like a bun[5] as she rose behind the mountain.
She looked clouded and dull as a Pampore puttoo garment[6]
worn off threadbare and torn at the collar-band, exposing,
one after another, the spots and scars on a silvery breast.
Tired and pale she looked,
pale as a spurious silver rupee coin
palmed off upon a woman coolie
with the small change of her weekly wage.

---

* Note : In the original Kashmiri this is a sonnet with *abba abba, cdecde* rhyme-scheme.

[5] *tso't* in Kashmiri is larger but thinner than a bun.

[6] a vest or a loose garment (called phyaran in Kashmiri) of a dull grey homespun tweed made in Pampore, a village 8 miles south-east of Srinagar.

> The moon looked like a bun, and the hills looked hungry.
> The clouds put out the fire of the cooking-range[7]
> [blazing in the western skies],
> when [in the east] it looked as if the wood-nymphs lit
> a moving cooking-stove[8]
> in whose soft glow white shoots of steamed rice seemed
> to spring upon the hills.
>
> Then I too whispered hope to my hungry belly;
> then I too looked and looked, with a hungry look, at the
> moonlit sky.

Broadly speaking, Kashmiri poetry has stepped into adolescence and there are signs that it will soon come of age.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a sounds as *u* in *cup*; *aa* as *a* in *farm*.
a' sounds somewhat like *oe*, as in *a'chh* (an eye), *la'r* (a house);
aa', the long sound of *a'*, as in *aa's* (a mouth), *laa'r* (a cocumber).
i sounds as *i* in hill; *ee* as in *heel*.
u' sounds somewhat like *ui*, as in *tu'r* (a rag);
uu', the long sound, as in *tuu'r* (cold).
u sounds as *u* in *pull*; *oo* as in *pool*.
e' is a shorter sound of *e* or *ey*, as in *tre'* (three);
e or *ey*, the longer sound, sounds as *a* in *hate* or *ay* in *say*, as in *treysh* or *tresh* (thirst).
o' is a shorter sound of *o*, somewhat like *o* in *hot*, as in *ho'l* (crooked);
o or *oa*, the longer sound, sounds as *o* in *hole*, as in Kashmiri *hol* or *hoal* (despair).
ya sounds as *e* in *tell*, as in Kashmiri *tyal* (giving airs).
wa as in *dwad* (milk).
-y as in *kuly* (trees), *khaa'sy* (cups): *y* at the end of a syllable preceded by a consonant has the sound of a short *i*.
g is always hard as in *gig*; *j* as in *jest*.
ch is always soft as in *church*; chh is its aspirated form.
t' as *t* in *tin*, *t'h* as *th* in *thug*, and *d'* as *d* in *dish* (lingual sounds);
t as in French, *th* as in *thing*, and *d* somewhat as *th* in *this* (dental sound).
ts as in Kashmiri *tsoor* (a thief); *tsh* is its aspirated form, as in *tshat'h* (a draught of air).

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[7] *ga'j* in Kashmiri is a cooking-range in which fuel is burnt. The fuel is placed in the open mouth of it; and the flames blaze forth from the mouth as well as the orifices on which pots are placed.

[8] *wwathadaan* is a portable cooking-stove much smaller than a *ga'j*.

Book Reviews

The Young Lions*

Universally acclaimed as a supreme war novel, *The Young Lions* pictures a sweeping panorama of the war from both sides. Among a galaxy of characters those who really matter are a Nazi sergeant, Christian, and two Amerian soldiers, Michael and Noal. Irwin Shaw follows the destinies of these three young men from before the war upto the final encounter that leaves only one survivor in Michael.

The tenacious grip on life, the strong desire to live is as strong in Noal as in Christian. Noal survives the fateful D-Day, when the Americans, for the first time, landed their forces on the North-west coast of France, and when thousands around him were massacred by the German batteries. He survives the campaign through France, and narrowly misses being captured by the Germans. But at the closing stages of the war when Noal was already in terms of joining his wife and baby son back at home, he is killed by a bullet from Christian's machine-pistol. Christian lives through the earlier victorious German advance on Paris, and also through their inglorious retreat from North Africa, but gets killed from a grenade thrown by Michael, out of sheer desperation, at the very last moment. The remarkable thing about the dramatic exit of the two soldiers, one a Jew and the other a Nazi, is that it takes place when they were least expectiug it. Noal and Michael were out just for a stroll and Christian, most assured in his mind of having a charmed life, was making a desperate bid to fall back from the advancing American lines.

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*By Irwin Shaw (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 1949.)

The strong desire to live is not the only striking thing about Noal. Soon after he enlists as a soldier, he has to face the terrible consequences of being a hateful figure in the eyes of the men of his own company. They hate him for being a Jew, and consider him indirectly responsible for the war. But for the Jews, they think, they would be at their homes enjoying the bliss of peaceful times. This is a situation that weighs down on Noal's self-respecting mind to such a degree that he agrees to fight and actually fights, by turns, ten of the biggest bullies in the company. When that does not seem to mend matters, he decides to desert. But that plan also does not succeed and he is forced to return to his company. It is much later that Noal's comrades come to understand him better, and have a greater regard for him.

The problem of the Jews comes up again and again in the course of this novel. Even before the war, when he was a ski-instuctor in Austria, Christian is troubled by this issue. He holds quite independent views on a matter of world importance. "And about the Jews... " says he, "It is an unlucky accident. Somehow, some one discovered that that was the only way to come to power. I am not saying I like it. Myself, I know it is ridiculous to attack any race...... But if the only way you can get a decent and ordered Europe is by wiping out the Jews, then we must do it. A little injustice for a large justice."

There is also the ordinary soldier's attitude towards the war. While telling us about the uncalled-for ruthlessness of the German officers, and of the life of their wives in Berlin, about the selfishness and pettiness of officers on both sides, Irwin Shaw also relates how an average soldier from either side hates the war and yearns for times of peace, and how at the time of real danger all men rise above the levels of selfish motives, avarice and greed, how friendly and condescending they become towards each other. It seems

as if at the big moment all of them are joining hands against the common enemy, the war. " The closer they got to the front, Michael noticed, the nicer people got when they began to hear the enduring rumble of the guns, disputing over the antumnal German fields, every one seemed to speak in a low, considerate voice, every one was glad to feed you, put you up for the night, share his liquor with you, show you his wife's picture and politely ask to see the pictures of your own family. It was as though, in moving into the zone of thunder, you had moved out of the selfishness, the nervous mistrust, the twentieth-century bad manners, in which, until that time, you had always lived, believing that the human race had for ever behaved that way."

The unforgetable scenes of savage fury bring out the many-sided horrors of the war, and at the same time emphasize the futility of it all. Yet there shines through the gloom of the novel a guiding star that inspires our confidence in the basic nobility and courage of the human soul and in the eternal power of hope. Noal dies, but with the hope that when the war is over "human beings are going to be running the world."

Irwin Shaw does not turn his soldiers into superhuman or subhuman creatures. They are neither demigods nor utter savages. We see them fighting because it is their duty as soldiers, and we also see them eating, drinking and gossiping like ordinary citizens. As regards the main idea of the novel, the author may have borrowed a great deal from Ernest Flemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, but there is an atmosphere of living realism and hopefulness about *The Young Lions* that marks it off from other war novels. In fact, a critic goes so far as to say that " both in its detail and in its total range it is surely the best American war novel we have had."

—(*M. L. Pandit*)

ABOUT OURSELVES

Extension Lectures:

The following extension lectures were arranged at Jammu and Srinagar:

28 November, 1959— 1 December, 1959.

Dr. I. C. Chopra, Officer-in-charge, Drug Research Labaratory, Jammu	1) Drug Resources of Jammu and Kashmir. 2) Experimental cultivation of medical plants and introduction of exotic species in Jammu and Kashmir. 3) The role of Indian indigenous drugs in modern India.

20—22 June, 1960.

Dr. Hadi Hassan, Emeritus Professor of Persian, Muslim University, Aligarh.	1) Originality of the Indian Mind. 2) Military Strategy of the Mongols. 3) Researches in Persian Ethics.

27-29 June, 1960.

Dr. Din Dayal Verma, Professor of Hindi, Lucknow University, Lucknow.	1) Surdas, Life and Works. 2) Ashtachhapa ki Bhakti. 3) Madhya Yug ka Hindi Neeti Kavya.

Besides, on 1 June, 1960, Prof. P. N. Chaku, Secretary

to the Government, Planning and Finance Departments, gave a talk on "Indian Five Year Plans".

New Appointments:

Shri Darshan Lal Jain, M. A., has been appointed Lecturer in the Post-graduate Department of Mathematics.

Shri Harbans Lal Chowdhari, B. A. has joined the University as Assistant Registrar. He will be in-charge of the Sub-Registry, Jammu.

Buildings:

The construction of the Arts Block at the University Campus has been completed. The Post-graduate departments of English, Mathematics, Hindi, and Urdu will be shifted to the new building towards the end of August.

The building of the Geology department is also ready in Jammu.

Annual Meeting of the Senate:

The annual meeting of the Senate was held at Srinagar on 2nd and 4th of April, 1960. Bakshi Ghulam Mohd., the Pro-Chanceller, presidend over the morning session on the first day and announced an increase of one lakh of rupees in the annual subsidy paid by the State to the University.

Return of Dr. M. S. Want:

Dr. Want of the Post-Graduate Department of English, who had gone to the States for study of American Literature at the University of New York, has come back and re-joined the department. He was given a travel grant by the U. S. Educational Foundation in India.

The Post-Graduate Department of English proposes to introduce a paper in American Literature for M. A. students for the Final Examination of 1961.

Arrival of Dr. Marion Taylor:

We are glad to learn that Dr. Marion A. Taylor of the University of Southern Illinois, U. S. A., arrived in Srinagar on July 30, 1960. She has been assigned as the Fulbright visiting Professor to the Department of English. She will inaugurate the teaching of the course in American literature and stay here for a term. We extend to her a hearty welcome!

THE READERS' FORUM

Humanities in a Sytem of Liberal Education.

While it is the function of scientific studies to sharpen our intellect, Fine Arts cure our ailing hearts. The nature of man is such that belief and suspension of disbelief are simultaneously suited to it. It was not only for a change over that Einstein loved playing on the violin or the ever busy Eulur had time enough to write a treatise on the theory of music. These gifted souls were also aware of the deep-rooted connection between their subject (Mathematics) and music. Granting that Arts are mainly concerned with Value and Man, and that Sciences are more concerned with the laws of Nature and other related things, yet it does not follow that they are mutually exclusive. It is essential for a good student that he takes up at least one Arts subject if he is a student of science and at least one science subject if he is a student of Arts. Many good students of science fail to make anything out of a good poem or a good painting. Personally I know of a student of science who found no marked speciality even in "Mona Lisa". Similiary many students of arts cut a sorry figure and present a picture of helplessness with regard to, may be, a simple scientific phenomenon. Such a state of affairs is disgusting. Achievements of science are as great a heritage of Man as works of pure art. And who can afford to be disinterested in his heritage during his brief sojourn here ?

It is not a matter of surprise if some foreign professors make ironic remarks about the almost total ignorance of our students about their own culture and civilization. The majority of them are science students. As a fellow student I think I must acknowledge

without dispute that a first year university student of some foreign university is much better accomplished in the essence of things than a graduate of ours. The reasons for all this have been analysed. The main hindrance, of course, is our present system of education which is too mechanical to be inspirational.

Admittedly it is foolish to seek to be a jack of all trades and master of none. One has got to specialize at one stage or the other if one is really a serious seeker after knowledge. But specialization is possible only after one has attained that absolute minimum, which must comprise of a fine blend of both arts and science.

—(*Qazi Ghulam Mohd.*)

* * *

Next Topic

The topic for discussion in the next issue will be : **"Religious Basis of Indian Life".**

Editor

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THE JAMMU AND KASHMIR UNIVERSITY REVIEW

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THE EDITORIAL

The problem of student indiscipline, as manifested at many of the Indian Universities and colleges during recent years, has naturally been a cause of great concern and worry to all right-thinking citizens, in general, and to all those intimately connected with educational activities, in particular. Both official bodies and eminent individuals have from time to time expressed their views on the subject with force and candour. It is really a matter of great distress that, after over a decade of political independence, important educational centres should still pass through recurring phases of strikes, demonstrations, and riotous behaviour by students; that incidents of walk-outs from examination centres, assaults on teachers, improper behaviour towards women, and the like, should continue to be matters of almost routine occurrence. The seriousness of the situation may be brought home to us with considerable force when we take into consideration the fact that in most of the advanced countries of the world such phenomena are unheard of and that exhibitions of student misbehaviour are absolutely out of tune with the best traditions of our culture, religion, and civilization. The problem needs urgent and earnest attention on the part of all concerned—governmental authorities, parents, and members of the teaching profession.

It is not possible for us now to analyse all the causes of student unrest and to suggest possible suitable remedies. It will not do merely to blame the students, or the teachers, or both; nor does it help anyone to attribute these troubles to some phases of the struggle for political freedom. The malaise has much deeper roots, and remedies will be in sight only as a result of sincere heart-searchings on the part of politicians, parents, and teachers alike. Not until we are able to build up among the students a sense of faith and purpose in the task of acquiring education and to create a feeling of confidence and pride in their profession among the teachers may we turn the corner in our endeavours to staighten the present unhappy state of affairs. We feel, nevertheless, that we shall have done our duty in this behalf, in however small a measure, by drawing the attention of our readers to this most painful malady of our existing educational system.

IBN KHALDUN
AND
HIS THEORY OF LITERARY COMPOSITION

ASAF A. A. FYZEE

Ibn Khaldun wrote a voluminous history of the Berbers of North Africa and it is forgotten. But he affixed to it an introduction (*muqaddima*) which is rightly considered one of the gems of world literature. There was no English rendering of the *Muqaddima* so far, but as Professor F. Rosenthal has recently given us a readable and accurate translation (Routledge, 3 vols., 1958), an opportunity is afforded to make a few observations on Ibn Khaldun's theory of literary composition.

Ibn Khaldun was born in Tunis in May, 1932/ Ramadan, 732. He was descended from a Yemenite tribe of Hadramawt some of whom went to Spain and became prominent as a learned family in Seville. Later the clan was threatened by Christians and all of them left for Tunis. His grandfather, Muhammad, was a great scholar, well-versed in theology and was inclined towards mysticism. Ibn Khaldun's early childhood was spent in Tunis and he studied under some of the greatest masters of his time. He was especially proficient in the Koranic sciences and Maliki law. In accordance with the fashion of the times he was also widely read in science, logic and philosophy; and he made a special study of the practical affairs of government.

In looking at the studies and accomplishments o Ibn Khaldun, we find that his religious and legal studies were combined with a scientific background and a rational approach to the affairs of practical life. H had studied the works of the philosophers Razi, Farabi

Avicenna and Averroes. His most distinguished teacher was Abilyy with whom he read philosophy, mathematics and logic. The character of Ibn Khaldun's studies led him to face the basic problem of Islamic thought, the tension and opposition between the approach of orthodoxy and that of the philosophers to the problems of life. It was his task to reconcile science and orthodoxy, revelation and reason; and it is to his credit that he always maintained the importance of rational inquiry.

His first appointment was with Abu Inan. The Tunisian monarch appointed him Secretary in 753/1352, but he was suspected of plotting against his master with the Hafsid prince, Abu Abdallah, and was imprisoned. On his being set free after twenty-two months, Ibn Khaldun was again suspected of ploting against the son of his former patron and supporting his exiled brother Abu Salim who later made him a judge. A little later the Ziyanid ruler, Abu Hammu, gained power and Ibn Khaldun joined him in Tlemcen. On account of further troubles he left for Granada in 764.

It will be observed that this is the first period of Ibn Khaldun's life. During the first 32 years he obtained a sound education, dabbled in politics, failed miserably and migrated to Spain. In Spain he found that Granada was an extremely cultured and prosperous city. There Ibn Khaldun tried to educate the ruler who was a tyrant, but could not succeed. He was sent on a brief mission to Seville, on the successful accomplishment of which he returned. Again there were intrigues, and Ibn Khaldun was suspected of acquiring influence over the ruler and was thus advised to retire to a fortress known as Ibn Salama. Here in exile began his famous *History*, and especially the *Introduction* in which he began to formulate his science of civilization. After a four-year stay in this fortress, in seclusion and devotion to studies, he returned back to Tunis in 780.

Back in his own land he was neither prosperous

nor successful and in 784 he sailed on a pilgrimage to Mecca but got down at Alexandria, and thus there commenced the most fruitful part of his life. His fame had preceded him and he was asked to teach at the Azhar, and the Mameluke Sultan Barquq became his patron and steadfast friend. In Egypt Ibn Khaldun lived for the next twenty-five years and became the Malikite Cadi of Egypt not less than four times. It is said that he was a puritanical, just and learned judge. Later he also travelled to Syria and met Tamerlane. The account of his meetings and conversation with Tamerlane has been translated by Fischel but it is almost certain that it is apocryphal. During the last seven years of his life he wrote his well-known *Autobiography* and died in 808/1406.

Ibn Khaldun's life may be divided into four periods. The first thirty-two years were spent in North Africa, acquiring knowledge and dabbling in politics without success. The second period was between 764 and 765 when he went on a brief visit to Spain and returned. From 766 to 784 and particularly the last four years he spent in study and began the composition of his history at the fort of Ibn Salama near Fez. And finally from 784 to 808 he lived very successfully as a judge, scholar and author in Egypt under the kindly patronage of the Mameluke Sultan Barquq.

The career of Ibn Khaldun exemplifies the statement he made in his *Muqaddima* that, generally speaking, learned men are the least proficient in political affairs. He lived in Egypt as a complete stranger, being always considered an uncut diamond from the *Maghrib*. It is said that "despite his aloofness, the mellow and eternity-bound skies of Egypt had penetrated the recesses of his soul. He acquired an inner poise and a spiritual calm. As he reclined in his palace overlooking the Nile, fortune seemed less hostile and the world more friendly. He had reached the stage where he could feel the harmony permeating the universe, and see and enjoy it in

the simple things of life: the wit and wisdom of vernacular poetry, the rhythm and movement of a dancing girl, and the beauty of a smiling face".[1]

Ibn Khaldun was a master mind who had a most original approach to the problems of history. His *Muqaddima* has been extravagantly praised by scholars, and undoubtedly it is one of the first works to deal with the philosophy of history. It was he who for the first time conceived of a science of civilization, and said that true history is the history of the people as exemplified in their civilization, rather than a barren narration of wars and conquests and the tyranny or jealousy of princes.

We shall now consider briefly his views on literary composition and allied matters.[2]

Man is endowed with the faculty of reasoning and perception. He alone of all living creatures is capable of acquiring scientific knowledge; and, having acquired such knowledge, of communicating it. Communication may be said to be the description of a picture in the author's mind. Such a picture exists because of the power of acquiring knowledge.

Now a communication may be of two kinds. It may be addressed to someone who is present; this is speech. Or, it may be addressed to someone who is not present; and this is by writing. If Ibn Khaldun were present in our times he would probably say that a radio talk is the spoken word, but conveyed to those who are *not* present. And the radiotelegram was a written message but communicated in a manner unknown in his day. Ibn Khaldun's classification of speech and writing no longer holds, and we shall have to devise other criteria for the purpose of understanding all such modes of expression.

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[1] M. Mahdi, *Ibn Khaldun's Philosophy of History*, 62.

[2] *Muqaddima*, III, 281 sqq.

And why should man communicate his thoughts?[1] Ibn Khaldun gives seven main reasons for literary composition. The *first* is that a scholar may wish to classify the subject for the purpose of elucidation or exposition. *Secondly*, Interpretation. He may desire to explain clearly and logically what some great author has tried to expound, but failed on account of the difficulty of the subject or the obscurity of the language. *Thirdly*, Refutation. This may mean that he has studied an author; and, after having understood him properly, he disagrees with him and would like to explain how wrong and indefensible the author was. *Fourthly*, Completion; that is, treating a subject exhaustively where the previous author had not done justice to it. *Fifthly*, Rearrangement. An author composes a book on a subject, but fails to arrange the problems in their logical order, and thus the subject is not as clear as it should be. A later author re-arranges the material with obvious advantage to students and research workers. *Sixthly*, Collection of scattered matetial. It often happens that problems of one science are dealt with in treatises dealing with other sciences, and this scattered material causes a great difficulty to students and readers. Ibn Khaldun gives illustrations from the science of *bayan*, and shows how, while earlier authorities laid down the principles correctly, their usefulness was not discovered until such material was collected, arranged and classified. *Seventhly*, Abbreviation. A prolix treatment of a subject constitutes a stumbling block to the student, and an author may well attempt an abbreviation which would facilitate the study of the subject by making it easy and more palatable.

After dealing with Ibn Khaldun's purposes of communication of thoughts, it will be convenient to deal with his theory of words and ideas.[2] His main postulate is that prose and poetry are concerned with words and not with ideas. Thus a great craftsman must learn to

memorize poetry, the words and expressions; for the ideas are secondary, while the words are of basic importance. He thus makes a complete distinction between words and ideas, and does not accept the modern view that style depends upon a combination of ideas and words. For us, it is difficult to conceive of an idea which is unrelated to a word, and a word is after all directly concerned with a meaning which tries to express the idea. Its nuances and shades are determined by the use of great literary craftsmen. According to our author, Science and Jurisprudence are outside the field of eloquence, for they deal with ideas and not words, and he records a conversation with Abdallah al-Khatib. Ibn Khaldun says that, despite his great knowledge of the Quran, the traditions and the other sciences, he does not find it easy to compose poetry. The reason was that he had committed very little to memory and had filled his mind with jurisprudence and other scientific studies. Incidentally, his notion of poetry has nothing to do with ours, for he mentions nowhere that emotion and imagination are the warp and woof of poetry as we understand it. The conversation with Abdallah al-Khatib is characteristic of Ibn Khaldun, a thinker and historian who never cared for empty figures of speech, but expressed himself in a style full of strength and brevity, sometimes even crabbed, without caring for rhyme or metaphor or any of the formal beauties of prose as understood in his day.

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[1] Ibid., iii, 285 sqq.
[2] Ibid., iii, 391 sqq.

In the opinion of Ibn Khaldun, Muslim authors were superior to those of pre-Islamic times, for they had the Quran as a model. The word of God was inimitable in its eloquence and beauty, and authors who had not shaped their style on this exquisite model could never hope to compete with those who had the opportunity. Thus, in the estimation of our author, the Muslims generally produce better specimens of style than their non-Muslim forbears.

Ibn Khaldun despises the cultivation of rhetorical

figures and says that the truly great authors wrote simply, without the forced and studied use of such devices,[1] a remark which may well apply to his own style as found in the *Muqaddima*. It is well known to students of Arabic that this great thinker and historian wrote in a style which subordinates form to content drastically. His writing is brief, full of thought, and he shows a manly disregard for anything except the accurate expression of his thought. It is therefore natural for him to conclude that where poetry was cultivated for mercenary purposes and for professional reasons, it was despised and considered a fault.[2]

We first considered Ibn Khaldun's theory of literary composition, and next his curious distinction between word and thought, or, expression and ideas. We shall now consider his main arguments about instruction and learning. He begins by warning us that a plethora of books and an excess of material is bound to lead to confusion. The student is expected to know all the books; and if he memorizes a large part of the material, his understanding suffers and his critical judgements are liable to be warped. And he illustrates this by taking us to the classical works on Maliki law and to certain fundamental text books in classical Arabian philology.[3]

Next he warns us about the excessive use of brief manuals. It is as if an experienced professor were to hold up his hands in horror at the numerous pot-boilers and examination cram-books which are to be found in every subject. He explains that where a subject is unduly abridged and presented in tabloid form, the difficulty of the student increases, as he is unable to understand the intervening steps by which the author comes to a certain conclusion. An inadequate abbreviation leads to disastrous results as the subject is not grasped by the student in a logical and coherent manner.

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[1] Ibid., iii, 406.
[2] Ibid., iii, 411-12.
[3] Ibid., iii, 288-90.

The right attitude in instruction is the threefold method propounded by Ibn Khaldun. On the first occasion, the teacher should deal briefly with the principal problems in each particular science. This will enable him to gauge the potential ability of the candidate, and give the student a connected but elementary view of the whole subject. After this preliminary treatment, the teacher goes into the subject for the second time more thoroughly and with full details. He now explains each topic, gives the student a proper idea of the differences of opinion, and analysing the arguments, he offers his own conclusions. But this is not all. The teacher later, for the third and last time, goes over the whole ground so that the steps, the arguments, and the conclusions are fixed in the mind of the student. This leads to the perfect mastery of the subject and the completion of the student's labour.

Ibn Khaldun's treatment of the subject reminds one of Mortimer Adler's way of reading a book. Adler says that a great book must be read three times. First, with a view to understanding the *structure* of the subject. The second time it should be read for *comprehension*, to understand what is written. And finally, the third reading should lead to certain *judgements*, namely, how far the views advanced are correct, doubtful or erroneous.

The three-fold teaching of the subject, in this fasion, is a very thorough method of instruction and can be relied upon if the syllabus is a manageable one in terms of quantity. Where, however, the syllabus is excessive, as in our times, then obviously other methods of instruction and study will have to be adopted.

Ibn Khaldun asks the student to follow his method carefully and says, "You, student, should realize that I am here giving you useful (hints) for your study. If you accept them and follow them assiduously, you will find a great and noble treasure. As an introduction that will help you to understand these (hints), I shall tell you

the following[1]: The student should always observe the rules of logic, for without logic there will be no order and no coherence. Writing stands for spoken words; spoken words denote ideas; and ideas must be put in proper moulds, the mould of logic, otherwise they will not be helpful. He is anxious that all the veils of false logic and words should be torn down. "Discard", he says, "the veils of words and the obstacles of doubt! Leave all the technical procedures and take refuge in the realm of the natural ability to think given to you by nature! Let your speculation roam in it and let your mind freely delve in it, according to whatever you desire (to obtain) from it! Set foot in the places where the greatest thinkers before you did! Entrust yourself to God's aid, as in his mercy He aided them and taught them what they did not know! If you do that, God's helpful light will shine upon you and show you your objective. Inspiration will indicate (to you) the middle term which God made a natural requirement of the (process of) thinking, as we have stated. At that particular moment, return with (the middle term) to the moulds and forms (to be used) for the arguments, dip it into them, and give it its due of the technical norm (of logic)! Then, clothe it with the forms of words and bring it forth into the world of spoken utterances, firmly girt and soundly constructed"![2]

For further reading: *The Muqaddima* is translated by F. Rosenthal (3 vols., 1958, Routledge). A good account of his life and philosophy will be found in Muhsin Mahdi, *Ibn Khaldun's Philosophy of History* (Unwin, London, 1957).

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[1] Ibid., iii, 295.
[2] Ibid., iii, 297.

SOME ASPECTS OF SHAVIAN COSMOLOGY

DR. APURAB SOMNATH

The dominant currents of thought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Rationalism and Empiricism, were deterministic in character. They reduced the subjective will of man to a passive factor vis-a-vis the immutable necessity of natural laws. But the rapid transformation of society in the nineteenth century, a process in which man performed an active role, and the vast advances in various branches of knowledge could not be explained by a deterministic philosophy. Hence the crisis in ideology towards the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. Bernard Shaw attempts to resolve the crisis in terms of vitalism. He is critical of both Empiricism and Rationalism. In the present article we are concerned with his criticism of Rationalism. In *Maxims for Revolutionaries*, appended to *Man and Superman*, Tanner, the hero of the play, declares:

> The man who listens to Reason is lost:
> Reason enslaves all whose minds are not
> Strong enough to master her.

The dramatist regards Reason as the villain in the comedy of the sipiritual evolution of man. He rejects the hypothesis of the rationalists: "I think, therefore, I am" (cogito ergo sum) and refers to its author, Descartes. as a "foolish philosopher".

On the basis of the advance of science in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Descartes postulated that the nature of the physical world is material, that motion is a property of matter, and that matter and motion are governed by the laws of physics and mechanics, in the last analysis, by mathematical laws.

The universe is like a machine which has been set in motion by the First Cause, and which continues to function in obedience to those laws. The laws of mathematics are universally valid; they are applicable to macrocosmic and microcosmic phenomena as well as to living organisms, "for it is not less natural for a clock, made of the requisite number of wheels, to mark the hours, than for a tree, which has sprung from this or that seed, to produce the food peculiar to it". In *Discourse on Method* Descartes gives a detailed description of the physical organs of man and concludes that the human body is also like a machine. However, he thinks, there is a fundamental factor which distinguishes man from the other living species. Man is endowed with Reason, the animals are devoid of Reason; what makes a "real man" is "the Reasonable Soul". The Rational Soul is a mathematician. God Himself, the creator of the Rational Soul and the physical universe, is a rational being, a mathematician, "in whom are contained all the treasures of science and wisdom".[1]

In the Cartesian system, total existence is subject to mechanical laws and is fore-ordained by God. Says the philosopher: "We would sin in thinking ourselves capable of ever doing anything which He had not ordained beforehand; we would soon be embarrassed in great difficulties if we undertook to harmonize the preordination of God with freedom of our will, and endeavoured to comprehend both truths at once".[2] This belief is shared with Descartes by Spinoza and Leibniz, by Hobbes, Locke and Newton. The eighteenth century rationalists, however, while accepting the principle of absolute determinism, rejected the hypothesis of God as the First Cause, and denied that man has an active inner element, the soul.

The Rationalist philosophy was based on lopsided development of science in the seventeenth and eighteenth

centuries. Of its many branches the most developed was the mechanics of solid bodies. Chemistry and biology were still in an elementary stage. The history of the formation of the systems of stars and planets and the story of the evolution of life were unknown. The science of atomic structure and the nature of energy was yet undeveloped. In the nineteenth century rapid advances were made in the various branches of natural sciences, and discoveries of great importance were made in many fields. One of the greatest of the discoveries was the living cell. It laid the foundations of Darwinism which established that organic species have evolved from unicellular bodies and are subject to variations. Scientific discoveries, including those in the fields of social sciences, which revealed that social institutions, religion, morals etc., have changed and evolved from primitive times onward, revealed a changing universe and dealt a crushing blow to rationalist determinism. The Cartesian and the Newtonian systems, and the philosophical hypotheses based on them, did not view nature as a process of perpetual becoming in which new forms of life come into being.

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[1] *Meditations*—Descartes.
[2] *The Principles of Philosophy*—Descartes.

The Cartesian and Newtonian universe is "nothing but a clock that an almighty clock-maker has set up and set going for all eternity"[1] in which there is a necessary causal relation between events, and in which, according to Laplace, a divine calculator could exactly predict the future events from the knowledge of a cross-section of it. Newton assumed that the properties of matter—length, mass, space etc.,— were absolute. Einstein has established that they are relative. The dimensions of each particle are influenced by its relations with innumerable other particles; therefore, no occurrence in the life of a particle can be completely predetermined because to do so it is necessary to consider all the precedent events. Also, the individual calculator has to take into consideration his own self, which is an impossibility. The argument is further strengthened by Quantum theory according

to which interactions among atoms take the form of release or addition of packets of energy. On the basis this hypothesis, Heisenberg argues that a particle under observation must absorb or release energy. Thus observation involves interference which makes it impossible *exactly* to determine the position and at the same time velocity, or vice versa, of an electronic particle.

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[1] *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*—Shaw.

These developments lead Jeans to the conclusion that there is no determinism in events in which atoms and electrons are involved singly, and that the apparent determinism in large-scale events is only of a statistical nature". This precisely is the view expressed by Shaw in *Too True to be Good*:

> The Elder: Yes, Sir: the universe of Isaac Newton has crumbled like the walls of Jericho before the criticism of Einstein. Newton's universe was the stronghold of rational determinism: the stars in their orbits obeyed immutably fixed laws: and when we turned from surveying their vastness to study the infinite littleness of the atoms, there too we found the same universal laws. Every moment of time dictated and determined the following moment and was itself dictated and determined by the moment that came before it. Everything was calculable: everything happened because it must: the commandments were erased from the tablets of the law; in their place came cosmic algebra: the equations of the mathematicians: here I found my dogma of infallibility.........And now—now—what is left of it? The orbit of the electron obeys no law: it chooses one path and rejects another: it is as capricious as the planet Mercury, who wanders from his road to warm his hands at the sun. All is caprice: the calculable design has become incalculable".

Universe cannot be explained in terms of rationalism, in terms of predestination.

Shaws believes that, in the ultimate analysis, the force or forces, operating in the universe which is in perpetual flux, cannot be discovered in the physical laws

governing the interconnection of processes in organic and inorganic nature; for example, he denies that the Law of Natural Selection determines the origin and evolution of species. Therefore he totally rejects the method of science; he thinks it can only explain physical processes but cannot discover the vital cosmic factors impelling them. He abjures science as such; he does not choose between the old science and the new, though, undoubtedly, his denunciation of science is in a great measure due to the clash of the old and the new and the consequent crisis. Max Planck has clearly summed up the crisis of science and the attitude of scepticism generated by it towards science itself.

> "We are living in a singular moment of crisis, in the literal sense of of that word. In every branch of our spiritual and material civilizasion we seem to have arrived at a critical turning point ..... Formerly it was only religion, especially in its doctrinal and moral systems, that was the object of sceptical attack. Then the iconoclast began to shatter the ideals and principles that had hitherto been accepted in the province of art. Now he has invaded the temple of science. There is scarcely a scientific axiom that is not nowadays denied by somebody. And at the same time almost any nonsensical theory that may be put forward in the name of science would almost be sure to find believers and disciples somewhere or the other."

It is understandble that Shaw rejects the pontifical claim of science to infallibility, and states, in *Epistle Dedicatory to Man and Superman*:

> "All the assertions get disproved sooner or latet".

There are other reasons also for his denunciation of science. He devotes the best part of his Preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma* to prove that science has been corrupted by commercialism. But the root of his condemnation of science is his disagreement with the materialist assumptions of science. He characterizes science as "witchcraft" and equates the modern faith in science

with religious obscurantism. He says, in *The Revolutionst's Handbook*, that

> "the mirales of priestcraft are none the less fraudulent and mischievous because they are now called scientific experiments and conducted by professors; witchcraft, in the modern form of patent medicines and prophylactic inoculations, is rampant ......"

What, then, are the positive features of Shavian outlook ? He postulates that the motive force responsible for change in the phenomenal world is the Universal Will, the Life Force. The Life Force is non-material and, therefore, beyond the scope of science. Though non-material it yet embodies itself in material forms, that is, in ever more highly developed species of animals in the process of evolution. Its purpose is to achieve greater and greater measure of self-consciousness through progressively developed species. So far the most highly evolved is man because in him the Life Force has created the brain. Through the brain it has attained a measure of self-consciousness of which it was not capable in the lower species. But the process of evolution has not ended with man :

> Don Juan... .. ..
> Are we agreed that Life is a force which has made innumerable experiments in organizing itself: that the mammoth and the man, the mouse and the magatherium, the flies and the fleas and the Fathers of the Church, are all more or less successful attempts to build up that raw force into higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being omnipotent, omniscient, infallible, and withal completely, undilutedly self-conscious: in short, a God ?[1]

Shaw adopts the formal aspects of Darwinism and gives it a vitalist content. In Darwinism the objective reality is primary and the subjective secondary. Shaw, with Samuel Butler, thinks that Darwin banished mind from the universe. Shaw seeks to establish the primacy of mind

over matter by interpreting evolution as a purposeful process, *willed* by Life and not, as suggested by Darwin, *determined* by objective environment wielding their inexorable sway over Life. The purpose of the Life Force, which is to achieve an increasing degree of self-realization through increasing mastery over matter, is not a preconceived goal. In the quotation above it is asserted that the Life Force experiments with the various species. In other words, it has no predetermined certainty about the success of its experiments and is not aware of their possible outcome.

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

> Don Juan ....
> Think of how it wastes and scatters itself, how it raises obstacles to itself and destroys itself in its ignorance and blindness.........What a piece of work is man; says the poet, yes; but what a blunderer![1]......

And, Don Juan goes on to say, that man, "the highest miracle of organization yet attained by life", is only a partially successful experiment of the Life Force. The implication of the argument is that the Universal Will, the Life Force, itself is in a process of evolution and is not subject to determinism and teleology.

The view summed up above constitutes the cenral axis round which Shavian cosmology revolves and furnishes an alternative to the world as conceived by mechanical determinists.

In Shavian cosmology man, as the most highly evolved form of the Life Force, occupies the central place. But the question is: How is it that man, "the most intensely alive thing that exists" and the highest embodiment of the Life Force, is a wretched, sordid and stupid creature? Shaw's answer is that social institutions tend to shackle the Life Force, the Will in man. For the liberation of the Will, for unleashing the spiritual vitality of man, it is necssary to change social forms. But the active factor in the process of change is the

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

Will itself. Therefore, how is it possible for the Will to overpower social environoments and to transform them when it in itself is held in bondage by them? Shaw solves the dilemma by postulating that it is not the common men who are capable of remoulding the material environments because "hunger and cold and thirst, age and decay and disease, death above all, makes them slaves of reality".[1] It is the exceptional individuals, the supermen, who can rise above environments. Their spiritual vision is not blinded by the material conditions of existence; they are aware of the cosmic purposes of the Universal Will and are conscious of the urgent necessity to achieve them. Shaw, believing, perhaps, that he belongs to the race of supermen, is convinced that the Life Force wills the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of the Millenium through the agency of the supermen. He believes that the Life Force has come to realize that its experiment with the race of man has proved a failure; it is poised for its next forward leap in evolution, the coversion of man to superman. The capitalist civilization and its institutions are condemned in *Man anl Superman* and other plays because they obstruct the creation of the new race of supermen. But captalism and private property can be abolished only through the strivings of individuals with exceptionally quickened will, and not through the implementation of political programmes and political utopias. An exclusive mystical vision might be referred to in testimony of the validity of this hypothesis but recent history has proved that capitalism is the most flourishing ground for the self-proclaimed supermen and supermen-lets of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco brood whose role in history was retrogressive. However, it is a tremendous credit to the intellectual clarity of Shaw that he caricatured these characters ruthlessly in *Geneva.* It is not this type of superman he had dreamt of.

Shaw's view of the place of man and superman in his cosmology has concrete roots in the political de-

velopments of his times and in the history of the development of socialist thought.

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[1] *Man and Superman.*

His view of man was determined, among others, by two important factors: firstly, his hatred of the capitalist class; and, secondly, by his disillusionment with the proletariat. The London of his youth was seething with a resurgent labour movement and socialist ideas. This atmosphere was absolutely congenial to his heretical genius. Influenced by Marx and Henry George, he took up the role of a staunch propagandist against the capitalist class and all that it stood for. He became a socialist and joined the Fabians. In his early career as a socialist, in the eighteen-eighties, he had hoped for a hurricane victory of socialism through mass action. But this hope was belied when he discoverred that the workers were not prepared to face repression, as demonstrated to him by the panicky dispersal of a mass rally by the police in Trafalgar Square in November 1887, and that the militancy of the labour movement could be blunted by economic concessions granted by the employers. He shifted his expectations over to a faith in peaceful, evolutionary transformation to socialism through propaganda and preaching. But the desired goal still evaded him ; instead, what happened was a reconsolidation of capitalism ofter the eighties. His despair about the future of *homo sapiens* was complete and bitter as he confesses in the preface to *Major Barbara* :

> I, who have preached and pamphleteered like any Encyclopaedist, have to confess that my methods are no use, and would be no use if I were Voltaire, Rousseau, Bentham, Marx, Mill, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Butler and Morris all rolled into one, with Euripedes, More, Montaigne, Moliere, Beaumarchais, Swift, Goethe, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Jesus and the prophets all thrown in ..... The problem being to make heroes out of cowards, we paper apostles and art-magicians have succeeded only in giving cowards all the sensations of heroes while they tolerate every abomination, accept every plunder, and submit to every oppression.

The working classes, concludes Shaw, are responsible for their own slavery because they are inherently slavish and cowardly, they are stupid; they are as selfish, greedy and morally and spiritully corrupt as the capitalists. The whole mankind is evil. The only hope for the future is the superman, the exceptional individual.

The origins of this view regarding the revolutionary role of the exceptional individual can be traced back to the initial stages in the development of the theory of socialism in the nineteenth century. The early socialists, like Saint-Simon, Fourier, Owen, elaborated the theory of socialism on the basis of the theoretical approach of their Rationalist predecessors, in particular, the French Encyclopaedists. The Encyclopaedists vigorously criticized scholasticism and the religious conception of nature. They criticized the traditional forms of society and the feudal monarchist regime in France. They sought to replace the *ancien regime* characterized by superstitution, injustice, privilege and inequality, by the kingdom of Reason, of truth, justice and equality. But the French Revolution and its aftermath proved that the kingdom of Reason was far from having been established What replaced the old regime was a form of capitalist democracy in which class exploitation continued in a new but more brutal and naked form.

The early socialists were as vigorously critical of the capitalist exploitation in the new dispensation as the French Enlighteners had been of feudalism. Their criticism was in line with the political theory of the Rationalists in so far as they also wished to set up the kingdom of Reason and absolute justice. But they differed from the Encyclopaedists regarding the constitution of such a kingdom. They considered the capitalist world, which came into being on the principles of the Encycloaedists, as in itself irrational. They believed that a rational system of society would be socialist, although the philosophical position they adopted was that of the Rationalists themselves, as enunciated by Leibniz and

summed up by Hegel: "All that is real is rational and all that is rational is real." They argued that capitalism is irrational; therefore it is unnureal; it must go. Socialism is real because it is rational; therefore it must be established. Socialism was not established so far because what was lacking was an exceptional man of genius with a sufficient recognition of this truth.

Shaw tries to expose capitalism as an irrational system and, like his rationalist socialist predecessors, awaits the rise of a man of exceptional genius to build socialism. However, there is an important difference between the outlook of Shaw and of the socialists. The latter believed, in agreement with Descartes, that the spiritual essence of human personality is the Rational Soul; in the exceptional individual the rational soul is emancipated from prejudice and circumstance which, in the case of the mass of common humanity, blur the light of Reason. Socialism could be achieved by restoring the light of Reason or Good Sense among them through preachings of the hero. But, according to Shaw, the spiritual essence of the enlightened individual is not the Rational Soul but his will that asserts itself against hostile environment of which the inert masses constitute a part. The common men and women are inert and passive not because the light of Reason has been snuffed out in them, but precisely because they are rational beings:

> "The reasonable man adopts himself to the world: the unreasonable one persists in trying to adopt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man".[1]

Reason is regarded by the dramatist as an affliction which paralyses the will and debases man:

> "......all Man's reason has done for him is to make him beastlier than any beast ......"[2]

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[1] *Maxims for Revolutionists.*

[2] *Man and Superman.*

This is the vision of Swift. Swift's misanthrophy is derived from his having regarded the corruption prevalent in Queen Anne's era as the inherent feature of the human race. Similarly, Bernard Shaw, on the basis of the political backwardness of the British labour movement in a certain historical epoch and the utter moral and sipiritual bankruptcy of the capitalist class, concludes that man as a species is a stunted dwarf incapable of shaping his own destiny. And yet Shaw is an implacable enemy of capitalism. Therefore he wishes that the Life Force embody itself as superman and destroy capitalism; in other words, he invokes superhuman, supernatural, intervention to establish socialism.

Bernard Shaw lived long enough to realize that the Life Force was not in a great hurry to answer his prayers, at least in so far as England was concerned where even today, after a series of Labour Governments, socialism is a matter of theoretical debate. In his later plays his enthusiasm about the superman seems to have cooled off. In *Back to Methuselah* he states that the superman is not the final goal of life. He is only a stage in the struggle of the Life Force for its ultimate emancipation from matter, as Lilith, the personification of the Life Force, says towards the end of *Back to Methuselah*:

> Lilith.................................. ... ...
>
> I am Lilith: I brought life into the whirpool of force, and compelled my enemy, Matter, to be a living soul. But in enslaving Life's enemy I made him Life's master; for that is the end of all slavery; and now I shall see the slave set free and the enemy reconciled, the whirpool become all life and no matter... .....

Life, which existed as the whirpool in force, strives to exist as a vortex freed from matter, as the whirlpool in pure intelligence. In its ultimate synthesis, Shavianism veers round to the traditional belief of the mystics and ascetics that the conflict between spirit and matter is primeval and eternal and that the highest purpose of being is to conquer matter and to liberate the soul.

DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN HINDI VERSE—I

P. N. PUSHP

The great upsurge of 1857 was not an utter failure from the socio-cultural point of view; for, it was followed sharp by awakening throughout the country. Reformist movements like the Arya Samaj and the Brahmo Samaj lent indirect support to the Indian National Congress in arousing the national aspirations of the people, mostly of the middle-class. No wonder that Hindi verse also felt a new wave creeping over it; for, did it not hail[1] the advent of a more favourable period in the country's history of dependence, when the Queen took over the reins of government from the Company's callous hands? The warm felicitations[2] voiced on the august occasion of the Queen's Jubilee were as spontaneous as the deep sorrow[3] at her sad demise. The Hindi poet had felt that—

> "By taking over the rule from the Company's hands
> She has made the guileless masses of Bharata
> feel they are orphans no more!"[4]—

and naturally, therefore, her death came to him as a grave shock:

> "Alas, Compassion-incarnate,
> Alas, Mother Victoria!
> Ah, she was a sure refuge
> To the orphaned India in distress!"[5]

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[1] Cf. Bharatendu's विजयवल्लरी and विजयिनी-विजय-वैजयन्ती; Premaghana's भारतबधाई; हार्दिक हर्षादर्श and स्वागत.

[2] Cf. जुबिली by Radha Krishna Das.

[3] Cf. विजयिनीविलाप by Radha Krishna Das.

[4] From हार्दिक हर्षादर्श.

[5] Cf. राधाकृष्णदास ग्रंथावली, p 6.

Apparently this trend indicated just a change-over from the crumbling courts of the native chiefs to the very-much-coveted patronage of the Queen Empress, but essentially it registered a bold departure from the two-century old conventions of Hindi verse, saturated with a facile use of hackneyed metaphors, wornout similes, intriguing puns and empty alliterations. The range of extremely trivial subject-matter already narrowed down to an exaggerated description of the **nakha-shikh**, (the physical contours of feminine loveliness, from the toe-nails right up to the top of her head), was further vulgarized by the craze for curious contrasts and far-fetched conceit. The lusty depiction of trysts and separations, of amorous escapades and sportive quarrels and similar other pastimes of love could hardly relieve the tedium of its fussy verbiage. The poets would zestfully vie with one another in catering to the voluptuous whims and wanton caprices of their aristocratic patrons. Little creative work could, therefore, be expected from the jugglery of words above which these poets could seldom rise.

This dismal state of affairs prevailed in Hindi poetry till 1868 when **Bharatendu Harishchandra** appeared on the literary horizon.[6] In the infancy of his poetic career he poured out a number of songs in a variety of 'rags' and 'reginis'. He harped on the old Vaisnava strings various tunes[7] of human love with its hopes and fears, smiles and sighs. Thereby he anticipated the new lyrical tendency which afterwards sought its fulfilment in Chhaayaavaad[8]: the poetry of Romantic Mysticism. But it was by dint of his social and patriotic strains that he revolutionized Hindi verse. Decades before the Indian National Congress began to voice the national consciousness of India, he made vigorous appeals calculated to arouse Indians from 'the deep slumber of self-forgetfulness'.

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[6] Cf. कविवचनसुधा (first issue).

[7] Cf. भारतेन्दु-ग्रन्थावली (earlier poems).

[8] For instance, the works of Prasada, Pant, Nirala and Mahadevi Varma.

The most vehemently passionate of these appeals is heard in his allegorical play, *Bharata-Durdasha*, where the editor, the poet, the teacher and such other vocal members of society, Bengalis as well as Maharashtrians, are invited to form a united front against the depredations of illitracy, superstition, disease, discord, distrust, apathy, jealousy and maladministration which, paradoxically enough, were both the effect and the cause of our political subjection.

This very poem of **Bharatendu** reveals to us the poet's passion for reviving the glory of India's cultural past. It was with this in view that he wrote in favour of social reform and national solidarity, as well as against parochialism and indifference, and advocated the cause of widow-remarriage and female education. He admired the British rule for these very social items of their programme; otherwise, he felt wronged and mortified when he saw the economic resources of our country being mercilessly drained out. We can hear his heart beat in these lines of his :

"अंगरेज राज सुखसाज सजे सब भारी।
पै धन विदेश चलि जात इहै अति ख्वारी॥"[9]

And here we find the first trend in modern Hindi verse: the trend of nationalism in its patriotic aspect, of course, with a strong bias of 'Aryan culture'; for *Bharatendu* primarily appealed[10] to the Hindus (reminding them of their noble ancestry) to come out of the slough of despondence, and consolidate themselves against the foreign aggressors. It was thus that he widened the range of Hindi verse and inspired a number of young poets[11] to touch on ever-new national themes in response to the changing economic atmosphere of the country; and it must be said to their credit that inspite of the

journalistic tone of their verse the content they (almost all journalists) present is pulsating with a patriotic fervour for self-emancipation. Thus some of them would plead against taxation,[12] others against colour-discrimination,[13] and yet others against the imperial distrust[14] of the Indians betrayed in the overprecautionary measures like the Arms Act and the Press Act.

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[9] Cf. भारतदुर्दशा.

[10] Cf. नीलदेवी (particularly the march songs).

[11] Such as: Premaghana, Pratap Narayan Misra, Rai Devi Prasad Purna, Radha Krishna Das and Shridhara Pathak.

This ring of modernity, however, could not find full scope because of the orthodox dichotomy of the luiguistic media: *Khari Boli* for prose but *Braj Bhasha* for verse; and this dichotomy was dealt a severe blow by **Shridhara Pathak**, essentially a nature poet. He was the first to express the new urge[15] in the *Khari Boli*. The cause of this new medium of expression had already been advocated by **Bharatendu** in all his plays and in some of his poems too, but it was in 1887 that **Babu Ayodhya Prasad Khatri** led a compaign[16] against this dichotomy and the long-drawn-out controversy between **Radhacharan Goswami** and **Shridhara Pathak** was gradually hushed up by the vast ovation with which Pathak's *Ekaantavaasee Yogee*[17] (the Khari Boli version of Goldsmith's *HERMIT*) was received. The popularity of this translation inspired a number of younger poets to try their poetic faculty on similar themes[18] of romantic possibilities and prepared the ground for the poetry of Romantic Mysticism. But it was **Pandit Mahaviraprasada Dvivedi** who (since 1900 when he took over as the editor of the monthly *SARASWATI*) incessantly strove for and finally succeeded in giving the Khari Boli a literary polish[19] which shines

forth in **Babu Maithilisaran Gupta's** *Bharatabharati.*

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[12] Cf. 'होली है' by Pratap Narayan Misra.

[13] Cf. 'कारे' in 'स्वागत' by Premaghana.

[14] Cf. विजयवल्लरी by Bharatendu.

[15] Cf. his भारतगीत.

[16] Cf. Hindustan, Nov. 11, 1887.

[17] Published 1886.

[18] Such as: Prasad's प्रेमपथिक; Shukla Ji's शिशिरपथिक; Tripathi's मिलन and Pant's ग्राम्या.

The *Bhaaratabhaaratee* appeared in 1912; and as the poet himself gratefully acknowledges[20], it was inspired and influenced by the widely-read *Musaddas* of **Maulana Hali,** and also by the *Musaddas* of **Kaifi**. Obviously the work was welcomed for the protestant tone in which it reminded the Indians of their glorious past, placed before them their gloomy present and urged them on to a bright future. Though melodramatic and oversentimental at places and didactic throughout, it created a stir in Hindi verse. and also indicated the poet's bright promise later on fulfilled by him in his *Rashtra-Sangita* as well as in his major works like the *Saaket* and *Yasodharaa.* He sincerely felt that India alone had a message for the future of humanity, and it pained him to see such a nation in chains. But who would listen to a slave's voice? And did not serpents cling to the sweet-scented sandalwood only because of its cool nature? Shouldn't, therefore "a heating current of self-recollection" pass through the benumbed consciousness of India's millions?[21] All the longer poems of *Gupta Ji* are thus an artist's effort to recreate the cultural glory of ancient India.

A more urgent note was sounded by another group of younger poets whose forum was the *PRATAP*[22] of Kanpur, and in their verse the present featured more directly and, therefore, rather boisterously. **Gaya Prasad Sukla Sanehi (Trishul)**, one of the most prominent of these, had a firmer grip over his medium when he depicted the sad and sickening trials and tribulations of the Indian peasantry.[23] The difference between the tones of the *Saraswati* and the *Pratap* was naturally reflected

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[19] Cf. द्विवेदी काव्य माला, Pp 291, 295, 368, 393 and 434.

[20] Cf भारतभारती, प्रस्तावना, P 3.

[21] Cf. his उठ ओ बृहद् विराट विशाल ! in भारतसंगीत.

[22] Cf. राष्ट्रीयवीणा (Parts I and II) (1914—17).

[23] Cf. his कृषकक्रंदन (1916) and त्रिशूलतरंग (1918).

in the creation inspired by these mouthpieces; but it did not take long to get harmonized into a new style suited to the genuine needs of Hindi verse. Such, for instance, is the evidence of **Subhadra Kumari Chauhan's** *Jhansi Ki Rani* as well as **Makhan Lal Chaturvedi's** *Qaidi aur Kokila.*

Gandhi Ji had by this time introduced religion (and mysticism?) into Indian politics and had injected the creed of Ahimsa into the mentality of Indian nationalism. The poetic exposition of this creed has been offered by **Sanehi** in his poem, *SATYA*[24] which prescribes the path of passive resistence and active truth, calling upon the non-violent fighters for freedom to suffer like Socrates, Christ and Mansur. Thus, much of the poetry of the nineteen-twenties was inspired by the ideal of self-sacrifice which finds a very highly emotional expression in **Makhan Lal Chaturvedi's** poems.[25] In one[26] of these a flower expresses the desire it cherishes: 'not to adorn the lovely tresses of a nymph or the bewitching breasts of a damsel, nor to be showered upon the coffin of a mighty emperor or offered to a god in ardent worship; but to be strewn on the path hallowed by the marching heroes of the country's struggle for freedom'.

The same ideal was eulogized by **Ram Naresh Tripathi** in three[27] narrative poems which depict the conflict between love and service, and by **Siyaram Saran Gupta** in shorter poems, one of which immortalizes the martyrdom of **Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi**, the celebrated editor of the *PRATAP* (Kanpur). The trend can be traced even in larger poems[28] of **Maithilisaran Gupta** and **Hari Oudh**, whose heroes and heroines stand out as lively embodiments of selfless suffering inspired by the

noble ideals of a new humanism.

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[24] Cf. त्रिशूलतरंग.

[25] Cf. his हिमतरंगिणी.

[26] Cf. his पुष्प की अभिलाषा in हिमतरंगिणी.

[27] स्वप्न, मिलन and पथिक.

[28] साकेत, यशोधरा and प्रियप्रवास.

The very apostle of this creed of non-violence has been admired, eulogized and even worshipped in a number of poems. The most devotional study of the Mahatma, however, is the poem: *BAPU* by **Siyaramsaran Gupta** whose **Unmukta** is an excellent poem on non-violence itself. But the failure of the Satyagraha and the civil disobedience movements disillusioned the Indian youth and exposed the inefficiency of non-violent nationalism in fighting the imperialistic policy of exploitation. The skeleton of the Congress was shaken to its very foundation; belief in reforms and passive resistance got a terrible setback. There is remorse and anguish in **Balkrishna Sharma Navin's** confession of this defeat of the Satyagraha movement:

"आज खड्ग की धार कुंठिता है खाली तूणीर हुआ
विजयपताका झुकी हुई है लक्ष्यभ्रष्ट यह तीर हुआ!"

[Today the sword has lost the edge,
the quiver is empty;
The banner of victory is depressed,
the shaft has missed the aim!]

His heart must have bled when he composed this 'dirge of defeat'.[29] The intense passion for political independence had already burst forth into a revolt in his *Viplava-gaayan*[30] which is full of fire and storm and expresses seething discontent with the existing order of things; and now the anarchist tendency became more and more emphatic in Hindi verse. It shrieked out in the clarion call[31] of **Dinakara** who saw in the Himalayan range the dormant self-consciousness of India and bade it wake up at 'the clarion-call of the New Age'.

This very trend later on assumed the role of

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[29] पराजयगान in कुंकुम, P 63.

[30] कुंकुम, P 9.

[31] 'मेरे नगपति मेरे विशाल' in रेणुका P 1.

Pragativaada, the Progressive School of Hindi verse; but that happened to develop only as an imaginatively realistic reaction to the over-sentimentality and extreme passionateness of the poetry of *Chhaayaavaada* (Romanticism) and its offshoot, the *Niraashaavaada* (Pessimism) much in the same way as the *Chhaayaavaada* itself was a protest against the prosaic and matter-of-fact versification of the Dvivedi School.

*SHAKESPEARE'S COMIC SPIRIT

PROF. P. K. GUHA

Of the many things Dr. Johnson has said about Shakespeare, perhaps the happiest is his statement—"His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct: in tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature". Johnson noticed some melancholy in Milton's mirth and found no mirth in his melancholy, while scanning his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. And reverse is his discovery in Shakespeare's dramas: in his tragedies he finds some mirth mixed up with melancholy and in his comedies he meets with mirth unmixed with any melancholy. The implication of this comparative view of Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies is that whereas in his tragedies Shakespeare is an artist who performs, more or less objectively, the task he undertakes of dramatizing a sorrowful theme, his comedies are not merely art but are also a spontaneous outburst of the joy welling out of his heart.

In this statement of Johnson we may find a clue to the distinctive feature of Shakespearian comedy: comedy in the hands of other dramatists is a mode, with Shakespeare it is a mood. Others create in their comedies, by conscious and deliberate artistry, a special world of comic situations and characters, while Shakespeare in his comedies is essentially the akin spirit that Milton's *L'Allegro* finds in him:

> Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warbling his native woodnotes wild.

In his comedies Shakespeare is less an artist and more the

happy man taking a radiant view of the whole of life and casting upon the entire world an amused and genial look. The laughter, which is the ultimate objective of comic art, is raised artificially by other dramatists, while in Shakespeare it impresses us as gurgling out of the fountain of a joyous heart. Between Shakespeare and the other comedians the difference is thus not one of degree but of kind. Others are writers of comic plays, Shakespeare is pre-eminently the poet of the comic spirit. While other comic dramatists laugh at their characters, Shaksepeare laughs with his comic creations.

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*Delivered as an extension lecture for the University.—Editor.

Comedy may roughly be divided into two types: Comedy of Rejection and Comedy of Acceptance—Comedy of Satire and Comedy of Joy, Mocking Comedy and Laughing Comedy. Shakespearian Comedy is Laughing Comedy - comedy of pure joy, comedy of acceptance. It is a world of delight without the slightest alloy of annoyance or bitterness. It is entirely free from malicious banter or heartless ridicule. In the words of Hazlitt, "Shakespeare's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its powers of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons than in leaving a sting behind it".

It is comic poets of the class of Shakespeare that Matthew Green thinks of when he says:

By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find.

There is no dearth of oddities and quaintnesses in Shakespeare's comedies, but like an alchemist that turns base metal into gold, Shakespeare has transmuted the annoying absurdities of life into things of pure joy. But this alchemy is no mere artistic device; it is alchemy of mind and spirit evolving automatically an alchemy of art.

The spirit that dominates Shakespear's comedies, the distinctive Shakespearian comic spirit, is a spirit of

the loving acceptance of the whole of life, a mood of universal tolerance. In his comedies he seems to stand at the centre of life with a friendly gaze at one and all, well at ease with himself and well at ease with the world, wishing no one or nothing away. Nobody is hissed off the Shakespearian comic stage, which is co-extensive with life, and every one is given in it the birth-right to live with his faults and follies entire. From the depths of his heart Shakespeare says "Yes" to everything in life, bucks up with a cheering "Why not ?" the trivial lapses from the accepted code of social manners and personal conduct, tolerates in one and the same comedy, with the same charity and grace, a precisian like Malvolio and a reveller like Sir Toby Belch. He understands sympathetically and presents, without scorn, Malvolio's legitimate rebuke, as the steward of the house, of the excesses of the merrymakers; and, at the same time, we find all the vigour at Shakespeare's command put into the chastised Sir Toby's angry retort and rebellious cry hurled in the face of Malvolio :

> Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there
> shall be no more cakes and ale ?

In this cry of Sir Toby we catch, unmistakably, the voice of the poet himself putting forward a passionate plea for a rightful co-existence of vice side by side with virtue.

A Shakespearian comedy is not so much a comic play as it is a cheerful world. It is not a narrow artificial world improvised for the play but a fascimile of the entire human world ; in it we have not merely an amusing spectacle of the triumph of the comic characters over the intriguing circumstances by which they are beset, but the miracle of the poet's conquest of the whole of life. All humanity have full and free access to Shakespeare's comic stage. All have a complete right to hold their heads high. Shakespeare not merely endures but also enjoys the aberrations of his comic characters and stimulates us to accept such incongruities

and abnormalities as a refreshing variation of the dead conformity of normal human conduct. We are impressed by Shakespeare's deep sense that each one of his extremely fantastic characters like Bottom, Dogberry, Falstaff is welcome to us, for each contributes something invaluable to the total fun of life.

In Shakespeare's comic presentation of life everything changes under his magic touch. All ugliness is blotted out. What vexes us in life turns into a source of pleasure. There is "an artistic delivery from the nausea of the absurd," as Nietzsche describes his conception of the function of comedy. This transmutation is the result of Shakespeare's inner vision of the world of man as a realm of joy, and his cordial sympathy for one and all of his erring fellow-men.

This is why Shakespearian comedy has been called "laughing comedy", as distinguished from "mocking comedy", the usual type of comic drama which seeks to mock the faults and follies of man with a view to their elimination from life. Ben Jonson's comedy belongs to this latter category and its main purpose is satire, correction of manners by exposing them to ridicule and scorn, the laughter raised in the process being a means to the curative end and not an end in itself, as in Shakespearian comedy. Shakespearian comedy is a dramatization of the joy of life while satirical comedy is a dramatic railing at the ills of society and oddities in human manners. Shakespearian comedy just responds to the joy of life that pulsates the heart of all mankind rather than to the spirit of the ridicule of inferiority that prevails in the minds of the few. That profound gaiety of disposition from which laughter in Shakespearian comedy arises is absolutely incompatible with anything harsh or grating and is by its nature totally free from any mood of contempt or indignation. Carlyle's definition of true humour is wholly applicable to the humour of Shakespearian comedy :

> True humour springs not more from the head than from the heart, it is not contempt ; its essence is love.

The essence of Shakespearian comedy is love and its prompting impulse is a total love of life. It does not quarrel with anything in life but converts this very life and world of ours into a realm of joy. It is a vision of no art-made world of ideal perfection with all the disturbing and vexatious elements of real life weeded out. It is a large-hearted humanist's vision of the world of reality. Its prevaling mood is one of an irrepressible optimism, a deep realization in the heart of the Wordsworthian faith that joy is "Nature's holy plan" and that "all that we behold is full of blessings".

Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* sets forth Shakespeare's comic spirit:

> And those things do best please me
> That befall preposterously.

There is not the slightest tinge of scorn or satiric bitterness in either Puck's laughter or the tone of the whole play. Puck's laughter is an exuberant expression of his own spirit of mirth and he laughs with no spirit of corrective exaltation.

Meredith in his famous essay, *The Idea of Comedy*, upholds the view that satire is the proper aim of comedy, its function being critical and its use being to teach the world what ails it. He says that comedy is 'by nature merciless' and cites for his model the comedy of Moliere who "strips folly to the skin" and upon vice "wields a shrieking scourge". Towards the end of the essay Meredith seems to modify this corrective theory of comedy. He designates Shakespeare and Cervantes as the unparallelled monarchs of the world of comedy. He says that their laughter is richer than that of Aristophanes and Moliere, being "the laughter of heart and mind in one".

Bergson in his essay on *Laughter* says, in agreement with Meredith's basic idea of comedy, that the

purpose of the comic laughter is corrective and it can, therefore, be never kind. Comedy asserts instructively the vexed surprise of society that any one should so isolate himself from the accepted norm of conduct and manners, the customary ways of life of the community to which he belongs. Shakespeare did not tread this corrective path and chalked out for himself a track of disinterested laughter.

The mocking comedy with a satirical purpose is a comedy of types while the Shakespearian laughing comedy is a comedy of individuals. The former is a social gesture while the latter is a human document. We judge adversely, in an impersonal and indifferent spirit, characters that are of the nature of abstract symbols of faults and follies, but we fall in love with faulty characters we meet with in drama or fiction, who impress us as our flesh and blood fellow-men and we love them, totally blind to their human frailties which, we feel, are in ourselves too in some form or measure.

That Shakespeare's conception of the comic is free from any spirit of raillery or ridicule and that Shakespearian comedy is definitely laughing comedy and not mocking comedy become patent when we think of his handling of comic situations and characters.

In his *Twelfth Night*, he has obviously no leaning towards either Malvolio or Sir Toby Belch. If his intention had been to satirize drunken revelry he would not have put into the mouth of Sir Toby his challenge to the Puritanic Malvolio, mentioned before, his spirited plea for vice to have a place in the sun. If, on the other hand, his purpose had been to expose Puritanism to ridicule he would have painted Malvolio as a detestable clown. But as Charles Lamb has said: "Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible". Lamb did not approve of

the stage presentation of Sir Toby as a ludicrous sot by the elder Palmer. Lamb observes, "There is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which Palmer did not quite fill out". Lamb has said the last word about Shakespeare's conception of Malvolio and Sir Toby. There is really nothing in the play to suggest that Shakespeare intended to satirize the folly of either the one or the other. His only purpose in the play was to provide for us "a rare meal of laughter".

In *As You Like It* the character and role of Jaques have an intimate bearing on our present topic of Shakespearian comedy being laughing comedy and not mocking comedy, comedy as conceived by Meredith or Bergson. Jaques is mockery incarnate. He finds bitterness and hollow sham in everything in life. He finds no charm in any stage of life. He divides man's life into seven ages and notices something ridiculous in every stage. The world seems to him to be full of faults, the worst of which is to be in love. He calls Orlando mockingly "Seignior Love" and Orlando returns the compliment by calling Jaques "Monsieur Melancholy". Rosalind taunts Jaques for his constant sadness. She tells him, "They say you are a melancholy fellow". Jaques is in love with melancholy. He asks Amiens to sing a sad song again, not so much for the music as for the note of sadness in the song. Amiens does not wish to sing again for it would make Jaques more melancholy. Jaques replies:

> I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck
> melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.
> More, I prithee, more.

If there is any character in *As You Like It* whom Shakespeare palpably mocks it is Jaques. In mocking the mocker he reveals to us his own comic spirit that is entirely free from the spirit of mockery. As a sort of antithesis to Jaques we have in the play, the fool Touchstone. Touchstone is ever seeking to suck fun from everything while Jaques is constantly engaged in sucking melancholy out of all things. The jokes of Touchstone

are slight and trivial but those of Jaques are cutting and deep. Touchstone finds no fault with anyone, but Jaques always commits "the mischievous sin of chiding sin", as the Duke puts it. The Duke reminds Jaques that it did not behove him to be a chider of sin, as he himself had been a sinner in the past. While Touchstone entertains us with innocent fun by his enumeration of the seven kinds of lie, Jaques annoys us with his travesty of the seven ages of man. Toucnstone laughs *with* all but Jaques laughs *at* everyone.

The monumental evidence of the Shakespearian comic spirit, being the expression of pure mirth totally free from any satiric design, is his Comic masterpiece, Sir John Falstaff. Falstaff is like his bulk a mountain of faults and follies, monstrous and inconceivable. And yet he is the most lovable of Shakespeare's creations. George Brandes characterizes him as " beyond comparison the gayest, most concrete, and most entertaining figure in European comedy." He is both witty and the cause of wit in others. And at the same time he is a braggart above all braggarts, a liar, above all liars. If Falstaff is one of the most glorious of Shakespeare's comic creations, it is because of the fact that he is of the Shakespearian comic spirit all compact. His portraiture is prompted and governed by that exuberance of mirth, that willing suspension of all moral judgments for the moment, that happy mood of total irresponsibility which constitute the essence of Shakespearian comic spirit. Falstaff is Shakespear's diploma character in whom he demonstrates that the charm of personality outweighs the heaviest odds of faults and iniquities. We love Falstaff in spite of his faults or, rather, on account of his faults ; for his faults, representing a sum total of all the frailties that are scattered in fragments among men, make him so human, so akin to all erring humanity. Such is the magnetic attraction of his personal charm that Falstaff behaves like a coward and yet does not repel us like a coward and yet does not impress us as a liar. The Prince lovingly says, " These lies are like their father that begets

them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable." Falstaff's faults and follies do not vex or annoy us. They do not lead us to hate him. They rather make us love him all the more. In the Part I of *Henry IV* we fall so deeply in love with Falstaff that when in Part II we meet with the rejection of Falstaff by his beloved Prince Hal immediately he ascends the thr ne, we feel angry with Shakespeare for his abrupt withdrawal from us of a beloved companion and playmate. The misdeeds of Falstaff never annoyed us half as much as this misconduct of Shakespeare in killing a character who belonged to us as much as to him. Of course, Shakespeare had his reasons to handle Falstaff in the way he has done: he made Falstaff interesting and attractive in Part I to redeem the Prince's tavern life and in Part II he had to make him hateful to find a plea for taking him out of the Prince's life, when he became King. This withdrawal of the great symbol of the Prince's tavern life was needed for investing the Prince with an unclouded royal dignity on his accession to the throne. But the non-moral treatment of Falstaff in Part I is more in keeping with the non-satiric, laughing spirit of Shakespearian comedy than the moral attitude the Shakespeare takes up towards Falstaff in Part II. There is in this an abrupt change from Comedy of Mirth to Comedy of Mockery. Here we have the solitary instance of purpose interfering with Art in Shakespearian drama.

Our paradoxical love for Falstaff reaches its climax when, after his cowardly flight at the Gadshill robbery, he calls others cowards and tells one lie after another to hide the truth. Morgaun expresses, without the slightest exaggeration, the feeling of us all when he observes:

> We are at once in possession of the whole man and are ready to hug him, guts, lies and all, an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry and humour.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* we find a sort of formulation of Shakespeare's comic spirit as a mood of total acceptance and universal tolerance which automa-

tically kept out satire and ridicule from his comedies. The play implies that incongruity is ingrained in human nature and should be cheerfully accepted by us as a postulate of life. We should trace the abnormalities in man's social manners to this basic trait of human nature and should not cast upon them the intolerant eye of the satirist. Theseus is, as it were, the exponent of the tolerance which is the watchword of Shakespearian comedy. The travesty of a play prepared by Bottom and his fellow-workmen "which never labour'd in their minds till now" is welcomed by Theseus in honour of whose marriage the show had been arranged. An attendant of Theseus asks him not to allow the performance, saying that "it is nothing, nothing in the world". Theseus would still see it. He said, "Our sport shall be to take what they mistake." In this one line we find a summing up of the attitude of Shakespearian comedy to human errors and aberrations, its sporting spirit of taking, or accepting without demur, the so-called mistakes of man in life. In that famous utterance of Theseus about love and madness we have a powerful plea for the tolerance of the whims and vagaries of man. Who is free from the domination of imagination and fancy? The lover, the lunatic and the poet are bracketed together. When we are under the sway of love we see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt and, in the case of everyone of us, "how easy is a bush supposed a bear." We have all "such seething brains, such shaping fantasies that apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends." By the expression 'cool reason' Shakespeare implies that sanity which comprehends and tolerates things as they are instead of crying for the moon, a spirit of wise acceptance of the whole of reality and not of a rejection of a part of it. Bottom, with all his fantastic absurdities, attracts our deepest attachment; and our great regret in the play is that we have not more of his stimulating company.

Such is also our attraction to another crowning creation of Shakespearian comedy, Dogberry of *Much*

Ado About Nothing. With his comrade, Verges, he forms a wonderful pair of watchmen, every ounce of whose fussy idiocy was needed for the purpose of the play. The conspiracy to denounce the innocent maiden Hero in the church, where she would be brought for her wedding, is detected by these sentinels on duty, but they were so grotesquely stupid that they failed to make their report clear to Leonato whom they met when he was going to church for his daughter's marriage. What they say is arrant nonsense and Leonato cannot understand what they had come to say. Dogberry makes a desperate but futile effort to make himself intelligible: "One word, Sir, our watch, Sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship."

Leonate leaves, saying to Dogberry, "Take their examination yourself and bring it to me."

This gives the illiterate Dogberry the chance of a lifetime and he shines in all his glory when he conducts the examination with the aid of the sexton, "the learned writer," whose help Dogberry badly needs to have the evidence recorded. Dogberry starts the trial with due judicial dignity. He asks: "Is our whole dissembly appeared?" Conrade, one of the accused, when questioned, called Dogberry "an ass." Just at that time the sexton happened to be away, and Dogberry exclaimed:—

> Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O, that he were here to write me down an ass! But masters! remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.. ....O that I had been writ down an ass!"

Dogberry is not a satirical character but purely a creation of Shakespearian comic spirit. Shakespeare does not intend to ridicule through him the Elizabethan constabulary as some critics have suggested. The rollicking fun that Dogberry provides is entirely needed for dis-

solving the tragic impression, incongruous in a comedy, that the church scene had produced; and the detection of the conspiracy prior to that scene had set the minds of the audience at rest and they went through the painful scene with a sense of assurance that all would be well at the end. This is how Shakespeare maintains the sway of the comic spirit over the minds of the audience even when they traverse this tragic region of the play. If Dogberry and Verges had not been the fools that they were, with the plenitude of their bungling stupidity, they would have been able to couch their report to Leonato in sensible words. But this would have rung down the curtain bringing the play to an abrupt close. Therefore, it is difficult to accept Coleridge's view, "Dogberry and his comrades have been forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchman and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action".

Much Ado About Nothing is a remarkable comedy of Shakespeare for his creation in it of this exquisite Dogberry. It has another striking feature which makes the play a signal proof of the alchemy of Shakespeare's comic spirit—its capacity to convert a thing of sorrow into a source of pleasure. It is a triumph of Shakespeare's indomitable gaiety to have completely subdued the tragic impression of the Hero-Claudio story, borrowed by him from an Italian source, perhaps inadvertently, for the purpose of writing this comedy. "This is no stuff for a comedy", as one critic has rightly observed. But nothing daunted, Shakespeare, fullly confident of his inexhaustible and irrepressible comic spirit, created an adequate antidote to the tragic effects of his borrowed tale in the shape of the oblique love-making of Benedick and Beatrice with their merry quarrel, thinly hiding their real attachment to each other. The fun provided by the comic bickerings of Benedick and Beatrice is enriched by the comic contribution of the Dogberry and Verges episode, also an original conception of Shakespeare. Stopford Brooke aptly observes, " What is sad in the play

is from Italy, what is gay is from Shakespeare."

Beatrice, the heroine of the play, is a perfect embodiment of the Shakespearian comic spirit. She says of herself : "I was born to speak all mirth and no matter".

Don Pedro, who describes her as "a pleasant-spirited lady" tells her, "You were born in a merry hour".

To this Beatrice replies, "No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born."

We can very well feel that Shakespeare's Comic spirit too was born under a star that danced.

Beatrice is a unique combination of gaiety and seriousness. When she found her cousin Hero belied she rose to the height of the occasion by dropping her fun and frolic and applied herself to a vindication of Hero's innocence. But in her normal character she gives a living shape to Shakespeare's comic spirit that thrills in joy in every circumtance and fully realizes what Browning says in his *Saul*:—

> How good is man's life, the mere
> living! how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and
> the senses in joy!

The presentation in a single character of gaiety, an essential element of Shakespearian comic spirit, is to be found in Beatrice. The embodiment of that spirit in an entire play is furnished by *As You Like It*. In this play in particular the large-hearted and all-embracing comic spirit of Shakespeare finds its fullest expression. The central theme of the play, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," is represented by the contented Duke with his happy attendants in banishment, living a life of supreme bliss in the Forest of Arden, a symbol of that happy world 'free from envy and malice,' that makes up the Shakespearian comic world. The play dramatizes

in the most telling way the essence of Shakespeare's comic spirit. It is a spirit of tolerance and cheerful acceptance of the serverest odds of life. The Senior Duke, the hero of *As You Like It*, is a perfect embodiment of the phase of infinite tolerance and patience which is an important aspect of the Shakespearian comic spirit. The Senior Duke is, as it were, the exponent, both in words and in pracctice, of Shakespear's comic spirit that cannot be repressed by any circumstance.

Gordon observes: "To speak of a master-key of any kind to Shakespeare is probably presumptuous; but if a key must be found at any rate to Shakespear's daily life, I find it preferably in his comedies."

Bradley asks which of Shakespeare's plays contains not necessarily the fullest picture of his mind—but the truest expression of his nature, of his habitual daily temper? He answers: "*As You Like It*."

We have discussed so far the group of Shakespeare's 'sunny comedies', as they have been called—*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Twelfth Night, As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing*. We may now pass on to the other batch of Shakespear's comedies, usually designated Dark Comedies—*Measure for Measure, All's Well that ends Well, Troilus and Cressida.* In the sunny comedies we witnessed Shakespear's successful quest of the comic in the light and frivolous follies of man. The same comic spirit that brightens up, as with the rays of the sun, the dark spots of the picture in these sunny comedies, prevails in these 'dark comedies' also. Here too we find a remarkable evidence of the alchemy of Shakespeare's comic genius springing out of a basic generosity and indomitable optimism ingrained in Shakespeare's mind and reflected in his art. We find in this a justification of the observation of A. W. Pollard,: "One of the impressions about Shakespeare which has been strongly forced on me, is that he was all of one piece. He developed, but in his development he cast nothing away. His attitude

towards life deepened, but his outlook remained the same". In the 'Dark Comedies' we do not find an abandonment of the Shakespearian comic spirit but rather a bolder adventure of that spirit to emerge unscathed out of the graver faults of human conduct and character than those in the sunny comedies. The Dark Comedies are also called problem plays. Shakespeare's own problem in these plays is a search for the comic in a most unpromising field the seamy side of human nature. The search for the comic in the world of the sunny comedies with its trivial faults and follies was easy and simple in comparison with the strenuous effort in the Dark Comedies to suck pleasure from a gloomy world with its vicious and loathsome exhibitions of the baser impulses of man. It is an endeavour to pluck grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. The only change in Shakespeare's comic spirit that we notice in these 'dark comedies' from its counterpart in the 'sunny comedies' is that Shakespeare's mood is now grave and serious. As Tillyard puts it, "Shakespeare here is in a mood of uncommon abstraction and speculation". The mood of these plays is thoughtful by the very nature of their theme. But the plays strike the same note as the sunny comedies—the note of tolerance and optimism.

The prime source of the Shakespearian comic spirit is a sympathetic attitude towards the mistakes and errors of men. It proceeds from an adoption of the Biblical injunction, "Judge not lest ye be judged." The idea is thus put into the mouth of Hamlet :—

> Use every man after his desert, and who would escape whipping?

In the central play of this group of Dark Comedies, *Measure for Measure*, which has been described by Walter Pater as the repository of Shakespeare's moral judgments, we find this basic principle of the Shakespearian comic spirit thus set forth by Isabella when she seeks a pardon from Angelo for her brother's crime :

> How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment should
> But judge you as you are ? O, think over that,
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made.

Isabella also utters the other cardinal principle of the Shakespearian comic spirit—the need for charity and kindness in man's dealings with man:—

O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Man's abuse of power and authority in his treatment of his fellow-men has found a classic expression also on Isabella's lips:

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence like an angry ape,
Plays such fantanstic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.

The thought that we are all frail and have, therefore, no moral right to condemn the faults of others, which we all share, is thus put by Isabella. She tells Angelo who has sentenced her brother to death for sensuality:

Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what
it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Angelo did knock at his own heart and discovered in it in a much viler form the very same passion for which he had sentenced Isabella's brother to death. He exclaims:

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves.

He realizes by his own experience the truth that "to err is human" and states categorically:—

We are all frail.

This is, in brief, the watchword of Shakespearian comedy.

In *All's Well that ends Well* we hear that same note of charity, kindness and love. The ending of the play exposes the evil-doers but justice is seasoned with mercy. Parollas, 'a very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness,' claims:

> There's a place and means for every man alive.

This is the motto of Shakespearian comedy that is sounded in *Twelfth Night* in Sir Toby's challenge on behalf of cakes and ale.

Lafen, an old Lord whose instincts of tolerance and humanity have been strengthened by the experience of years, assures Parolles:

> Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat.

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have expression of the principle of social amity underlying the Shakespearian comedy, in the mouth of Ulysses, the wise man of the play. He says:

> Value dwells not in particular will;
>
> ……………………………………………
>
> No man is the lord of anything, though in and of him there be much consisting, till he communicate his parts to other.

Troilus and Cressida strikes the note of optimism, the resonant note of Shakespearian comedy. Troilus, the victim of the spell of Cressida's infatuation in the beginning of the play, recovers completely at the end, from his debilitating frenzy and becomes the most heroic fighter for the Trojan cause, "manly as Hector, but more dangerous".

The ultimate note that these so-called dark comedies strike is the comic note of tolerance, love and hope, and not the gloomy note of vexation or despair. The sunny and the dark comedies together embrace the whole of life and over them both shine the cheering rays of joy and love.

Shakespeare's comic spirit achieves a greater triumph in the dark comedies, for here it boldly catches hold of the darkest traits of human nature, gleans out the inherent goodness of man and emphasizes the view that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil." He presents most realistically the web of our life as a mingled yarn, good and ill together. But he impresses upon us the heartening sense that it is a beautiful pattern in which the good outshines the evil.

In Shakespeare's last play, *The Tempest,* we have a glorious consummation of the Shakespearian comic spirit. Prospero's heavenly forgiveness of his treacherous brother and his faithless enemy is urged by a profoundly humane sentiment:

Though with their wrong I am
struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reasons 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rare action is
In virtue than in vengeance.

This strikes us as Shakespeare's final summing up. Prospero has been not inaptly identified with Shakespeare himself. Whether or not Prospero is Shakespeare, Prospero is certainly Shakespeare's ideal man, embodying the essence of the Shakespeare's fundamental outlook on men and things, his philosophy of life.

If Shakespeare's plays have any moral for us, it is the grand moral of the inevitable redemption of man and the supreme need of man's reconciliation with the conditions of his life, irrespective of the circumstances in which he may be placed.

Shakespeare's entire drama is informed by a total love of life. We have seen how in his comedies, of both the bright and the dark category, as well as the romances typified by *The Tempest*, an unconquerable spirit of love and hope and joy, which can all be appropriately subsumed under the label, "the Shakespearian comic spirit," so alter the angle of vision and enlarge the landscape

as to induce in us the faith that life means well and is perfectly worth living.

The basic optimism that pervades the comedies and romances of Shakespearian drama also shapes and colours his tragedies. All the types of Shakespearian drama, comedies, romances and tragedies, are closely inter-related because through them runs the central bond of the Shakespearian comic spirit Tillyard has pointed out to us convincingly that the romances supplement the tragedies. The tragic pattern traced by Tillyard in Shakespeare is a process of resistance to adverse circumstance, suffering and loss and ultimate reconciliation. There is reconstruction after the disintegration. At the end of the play we witness the sublime sight of the tragic hero's redemption. by the side of which his error and crime and suffering that he has passed through pale into insignificance. Macbeth is transformed by his crime and suffering from the gross materialist who would. for the sake of his earthly prosperity, "jump the life to come," into a clear-eyed philosopher who realizes the truth that life is "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Othello emerges out of his fatal error and insane crime of killing his innocent wife with a deeper love for her than he ever had. His love comes out as pure gold as a result of its smelting in the fire of his tragic fate. The deeper springs of high seriousness which were lying inactive in the jovial and optimistic prince are opened up by the shock of a mother's fall and an uncle's crime and we have before us the magnificent Hamlet realizing so early in life the tragic truth that "the time is out of joint," that frailty is the basic trait of human nature. In an idealistic frenzy he discards the object of his youthful love, but when she dies, Hamlet discovers in the light of the catastrophe how deeply he loved her, that "forty thousand brothers' love could not make up his sum." The death of Cordella is only an instrument of the redemption of Lear. It transforms Lear the proud king into Lear the loving father ; or, rather, restores the father by freeing him from the obsession of royal pride. Do-

ver Wilson aptly observes: "The Lear that dies is not a Lear defiant, but a Lear redeemed. His education is complete, his regeneration accomplished."

Thus the motto of the Senior Duke, the hero of the most typical of Shakespeare's comedies, *As You Like It*, also applies to the tragedies of Shakespeare. Here too he conveys to us the cheering message that nothing in life, not even the severest blow of adverse fate, is without its use or value, and there is no reason why we should not be perfectly reconciled to life.

Thus the operation of Shakespeare's comic spirit is traceable through the entire Shakespearian drama. This common feature of his diverse plays unifies them all into an artistic expression of a single master-mind and master-spirit.

What T. S. Eliot observes about art generally is particularly appicable to Shakespeare:

> "It is ultimately the function of art, in imposing a credible order upon ordinary realitv, and thereby eliciing some perception of an order in reality, to bring us to a condition of serenity, stillness and reconciliation."

I would cite at the end the famous lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox which echo the voice of Shakespeare's comic spirit:

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and weep alone;
For the sad world must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

KASHMIRI POETRY
(Some forms and themes)

J. L. KAUL

I

I said yesterday[1] how very grateful I was to the University authorities and, in particular, to Mr. Vice-Chancellor for doing me the honour of asking me to deliver these extension lectures. Today I have a greater reason to be thankful, not only because I am on surer ground this afternoon in regard to what I am to speak as one who is to the manner born; but that, Kashmiri has been given the status of being lectured on, so to say, from a University Chair. I believe that the University also has a reason to feel satisfied, for lectures on Kashmiri language and literature (and I would plead for lectures also on the literature Kashmiris produced during the Classical Sanskrit and Medieval Persian periods of history)—these lectures, particularly on Kashmiri, will justify the University's qualitative individuality.

I miss very sadly here today a friend and college-mate of mine, who later became the first Deputy Registrar of this University, the late Pirzada Ghulam Rasool. In the last thirties, I remember how he, with the authority and familiarity of an old college friend, dealt me a mild rebuke: "Why, what has happened to you, Kaul? We expected better from you than this exhuming of old forgotten songs of our language which we never cared for. And, anyway, what's there to it?" What is there to it? Even apart from considering and evaluating what there is in Kashmiri, we educated

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[1] 15th October: Lecture on "Time in English Literature", published in the last issue.

Kashmiris, let it be said with a sense of shortcoming in us (I am using the mildest word I can find), often ignore that it is our mother tongue. Language, some of us wrongly suppose, is a mere dress or a vehicle of thought. Language is really the flesh-body of thought which cannot be separated from it. If our flesh-body dies, we die too; and if language is weak, thought will inevitably be poor. If the language is not our own, our thought will normally be imitative and second-hand. Most educated Kashmiris of today have to go without the intimate revelations of the poetry native to them, the poetry which alone could (their knowledge of foreign and other Indian languages notwithstanding) vibrate the strings of their heart with the incantation of its verse, its music and meaning; and they have to wean themselves away from the intimate sympathy which it alone could quicken within them and bind them with the life and people around. A poor life this!

Anyway, what is there to it? That is the question I am attempting to answer this afternoon. But, I hope, it will be granted me that I cannot review the whole of our literature or all its literary art-forms. I shall confine myself strictly to the limited scope of the subject I have chosen. I do hope, however, that even this sketchy and not very competent review will show that, if we compare our effort (the effort really of our women and villagers, for it is to them that we entrusted for too long our literature for whatever they could do with it)—if we compare it with what was done in many other literatures at the comparable stage of neglect or, if you will, development, we have little reason to fight shy of it. And more. There are a few things (I will not say many) in our poetry, even as it is, that will compare favourably with what has been done elsewhere in the same genre.

II

For sometime now we have recognized four main

periods of our literature, excepting the period in which we are now. I may here utter a word of caution known to every student of literature. Literary movements do not blaze forth or fade out all on a sudden They go on not only when revolt against a particular tradition is brewing, but also even after it has succeeded in overthrowing it. Literary movements really dovetail one into another. Therefore I mean nothing more by this datewise division (and others could be suggested) than a division of convenience for dealing with the subject in historical perspective. These period-wise divisions are:

I. upto 1555, when Sultan Habib Shah, last of the Sultans of Kashmir and of Shah Mir dynasty was dethroned, and Ghazi Chak ascended the throne.

II. 1555 to 1752, that is, from the coming of the Chaks to the time when Ahmad Shah Durrani conquered Kashmir, and ended the Moghal rule which had followed the rule of Chaks.

III. 1752 to 1925—a long period—which can be divided into three sub-periods:

- (a) 1752 to 1846, that is, from the coming of the Afghans to the coming of the Dogras, ending the short Sikh rule which had followed the rule of the Afghans.
- (b) 1846 to 1885, that is, the reign of the first two Dogra Maharajas, Gulab Singh and Ranbir Singh.
- (c) 1885 to 1925, the reign of Pratap Singh till his death.

IV. 1925 to 1947, from the death of Pratap Singh to the coming of Independence.

V. 1947 onwards, that is, the present period.

In the first period we have Shiti Kantha's *Mahaanav Prakaash*, Lal Dyad's and Shekh Noor-ud-Din Wali's *Waakh*, and Bhattaavataar's *Baanaasura Kathaa*. This is

the period of the poetical form which we call *waakh* (from Sanskrit *vaakyaani*, word). A *waakh* is mostly a 4-line stanza, complete and independent in itself, a sententious gnomic verse, mystical or didactic. Shithi Kantha's *Mahaanay Prakaash* has more linguistic and prosodic interest than literary; and its about 94 verses, each a 4-line stanza, deals with the practices of esoteric schools of the time: Here's an example:

इतयश्रोवलीन परम्पर
दीपमाला ज्ञन अन्धकार
धमित धाम उद्येत निरन्तर
दिशिशपायवतु अविकार ॥

(IX Udaya, 7th St.)

It has been noted by Sir George Grieson[2] that the language is old, and belongs to the period when Prakrit, in the Apabhramsa stage, had just merged into the language that finally became the Kashmiri of the present day. In the Kashmiri of today it would read:

yitshu'y avaliyan hu'nz paramparaa*
duu'p̣maalaa zan andu'kaaras
kaa'sith, 'daam' nyarantar wwadayas yith
awikaar wwapaayich wath d′eshana yiyi

It has been one of the few fortunate events of our history that about the very first of our poets should have been Lal Dyad, (Granny Lal) affectionately so called, because after leaving her house, she wandered about the Valley in a semi-nude state, her abdomen (*lal* in Kashmiri) increasing in size and hanging loose over her pubic region. We know from her verses that she was upbraided by some and respected by others; but neither praise nor blame seemed to affect her. Moving about in a thoroughly unconventional manner, eclectic in her sayings, and even critical of orthodoxy, its dogma and ritual, and, what's more, speaking of the

secret doctrine and her experiences in a language which was neither Sanskrt nor Persian (the one having lost favour, the other not yet firmly established about the middle of the fourteenth century)—speaking in Kashmiri, the despicable native tongue of the lower classes, Lal Dyad's name does not occur in the Sanskrt histories which continued Kalhana's chronicle, those of Shrivara or, after him, of Shuka or of Praja Bhatta. It is, for the first time, in the *Twaarikh-i-Kashmir* by Khwaja Dyadamari (written about 1730 A. D. when her fame had become irresistable) that we find a mention of her:

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[2] *Memoirs*: Asiatic Society of Bengal, Vol. XI, No. 2.

* Key to pronunciation at the end.

عارفه کامله لله مجذوبه ظهورش در زمان سلطان علاوالدین بود......
در همان اثنا او را جزبه الهی رو داده

We are here concerned with her *Waakh* or sayings which have had a mighty hold on people's thought and affection, whether Hindu or Muslim, scholar or peasant, all alike. While she continued the tradition of the indigenous Shaiva philosophy of Trika Monism, she gave expression to it not only in a popular form in which people could understand it but, much more significantly, in the real language of the people themselves. Perhaps, for the first time in the history of Kashmir were mystical truths and the disciplines relevant to their realization made available to the people, then mostly unlettered here as elsewhere in the world, in the language they spoke and not in Sanskrt which much fewer people could understand. It is however not the abstruse truths of philosophy nor the discipline of vital airs, of *Kundalini* and *Nada-Binda* Yoga, that made her the poet-saint of the people. It is rather the intensity of conviction and faith, the stamp of genuine mystic experience, the authenticity of her poetic expression, and the energy of idiom and terse homely imagery, unsurpassed till the present day, that give her verse-sayings a lasting eminence both in the people's minds and in the literature of Kashmir. Her sayings have become current coin even in the speech of today and retain freshness of appeal. In her verses we find a

passionate apprehension of mystical truths which is the mark of a God-realized saint. There is little sentimental and didactic moralising which marks the sayings of less surer mystics Moreover, she rebelled against hypocrisy, the outword observances of orthodox ritualism of the time and its exclusiveness. Let me illustrate :

1. diva wat'aa diwur wat'aa
    pyat'ha bwana chhuy yeeka waat'h
pooz kas karakh hot'ha bat'aa
    kar manas ta pawanas sangaat'th

2. naaba'dy-baaras at'a-gand' d'yol gom
    dyan-kaar ho'l gom hyaka kahyoo
gwara-sund wanun raawan tyo'l pyom
    pahali-ro'st khyo'l gom hyaka kahyoo

3. aami pana so'dras naavi chyas lamaan
    kati bozi day myon me'-ti divi taar
aamyan t'aakyan pony zan shamaan
    zuv chhum bramaan gara gatshahaa'

4. po't zooni wo'thith mo't bolanovum
    dag lalanaa'vu'm dayi-su'nza prahey
la'ly la'ly karaan laala vuzanovum
    meelith tas man shrotsyom dahey

5. Lal bo' loosu's tshaaraan ta gaaraan
    hal me' ko'rmas rasa-nishi ti
vuchhun hyo'tmas taad'y d'eet'hymas baran
    me' ti kal ganey-yi zi zogmas ta'ty

6. she' wan tsat'ith shyashi-kal wuzu'm
    prakrath ha'nzum pawana suu'tee
lolu'ki naara waa'linj buzu'm
    Shankar lo'bum tamiy suu'tee

1. The idol and the temple are but stone,
stone they are and nothing more.
O silly Pandit, whom does thou worship ?
Unite thy mind and breath in Him alone.

2. The candy-load upon my back has gone loose,
my day's work has gone awry, ah me !
My guru's word, like a blister, has pained my heart,
my flock shepherdless, is gone astray, ah me !

3 With a rope of untwisted thread I tow my boat,
would God hear my prayer and bring me safe across!
Like water in cups of unbaked clay I waste away,
ah, how I long to reach my home!

4. "When the moonlight ended with the dawn,
Mind of her self with illusion mad,
Lalla to the love of God had drawn,
Soothing the pain that had made her sad:

Cried to her Beloved: It is I,
  Lalla, Lalla, that awakens Thee:
Buried in the crystal lake doth lie
  All the defilement that darkened me"[3]

5. Searchidg and seeking Him I Lalla, wearied myself,
and even beyond my strength I strove;
then, looking for Him, I found the doors closed and latched.
This deepened my longing and stiffened my resolve;
and I would not move from where I was,
with love and longing, looking out for Him.

6. I cut my way through the six Forests,
when light shone forth from the Awakened Moon.
I controlled the vital Airs and Prakriti froze and shrank.
Then I parched my heart in the fire of love,
and thus came to Shanker, the Supreme Self.

We note, in these and other *waakhs*, the variety of rhyme-schemes, *abab*, *abad*, *abcb*, or no rhyme at all. The metre is qualitative stress accent, four accents to each line generally, and not a strict short and long quantity measure. This is so also with the *waakh* of her younger contemporary, Shekh-ul-aalam, Shekh Noor-ud-lin Wali (popularly known as Nund Ryo'sh) of Tsraar-I-Shareef. It is time somebody did for his *waakh* what Grierson has done for Lal Dyad's so that we could have a definitive edition of his verse sayings. What we know of them, however, is enough to vouch for saying that his *waakh*, more didactic in tone and content than Lal Dyad's, have enriched our language with wise

saws and pithy sayings that have become proverbial as, for instance,

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[3] Translation of verse 4 is by Sir Richard Temple.

Poshinool poshi vaariy gaaraan
mwagul gaaraan huniy vaas
shaa'j shinyaalay gaaraan
khar gaaraan guh lyad ta sass.

The oriole seeks out a flower garden;
The owl seeks out a deserted spot,
The she-jackal searches dreary wastes,
The donkey searches dung and dirt.

but he could also be piercingly intense:

a'shk chhuy kun gobur maaji marun
swa zwala kari ta kihay
a'shk chhuy gunatularyav paan barun
su swakha rozi ta kihay
a'shk chhuy ratajaama tani paa'raavun
su aah kari ta kihay.

Love is death of an only son to a mother—
Can she have any sleep?
Love is venemous stings of a swarm of wasps—
Can the victim have any rest?
Love is wearing a robe dripping with blood—
Can the wearer utter a sigh?

Bhattaavataar's *Baanaasura Kathaa* (discovered in the Bhandarkar Oriental Library, Poona) is, as the author tells us, based on the romance of Usha and Anirudha narrated in the *Harivamsha Puraana*; but we must await a properly edited publication of it before we can assess its linguistic worth and literary merit. It is the first secular poem that can be dated, having been written in the reign of Sultan Zainul-Abidin Badshah (1420-1470 A. D.) Here is a specimen:

जैननि पाने विमले राज्ये षड्विंषे वर्षे कतकिय ।
दिव सरस्वत पूजेत आज्ये हरिवंशास अन्धर वंथिय ॥

The same must be said of Ganaka Prashasta's *sukha-*

dukhacharitam, a Kashmiri didactic poem an the art of happy living, the manuscript of which, also discovered at Poona, is still not available to us.

III

We come now to the second period, 1555 to 1752. During this period Persian is firmly established not only as the official language but also as the language of literature, and talented Kashmiris turn to it for giving expression to their thoughts and feelings. Maulana Shekh Yakoob Sarfi Ganai (1522–1594) produced his encyclopaedic work during this time; and to this time belong also Mirza Akmal-ud-Din Kamil, the author of *Bahar-ul-Irfaan*, a Persian masnavi of 80,000 couplets, and Khawaja Habib Ullah Nawsheri (1555–1617), who wrote treatises on mysticism. While these substantial products of mind find expression in Persian, songs continue to be written in Kashmiri. Many of these songs are mystical in the *waakh* style. This for instance :

ye'my ko'r sara panun paan
mas baanan t'haan mutsaraa'vith gav
chhiv lagyas hosh nashas
mashas pananuy paan
na su zaani he'ndy wwapath
na su musalmaan.

Whosoever realizes his own true self,
uncovers the vessels of wine,
overflows with joy, is intoxicated,
and forgets his lower self.
He will not know a Hindu
or a Musalman.

But in many other songs there appears a pronounced change. They become longer in the length of the line and the number of lines, and a refrain is added to them as, for instance, in this poem ascribed to Khwaja Habib-Ullah Nawshehri.

a'shku'ni maa'daana traavyaam hay
hay tavay t'ot'hyom paanay day

ya'mi da'ryyaawa a'sy paa'daa gay
layi roz tamikuy may aaparay

" vajalnaa minalmaa-i kul shayin hay "
hay tavay t'at'hyom paanay day

keyntsav pyaala chay payaapay
kentsan chawaan sapuduy tay
kenh gav taari ta kentsan chhu say
hay tavay t'ot'hyom paanay day

I surrendered completely to love,
and God is pleased with me.

Be true in love and you will be given
a taste of the wine which fills the River of Life
that brought us hither ; from whose waters
God hath made every living thing

Some drink cup after cup unceasingly ;
some, in the very act of drinking, attain to the Goal ;
some wait and they still have hope ;
some wait and wait, unavailingly.

The chief contribution of this period is, however, a new kind of song which tells of secular human love. This is the *lol* lyric, a song set to music, wherein the poet sings of his *lol*, a Kashmiri word signifying an untranslatable complex of love, longing and a tugging at the heart. The *lol* lyric is a short poem, an utterance of a single mood, rarely in more than six or ten lines, including the refrain. It is a thing of music, a very melodious music, with its end-rhymes and medial rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and assonances that come naturally as the very stuff of the language which has a high proportion of vowels and semi-vowels to its consonants, and in which aspirates, gutterals and harsh consonants are rare. There is a looseness and a flexibility of rhythm as in the verse of Lal Dyad, and the metre is not yet made to fit in quite within the precision of Persian quantitative pattern. It is not an intellectual lyric, it states no theme. It is written as

though to relieve the mind in song and to find

> " ......a very echo to the seat
> where love is throned."

And, as in the *braja* tradition, it is the woman that is the lover and seeks to give utterance to her love. She sings of love in many moods: the spring is come, the flowers are in bloom, and the kokil (turtle-dove) and tiriv (bush-chat) are here but 'where are you?'

ranga ranga saa'ry gul aay
madano kati chaa'ny jaay
raa'naa zeybaa gulaab aay
shab-boy maa'nziposh swanaposh draay
kaaripa'ty ta so'mbulan ka'r graay
madano kati chaa'ny jaay

Flowers have bloomed in all their hues,
Love where are you?
The rose has come, graceful and lovely,
the tuberose, the balsam, and the *sɔnaposh* have come out,
the larkspur and the hyacinth have burst daintily into bloom,
Love, where are you?

OR

la'j phulay andwanan
tse' kanan go'ynaa myon
la'j phulay kolasaran
wwaathoo neeryan khasu'wo
pho'j yosman andwanan
tse' kanan goynaa myon

The distant meadows are in bloom
hast thou not heard my plaint?
Flowers bloom in mountain lakes,
come, let us to mountain meads,
The lilac blooms in distant woods,
hast thou not heard my plaint?

Then the long long waiting till the days drag; but he does

not come and the yearning deepens:

kukiley puu'ry kawa traa'with kwalaraadan
dukaley wwandi myon gaw
me' kaley chaaney braa'nty gaa'mo naadan
aadanbaaji myaani yaaro wey
tseynto lad'ury posh pho'ly kwalaraadan
az chhum aadan vaatahamay
dihamay darshun sar vanday paadan
aadanbaaji myaani yaaro wey

Like a kokil-dove you moved along the wandering rills,
and distraction filled my heart.
Beguiled by love, I fancied you were calling me,
My Love, Companion of my Youth!
Think of the flower bloom along the rivulet banks,
this is the time I look for you,
this is the time for you to come.
O, were you to come, what would I not do for you?
I would lay down my life for you,
My love, Companion of my Youth!

Then comes the questioning and doubting of Love's fidelity, and wailing and lamenting. It is true that we find little abandon to joy, sensuous or supernal, and little gaiety of tone in these songs. They usually sing of absence and separation and even infidelity; but some of them can be very lovely, as lovely, as such songs and airs can be. This delicate song for instance:

myaani madan hiyo hiyo
chham chaa'ny laadan
haa yiyo yiyo
darshun diyo diyo
chham chaa'ny laadan
aadana tse'y suu'ty karyaam vaaday
vaada kawa d'o'lham piyo piyo
chham chaa'ny laadan

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine,
I long for thee.
Come, O come,
and show thyself;
I long for thee.
I plighted, when young, my troth to thee,
why didst break thy troth, O sweet, O dear?
I long for thee.

OR, this one, more substantial but equally musical:

yaam hoori me' t'oori tsandun mo'loomay
taamath tso'loomay yaar ve'see
dapyaam aagas bo' roshi zaagas
laagas bo' sheyri hee
wwandu'kis baagas poshaah pho'loomay
taamath tso'loomay yaar ve'see

Hardly had I, a budded houri, bathed me in sandal-oil,
when Love deserted me and went away.
Methought I would lie in wait for him,
with jasmine to crown his head;
a rare flower had bloomed in the garden of my heart—
when Love deserted me and went away.

I would quote many more of these songs which I love and which, in a sense, are typically Kashmiri. These songs are now dead. They are no longer written. Most of them are of unknown authorship and have come down to us by word of mouth and oral tradition; while many of them are found recorded, interspersed, among Persian songs and ghazals, in the manuscripts of *mausiqis* or songs set to music, with appropriate directions of *raag* and *taal* and *muqaam*. Two famous writers of these *lol*-lyrics are undoubtedly women. Haba Khatoon, who lived in the sixteenth century and romantically became the spouse of the last Chak King, Yusuf Shah, conquered and exiled by Akbar; and A'rnimaal, the disappointed spouse of the talented author of Persian *bahari taveel*, Munshi Bhawani Das, who lived later, in the Afghan times.

IV

The third period is a prolific period, and I can only briefly dwell upon the new forms that poetry took. We find that Kashmiri literary men, albeit of country-side mostly, begin to own their native tongue and use it for poetical compositions, closely modelling their verse, however, on Persian. Kashmiri verse loses its looseness and flexibility and the metre is now more correct and strait-laced, and the language is, inevitably, full of Persian words and phrases, not always fully assimilated. These poets imitate the Persian *masnavis* and write their narrative poems in couplets employing Persian *bahar*, mostly *bahar-i-hazaj*. This, in itself, would be a gain, not a loss, for, being a sweet language and the language of polite courtly culture, Persian lends itself easily and musically to a welding with Kashmiri. But we find poets borrowing wholesale not only epithets and phrases, often stale enough, but also hackneyed imagery and conceits and hyperbole of decadent Persian poetry. The Kashmiri poet now turns to old Persian themes of legend and story and history, to Shirin and Farhad, Laila and Majnoon, Wamiq and Uzra, Sohrab and Rustum. Of the first sub-period of this long period, from 1752 to 1846, the chief poets are Mahmood Gaami and Prakash Ram of Kurygom. Of the second viz ; 1846 to 1885, the chief poets are Paramanand and Maqbool Shah ; while during the third sub-period, 1885 to 1925, we have Rasool Mir, Abdul Wahab Parey and Krishna Razdan. There were many more, some of whom will find their name and works mentioned in a history of Kashmiri literature ; but I must pass them over, concerned as I am only with the main forms and themes of poetry.

This is the age of metrical romance, when stories or legends of love and adventure are poetized. Many tried their hand on this type of verse composition, and sometimes two or more poets wrote on the same theme and story. Here is a short list : *Sri Ramavtaar Charit* by Prakash Ram ; *Sri Krishnavtaarlila* by "Dinanatha" ; *Guli Bakaavali* by Hakeem Iblee Shekh ; *Wamiq Uzra* by Peer Muhammad Saif-ud-Din ; *Heemal* by Waliullah Mottoo ; *Gulrez* by Maqbool Shah Kraalawaa'ry ; *Kraalakoor* by Peer Ghulam Mohy-ud-Din ; *Guli Bakaawali* by Lassa Khan ; *Qissa-i-Swandar Paree*, *Jauhari Ishq*, *Mumtaaz-o-Benazeer*. and *Rauzat-ush-Shuhuda* by Azizullah Haqqani ; and *Yusuf Zulaikha*, *Laila wa Majnoon*, *Shirin-o-Khusrau*, *Harun-ur-Rashid*, *Shekh San'an* by Mahmood Gaami. And many more,

too many to mention here. Mention may be made, however, of (1) Lachman Bhat's *Nala-Damayanti*; (2) of *Akanandun* by various authors (e. g. Saif-ud-Din, Wali-ullah Mottoo, and, in our times, by Samad Meer) and in various styles, treating of a local version of a similar theme as that of Abraham-and-Isaac story which has somehow caught the imagination of the people here; (3) Krishna Razdan's *Siva Parinaya*; and (4) of Abdul Wahab Parey, who was a voluminous writer and who, besides 700 and odd ghazals wrote *Qissa-i chahaar Darwesh*, *Qissa-i-Bahram Gor*, *ahlaabnaama*, *Haft Qissa-i-makar-i-zan*, and, lastly, a translation of *Shahnaama*, to mention only one of the many translations of his from Persian into Kashmiri. In the masnawi couplet form have also been written *Hamd*, *Naatishareef*, and *Mojizaati Hazrat Rasool-i-Akram* (on whom be peace!). Also in this form have been written several elegies on the martyrdom of Hazrat Hussain (of blessed memory!); and some comic-satires like Maqbool Shah's *Greestnaama*, and *Peernaama*, and Khalil Shah's *malanaama*. And often, interspersed among these masnavi narratives, we find ghazals and songs and, what equally distinguishes them from the Persian masnavis, also change in metres as, for instance, in Mahmood Gaami's *Yusuf Zulaikha* and in Maqbul Shah's *Gulrez*.

Gulrez has deservedly become popular; and it is one of the few masnavis that will live; for most other masnavis, if they have any life at all, will live as curiosities of literature and only in fragments as anthology pieces. *Gulrez*, however, has more or less equal merit throughout, and it gives us a passionate portrayal of love, the effect of which is, at places, heightened by the descriptions of the scenes of nature. It is a barrowed theme from Persia about Ajab Malik and Noshlab; but I have failed to find if there is any poem on this story in Persian. It appears that the story came to Kashmir by oral communication. *Gulrez* seems therefore to be an original work and not a translation, nor adopted from or based upon a Persian model. Here are specimens of our masnavi style at its best:

(a) This one is from Prakash Ram's *Sri Ramaavtaar Charit :*

he'chhith boozith wuchhith laagun pozyaa o'n
pha'lis chhuy hyo'l he'lis chhuy saa'mpu'naan go'n
panun dam chhuy ga'neemath boz yih ru'ts kath
chhuh broont'yum bront'h rozaan chhuy pa'tyum path
zu'h do'h sontu'ny gaa neemath chhiy jawaano
wawakh yiy tiy tsu'h lonakh yaari- jaano......
kadu'r ye'my zon paanas nishi yiman dwan
suh yo'dway aasi sha'stu'r saa'mpu'nyas swan.

And (b) this one is from Makbool Shah's *Greest-naama :*

sazowul yo'd yiyakh tas bront'ha neyran
dinas dag mwa'th ta pyat'hakani jaay sheyran
ga'ndith guly rozu'nas phwarmaan bardaar
pathar vas guri, saathaah be'h, ma saa' maar
tse' chhuy naa koor go'bruy son aa'yut
vuchhaan aa'sy raath a'sy Bhat'h vaati maa yo't...
yiyakh ye'li doori peer d'eyshinas yaam
nyabar aa'sith atsan gaanas andar taam
shuryan baa'tsu'n dapan to'hy vaara vuchhtav
be'shoonkuy wuchhzi a'ty chhaa kina syo'duy gav...
go'mut vay tshaand'aney bab dyad ga'mu'ts wan
baban subahan dapyaanas zinyge'd'aah an.

Now, let us compare these with Mahmood Gaami's *Yusuf Zulaikha :*

hamd beyhad naat-i Ahmad har saheefas ibtidaa
roz damaah soz a'shykun boz ay mardey khudaa
paadshaahaah kajkulaahaah os shaharey magribas
aa's kooraah khaasa ta'mysu'y Beeb Zulaikhaa naav tas
say Zulaikhaa aa's zeybaa dilphireybaa zoon zan
seena saaph aa'yeenakhwata os tas roshan badan
naar-i pistaan raahatey jaan aa'sy tas rwapa su'ndy qabah
d'e'yshivu'nvan kreyshivu'nyan aa'sy pheraan dil dubah
tath mulookas tahanz hish soorath be'yey na kaa'nsi aa's
satu'va'ryshee tshyata gaa'mu'ts na ta kamee vaa'nsi aa's
khwaab d'yoot'hun akh jawaanah nundabonaah khoob roy
os ra'naa maah jabeenaah naazneenaah mushk moy.

This last is no language, not because here are too many Persian words but because the diction is listless and stilted, artificial and imitative, not racy of the soil, and foreign words are unassimilated to the genuis of our language. I know some of us boost it up as *rekhta* but I do not regard this as a purely literary judgement. This is, however, not to belittle what we owe to Mahmood Gami. We are indebted to him for the first ghazal in our language, technically so called, also perhaps, for the first masnavi, and, but for Haba Khatoon's

"wwalo myaani poshey madano..."

Or "tsu' kamyoo swanı myaani bram dith nyoonakho..."

Or "kaa'nsi maa raa'vin shoorey paan..."

and perhaps a few more such songs attributed by long tradition to her, we owe him also the first love songs which, for want of a better word, I may call *Kaa'shur ghazal* or, perhaps better *kaa'shur geet*. The metres and and rhyme-pattern of these *geets* are various, and each unit is a stanza of three lines followed by the refrain. These *geets* were soon popular as *chhakri* songs, and continue to be so till the present day. I believe Rasool Mir is our best song writer in this form. Now man loves woman, and he is lavish, almost uninhibited in describing her charms. His ghazals have a unity of impression which was not usually to be found in the ghazals written previously. And, he may be said to have succeeded more than most of his predecessors and contemporaries in acclimatising Persian words and phrases into Kashmiri. There is, besides, a note of passion and there is spontaneity in his songs.

Taken as a whole, however, songs, and ghazals and geet, as written by the poets of this long period, are more sophisticated, and even imitative and artificial. The song has lost some of its former melody, directness, and a tender poignancy of feeling ; though it has gained in richness of allusion from Persian love lore and also in sen-

suousness and ornateness.

In this very form poets now wrote their mystical songs also but much of what they wrote is unequal in merit, at its best didactic and homiletic, and at its average, sentimental, platitudinous, morbidly gloomy and even obscure. There are exceptions, however, in a few poems of Na'ma Saa'b, Swachh Kraal, Wahab Khaar, Shams Faqir, Ahmad Bat'awaa'ry and, later, in our times, of Samad Meer.

Then there is the leela-lyric which, at its best, has the rare quality (rare in Kashmiri poetry) of abandon, even ecstasy, as in Paramanand:

ye'li teyley a'ndrimi loluk sre'h
te'li meyley paanas hyuh looka sre'h
kheyli antar-baahar buka buka sre'h
chhuna parvaay geyli aalam ta lo lo.

Once awaked, love cannot be confined within,
but must ooze out and fret to find itself
without, its correspondance in the love of man
and nature, which it shall everywhere find.
Then love within shall flow without,
and gushing and gurgling in a whirligig of joy,
the bubbling founts of love shall dance and play.
Exalted thus and united with the love of all,
what cares thy devotee how the world regards
him or what it says? He is indifferent
to all its praise and blame.

Or (b) Krishna Razdan's:

Nandalal aaw gindaney raas
aara ka'ry-ve aaray...

Nandalal is come to dance,
Make a ring, make a ring.

The wild rose is aflame with love,
It has taken to the woods,
It has wandered by the brooks.
Make a ring, make a ring.

In the mansion of the body,
See, a dance is going on,
with all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring...

We may trace the origin of leela-lyric from the songs in Prakash Ram's *Shri Ramavtaar Charith*. Or, We may go even further back to Khwaja Habib Ullah Nowshehri's poem :

yaara gatshavo divayey
aashkaaraa draavayey
chhus Muhammad naawayey
"kuntu kanzan" aavayey
jalva maaraan draavayey
"nahanu aqrah" baavayey
yaara gatshavo divayey..."

The *leela*-lyric is primarily a devotional poem, saturated with mysticism. The universe exists : it is real and it is good. Indeed all manifestation is an ever-flowing of God's joy, a *lila*, a Nataraja's dance. These poems, rightly so called, do not lay stress on asceticism and aloofness from the world. They stress inwardness of experience rather than outward formalism.

Paramanand wrote three long poems; *Sudaamcharith*, *Radhaaswayamvar*, and *Sivala'gu'n*, in this very form, that is, in stanzas or units of three lines followed by a refrain, the first two lines rhyming together and the third rhyming with the refrain. By any standard, Paramanand would be a significant poet in any language. Each of his three narrative poems has the unity of a great mystical idea, the love of God for man and of man for God. The unobtrusive allegory, most unobtruding in *Sudaamcharith*, controls the various incidents and gives them a structural unity. I have no time here to dwell on this but must give a specimen of his narrative art:

bwadabror dwadatsoor draav khokhajey
goorybaayi tswapaa'ry laarani lajey
me'ti me'ti me'ti kyaah chhu baana phut'aranay...
Yashudaayi do'p yi chhum du'shiraavanay
lookabaayan nishi mandu'chhaavanay
yad'a'ba'd'ysu'y cham na yad'yivanay...
dwad chyath tsalaney lajaav Yashudaayey
laaraan tas pata thaaraan draayey
athi hyath gudom a'thy zi gand'anay...

moorathgar yas na moorath gand'ey
tas mani yas chhana doorath gand'ey
gyaan dyaan gand'anas chhina poshanay...
tas balaveeras pata pata doraan
tshala tshala tsalanay bala aayi soraan
hataba'dy atagath manz aanganay...
maa'j ye'li tha'ch aar aav santaanas
yuth bha'khtyan hund yiwaan Bhagawaanas
rat'anas paa'ny paana dith rood tanay...

He has what Jalal-ud-Din Rumi calls "the inspired speech", the quality of ecstasy of those who "break through to the oneness". It is a stray single word here and there that invests a whole passage with a mystical meaning without interfering with the flow of the narrative. He uses the native colloquial idiom with verve and effect and there is a terse pointedness and proverbial ring about numerous of his verses e. g.,

yas din tas yin toray naadas

Or, chhaav yith chika chaav baanas neyraana

Or, sheeshas ta sooras meyl chhaa
teel neyri kanimanza teyl chhaa

I may here venture to utter a note of warning against the recent tendency (following Sir George Grierson) of labelling Parmanand's and other leela poets' poetry as written in "Hindu Kashmiri" as against "Muslim Kashmiri" of our masnavis, notably of Mahmood Gaami. It is regrettable that Master Zinda Kaul should also have accepted this division of our language in his introduction to *Paramanand* Vol I. It would not be proper here to enter into a discussion of the falsity of this nomenclature, but I should like emphatically to say that to label this poetry as such and therefore to dismiss it as something irrelevant, not belonging as it were, would be doing violence with our literature and impoverishing it.

I may here also say a word about our comic-satiric ballads distinguished for homely but effective metaphor

and picturesque portrayal of the ridiculous situations in which we sometimes found ourselves when facing either the natural calamities like floods and earthquakes or the tyranny of the petty bureaucrat of the day; or when we tried to adjust ourselves to the new conditions like the Revenue settlement of Sir Walter Lawrence. Though this comic-satric verse is only minor poetry yet it is a pity that much of it (which we call *la'd'i shaah*) is lost and only stray stanzas are extant. There were however a few sustained efforts like Mulla Habib-Ullah Hakeem's *sahlaabnaama*, Nazim of Vejibror's parody on Mahmood Gaami's well-known poem beginning *rinda kitha zinda chhuk aabas suu'ty* and, in our times, a few amusing poems by Lakhman Razdan, known by his pen-name of Laala-la'khyman, particularly the one beginning

"Laala La'khyman shakhdaarey draav"

V

We now come to the fourth period, from 1925 to 1947. This is the age of Mahjoor to whom we owe a deep debt for keeping alive Kashmiri poetry at a difficult time when Urdu and English, introduced in the last decades of the 19th eentury, had ousted Persian from offices and schools and when literary creativity was at a very low ebb. He belongs to the school of Rasool Meer and shares with him the popularity of being the best writer of our Kashmiri *geet* and ghazal. He recovered much of the melody native to our language, retrieved the language itself from the false *rekhta* of our masnavis of the last century, and introduced many new themes such as *My Youth* and *The Country Lass*, and some patriotic songs, notably the famous one beginning

wo'lo haa baagwaano naw bahaaruk shaan paidaa kar

"Come Gardener, let us create the glory of a new spring".

His younger contemporary, Abdul Ahad Azad, gave

us *Shikwa–i Iblees*, which was a new thing. It was, firstly, a *nazm*, that is, a poem longer than the usual ghazal and with a unity of theme; and, secondly, the theme itself was a revolutionary one. It was a complaint of Satan questioning God's wisdom in creating the world. Ghulam Hassan Beg Arif also took up new themes, social and patriotic, and wrote *nazms* and, what is his particular contribution, the rubaiyat, most of which have the surprise of a turn or twist in meaning in the third or the fourth line. For example:

> pagaah boozum sazaah dikh soodkhaaras
> sitamgar haa'kimas sarmaayidaaras
> azyuk do'h gav ga'reebas kyut kayaamath
> adu'l pagahuk karyas kyaah swachh bichaaras
>
> Tomorrow, I have heard it said, that Thou
> wouldst punish the usurer, the tyrant bureaucrat, and the capitalist.
> What of today, which grinds the poor as if it were the judgement day ?
> What good to him Thy justice of another day ?

The modern note, in a profounder sense, was, however, sounded by Master Zinda Kaul. Though it is largely mystical, what distinguishes the poetry of Masterji from the long line of Kashmiri mystical poetry is its note of searching doubt and interrogation; and what distinguishes it from the large body of modern verse is the depth of its mystical meaning. Quite a few of the small number of his poems, like *Vadihey Manush*, *Nauta-yaa'ree*, *Joogy*, will have a secure place in our literature. Even other peoms have the quality of vision like *Lolas Kun* (To Love), *Sumran* (The Token of Love) or *Vanan Manz Laal*, where the lover has a priceless vision of

> a mystic afflatus passing from heart to heart,
> where fleshly eyes of man intervene not
> between true lovers...The love -sick heart hath heard
> of God, but here it sees none other than Man,
> in very truth, the Formless Incarnate. Here
> it sees the self-same sap coursing through all,

and the meanest thorn yearning to be free,
to feel the largeness of the Whole, and to
become the Garden itself. Here it realized
how priceless is the heart of man, and lo!
God is love's luminous flame within
the heart; for God chose His abode in love
when man was made, and love his dwelling found
where grief was great, in the heart of sorrowing man.

VI

Then came the Raid, and something remarkable happened. Overnight, as it were, new poets burst upon the scene with themes, understandably relevant to our life-and-death struggle, but with a rare rhetorical eloquence. Inevitably, much of what was written was, so to say, 'occasional' which could be dated; but some of the stirring songs are unforgettable like Dinanath Nadim's "I will not sing today. I will not sing today of Rose and Nightingale......" or "Beware, O War-monger!" and a fine poem on the death of a comrade[4]

Comrade!
My comrade-in-arms!
Why does not our song sound in your ears?
Tired? Why lie you down when the journey's not done?
Wherefore should you slumber when our work is just begun?
Watered with your blood, won't you see the garden bloom?
Won't you wait for a new time's dawn that'll be soon?
Is is right for the architect of future to assume
Death, my comrade—
My comrade-in-arms?

Don't I hear what you would say?
Don't I know to what you were a prey?
Chill blasts of poverty made you fade before your noon;
For medicine means money,— and your sun set soon;
But even in the claws of death you remembered the plighted troth;

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[4] Translated by Shri T. N. Raina of National Defence Academy, Kharakwasla, published in *the Visvabharati Quarterly*.

To the flame of new resolves you played the happy moth ;
You cannot die, for you are the beacon on our path
Forever, my comrade,—
My comrade-in-arms !

You are no more,—but what of that ?
Can fire forever slumber ?
You are no more, but your fiery emanation can never die !
It'll flower into a myriad sparks, and grow, but never die !
Dead coals, infected, will glow, and grow, but never die !
Coals glow into a blazing fire, and grow, but never die !
My lyre has caught this tune, my song this stirring theme
From you, my comrade, –
My comrade-in-arms.

Nadim and, later, Rahman Rahi and some others have been taking up new themes and experimenting with new forms : free verse, different rhyme-schemes and stanza forms ; and at their best, have enriched our poetry with new imagery. Nadim has not only written an excellent opera, *Heemal ta Naa'gyraay*, rich in symbolism, but also very successful octave-and-sestet sonnets. Just how modernist these poets can be is shown by Nadim's sonnet* beginning

"doha aki koha pa'ty zoon kha'ts tso't hish..."

The moon looked like a bun[5] as she rose behind the mountain.
She looked clouded and dull as a Pampore puttoo garment[6]
worn off threadbare and torn at the collar-band, exposing,
one after another, the spots and scars on a silvery breast.
Tired and pale she looked,
pale as a spurious silver rupee coin
palmed off upon a woman coolie
with the small change of her weekly wage.

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* Note : In the original Kashmiri this is a sonnet with *abba abba, cdecde* rhyme-scheme.

[5] *tso't* in Kashmiri is larger but thinner than a bun.

[6] a vest or a loose garment (called phyaran in Kashmiri) of a dull grey homespun tweed made in Pampore, a village 8 miles south-east of Srinagar.

The moon looked like a bun, and the hills looked hungry.
The clouds put out the fire of the cooking-range[7]
[blazing in the western skies],
when [in the east] it looked as if the wood-nymphs lit
a moving cooking-stove[8]
in whose soft glow white shoots of steamed rice seemed
to spring upon the hills.
Then I too whispered hope to my hungry belly;
then I too looked and looked, with a hungry look, at the
moonlit sky.

Broadly speaking, Kashmiri poetry has stepped into adolescence and there are signs that it will soon come of age.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a sounds as *u* in *cup*; *aa* as *a* in *farm.*
a' sounds somewhat like *oe,* as in *a'chh* (an eye), *la'r* (a house);
aa', the long sound of *a',* as in *aa's* (a mouth), *laa'r* (a cucumber).
i sounds as *i* in hill; *ee* as in *heel.*
u' sounds somewhat like *ui,* as in *tu'r* (a rag);
uu', the long sound, as in *tuu'r* (cold).
u sounds as *u* in *pull*; *oo* as in *pool.*
e' is a shorter sound of *e* or *ey,* as in *tre'* (three);
e or *ey,* the longer sound, sounds as *a* in *hate* or *ay* in *say,* as in *treysh* or *tresh* (thirst).
o' is a shorter sound of *o,* somewhat like *o* in *hot,* as in *hɔ'l* (crooked);
o or *oa,* the longer sound, sounds as *o* in *hole,* as in Kashmiri *hol* or *hoal* (despair).
ya sounds as *e* in *tell,* as in Kashmiri *tyal* (giving airs).
wa as in *dwad* (milk).
-y as in *kuly* (trees), *khaa'sy* (cups): *y* at the end of a syllable preceded by a consonant has the sound of a short *i.*
g is always hard as in *gig*; *j* as in *jest.*
ch is always soft as in *church*; chh is its aspirated form.
t' as *t* in *tin, t'h* as *th* in *thug,* and *d'* as *d* in *dish* (lingual sounds);
t as in French, *th* as in *thing,* and *d* somewhat as *th* in *this* (dental sound).
ts as in Kashmiri *tsoor* (a thief); *tsh* is its aspirated form, as in *tshat'h* (a draught of air).

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[7] *ga'j* in Kashmiri is a cooking-range in which fuel is burnt. The fuel is placed in the open mouth of it; and the flames blaze forth from the mouth as well as the orifices on which pots are placed.

[8] *wwathadaan* is a portable cooking-stove much smaller than a *ga'j.*

Book Reviews

The Young Lions*

Universally acclaimed as a supreme war novel, *The Young Lions* pictures a sweeping panorama of the war from both sides. Among a galaxy of characters those who really matter are a Nazi sergeant, Christian, and two Amerian soldiers, Michael and Noal. Irwin Shaw follows the destinies of these three young men from before the war upto the final encounter that leaves only one survivor in Michael.

The tenacious grip on life, the strong desire to live is as strong in Noal as in Christian. Noal survives the fateful D-Day, when the Americans, for the first time, landed their forces on the North-west coast of France, and when thousands around him were massacred by the German batteries. He survives the campaign through France, and narrowly misses being captured by the Germans. But at the closing stages of the war when Noal was already in terms of joining his wife and baby son back at home, he is killed by a bullet from Christian's machine-pistol. Christian lives through the earlier victorious German advance on Paris, and also through their inglorious retreat from North Africa, but gets killed from a grenade thrown by Michael, out of sheer desperation, at the very last moment. The remarkable thing about the dramatic exit of the two soldiers, one a Jew and the other a Nazi, is that it takes place when they were least expecting it. Noal and Michael were out just for a stroll and Christian, most assured in his mind of having a charmed life, was making a desperate bid to fall back from the advancing American lines.

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*By Irwin Shaw (Jonathan Cape, Ltd., 1949.)

The strong desire to live is not the only striking thing about Noal. Soon after he enlists as a soldier, he has to face the terrible consequences of being a hateful figure in the eyes of the men of his own company. They hate him for being a Jew, and consider him indirectly responsible for the war. But for the Jews, they think, they would be at their homes enjoying the bliss of peaceful times. This is a situation that weighs down on Noal's self-respecting mind to such a degree that he agrees to fight and actually fights, by turns, ten of the biggest bullies in the company. When that does not seem to mend matters, he decides to desert. But that plan also does not succeed and he is forced to return to his company. It is much later that Noal's comrades come to understand him better, and have a greater regard for him.

The problem of the Jews comes up again and again in the course of this novel. Even before the war, when he was a ski-instuctor in Austria, Christian is troubled by this issue. He holds quite independent views on a matter of world importance. "And about the Jews... " says he, "It is an unlucky accident. Somehow, some one discovered that that was the only way to come to power. I am not saying I like it. Myself, I know it is ridiculous to attack any race...... But if the only way you can get a decent and ordered Europe is by wiping out the Jews, then we must do it. A little injustice for a large justice."

There is also the ordinarv soldier's attitude towards the war. While telling us about the uncalled-for ruthlessness of the German officers, and of the life of their wives in Berlin, about the selfishness and pettiness of officers on both sides, Irwin Shaw also relates how an average soldier from either side hates the war and yearns for times of peace, and how at the time of real danger all men rise above the levels of selfish motives, avarice and greed, how friendly and condescending they become towards each other. It seems

as if at the big moment all of them are joining hands against the common enemy, the war. " The closer they got to the front, Michael noticed, the nicer people got when they began to hear the enduring rumble of the guns, disputing over the antumnal German fields, every one seemed to speak in a low, considerate voice, every one was glad to feed you, put you up for the night, share his liquor with you, show you his wife's picture and politely ask to see the pictures of your own family. It was as though, in moving into the zone of thunder, you had moved out of the selfishness, the nervous mistrust, the twentieth-century bad manners, in which, until that time, you had always lived, believing that the human race had for ever behaved that way."

The unforgetable scenes of savage fury bring out the many-sided horrors of the war, and at the same time emphasize the futility of it all. Yet there shines through the gloom of the novel a guiding star that inspires our confidence in the basic nobility and courage of the human soul and in the eternal power of hope. Noal dies, but with the hope that when the war is over "human beings are going to be running the world."

Irwin Shaw does not turn his soldiers into superhuman or subhuman creatures. They are neither demigods nor utter savages. We see them fighting because it is their duty as soldiers, and we also see them eating, drinking and gossiping like ordinary citizens. As regards the main idea of the novel, the author may have borrowed a great deal from Ernest Flemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, but there is an atmosphere of living realism and hopefulness about *The Young Lions* that marks it off from other war novels. In fact, a critic goes so far as to say that " both in its detail and in its total range it is surely the best American war novel we have had."

—(*M. L. Pandit*)

ABOUT OURSELVES

Extension Lectures:

The following extension lectures were arranged at Jammu and Srinagar:

28 November, 1959— 1 December, 1959.

Dr. I. C. Chopra, Officer-in-charge, Drug Research Labaratory, Jammu	1) Drug Resources of Jammu and Kashmir. 2) Experimental cultivation of medical plants and introduction of exotic species in Jammu and Kashmir. 3) The role of Indian indigenous drugs in modern India.

20—22 June, 1960.

Dr. Hadi Hassan, Emeritus Professor of Persian, Muslim University, Aligarh.	1) Originality of the Indian Mind. 2) Military Strategy of the Mongols. 3) Researches in Persian Ethics.

27-29 June, 1960.

Dr. Din Dayal Verma, Professor of Hindi, Lucknow University, Lucknow.	1) Surdas, Life and Works. 2) Ashtachhapa ki Bhakti. 3) Madhya Yug ka Hindi Neeti Kavya.

Besides, on 1 June, 1960, Prof. P. N. Chaku, Secretary

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to the Government, Planning and Finance Departments, gave a talk on "Indian Five Year Plans".

New Appointments:

Shri Darshan Lal Jain, M. A., has been appointed Lecturer in the Post-graduate Department of Mathematics.

Shri Harbans Lal Chowdhari, B. A. has joined the University as Assistant Registrar. He will be in-charge of the Sub-Regiscry, Jammu.

Buildings:

The construction of the Arts Block at the University Campus has been completed. The Post-graduate departments of English, Mathematics, Hindi, and Urdu will be shifted to the new building towards the end of August.

The building of the Geology department is also ready in Jammu.

Annual Meeting of the Senate:

The annual meeting of the Senate was held at Srinagar on 2nd and 4th of April, 1960. Bakshi Ghulam Mohd., the Pro-Chanceller, presidend over the morning session on the first day and announced an increase of one lakh of rupees in the annual subsidy paid by the State to the University.

Return of Dr. M. S. Want:

Dr. Want of the Post-Graduate Department of English, who had gone to the States for study of American Literature at the University of New York, has come back and re-joined the department. He was given a travel grant by the U. S. Educational Foundation in India.

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The Post-Graduate Department of English proposes to introduce a paper in American Literature for M. A. students for the Final Examination of 1961.

Arrival of Dr. Marion Taylor:

We are glad to learn that Dr. Marion A. Taylor of the University of Southern Illinois, U. S. A., arrived in Srinagar on July 30, 1960. She has been assigned as the Fulbright visiting Professor to the Department of English. She will inaugurate the teaching of the course in American literature and stay here for a term. We extend to her a hearty welcome!

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THE READERS' FORUM

Humanities in a Sytem of Liberal Education.

While it is the function of scientific studies to sharpen our intellect, Fine Arts cure our ailing hearts. The nature of man is such that belief and suspension of disbelief are simultaneously suited to it. It was not only for a change over that Einstein loved playing on the violin or the ever busy Eulur had time enough to write a treatise on the theory of music. These gifted souls were also aware of the deep-rooted connection between their subject (Mathematics) and music. Granting that Arts are mainly concerned with Value and Man, and that Sciences are more concerned with the laws of Nature and other related things, yet it does not follow that they are mutually exclusive. It is essential for a good student that he takes up at least one Arts subject if he is a student of science and at least one science subject if he is a student of Arts. Many good students of science fail to make anything out of a good poem or a good painting. Personally I know of a student of science who found no marked speciality even in "Mona Lisa". Similiary many students of arts cut a sorry figure and present a picture of helplessness with regard to, may be, a simple scientific phenomenon. Such a state of affairs is disgusting. Achievements of science are as great a heritage of Man as works of pure art. And who can afford to be disinterested in his heritage during his brief sojourn here ?

It is not a matter of surprise if some foreign professors make ironic remarks about the almost total ignorance of our students about their own culture and civilization. The majority of them are science students. As a fellow student I think I must acknowledge

without dispute that a first year university student of some foreign university is much better accomplished in the essence of things than a graduate of ours. The reasons for all this have been analysed. The main hindrance, of course, is our present system of education which is too mechanical to be inspirational.

Admittedly it is foolish to seek to be a jack of all trades and master of none. One has got to specialize at one stage or the other if one is really a serious seeker after knowledge. But specialization is possible only after one has attained that absolute minimum, which must comprise of a fine blend of both arts and science.

—(*Qazi Ghulam Mohd.*)

Next Topic

The topic for discussion in the next issue will be: "**Religious Basis of Indian Life**".

Editor

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